Aug. 19, 1985

THE NEW YORKER

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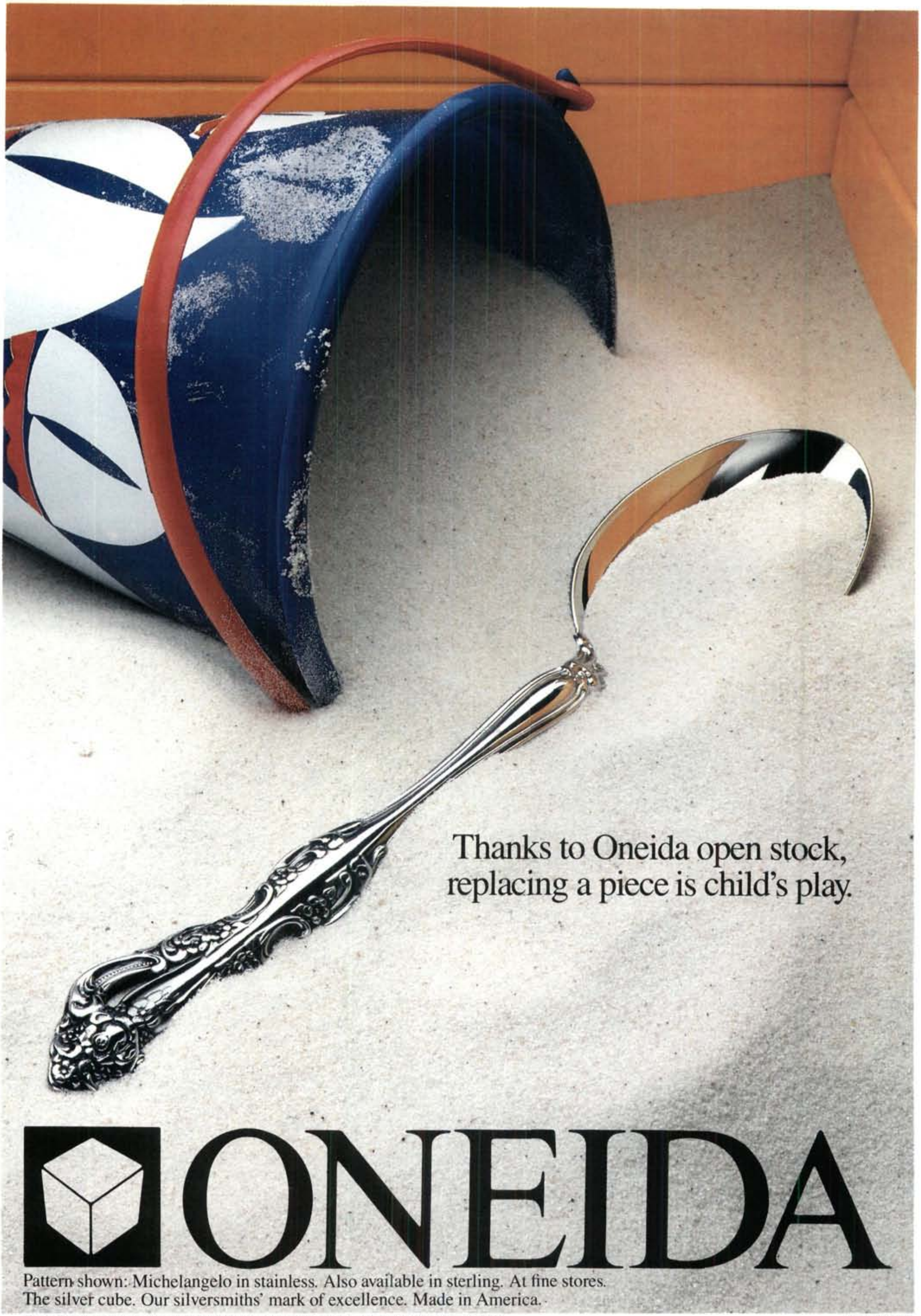
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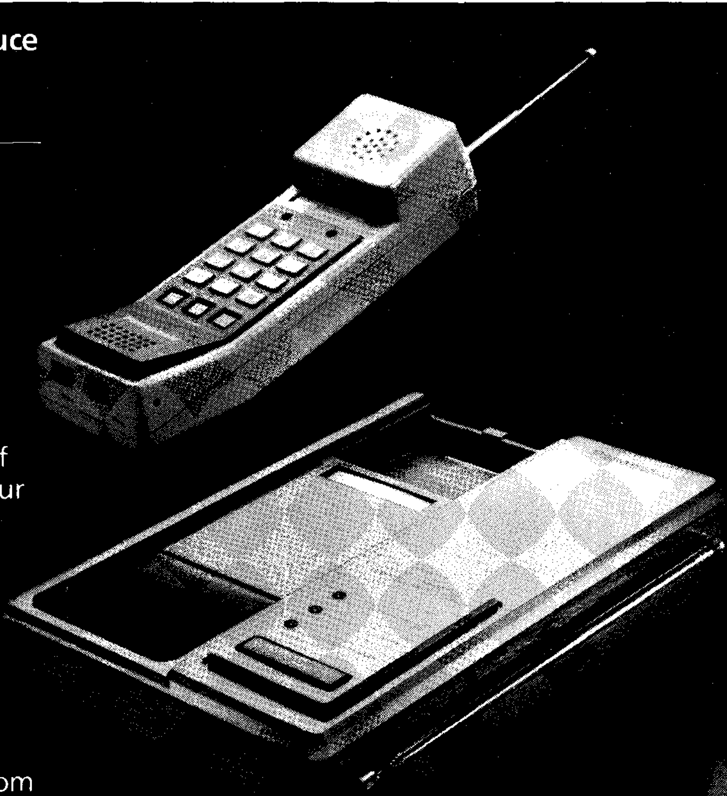

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

...About Anne—Salome Jens in a one-hour dramatic presentation of twenty-one poems by Anne Sexton. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Theatre Exchange—The final production in a festival of plays by American regional theatre companies is IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST, from the Mark Taper Forum of Los Angeles. Previews Wednesday, Aug. 14. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 15, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 31. (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 5.)

Arms and the Man—A sadly ramshackle production of a sunny early Shaw play. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/10/85.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (3/25/85) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi, with a book by William Hauptman and music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. Matthew Broderick as young Simon has a natural appeal that keeps us from noticing how sticky-saintly-smarmy the character is. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play, with a fine performance by Kathy Bates, as the mother of the family under examination. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—A comedy by David Wiltse about some fiercely competitive but not very interesting tennis players in far-off Norwalk, Connecticut. With Keir Dullea, Ron Leibman, Tony Roberts, and Austin Pendleton. The director is Morton Da Costa. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hannah Senesh—A monologue based on the diaries and poems of the Zionist heroine. Lori Wilner is the monologuist. Written and directed by David Schechter, with music by Steven Lutvak, Elizabeth Swados, and Mr. Schechter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's rather synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 25: *Sigmund Romberg's* THE NEW MOON. (Norman Thomas Theatre, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A rather beguiling, if lightweight, farce by the Jamaican playwright Trevor Rhone, TWO CAN PLAY is about a middle-aged Jamaican couple. The husband is a blowhard; the wife is put-upon in every way, until she flies to Miami and comes back a changed woman. The first act is too intricate for its own good, but the second act is clear and funny. The actors—Hazel J. Medina and Sullivan H. Walker—couldn't be better. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews under the Nazis. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—A depressing novelty in theatrical history: the radical mutilation of a successful comedy by its author, Neil Simon, who has seen fit to turn the male characters in the original version into female characters. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable,

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but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

PEARLS—Rosalind Elias is the star of a musical by Nathan Gross, adapted from Jacob Gordin's 1898 Yiddish melodrama "Mirele Efros." Performed in English. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Aug. 25.)

PENN & TELLER—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN—An unwelcome curiosity, which attempts to translate an immortal movie musical into a Broadway show; everyone concerned has labored hard, always in vain. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—A revival of the 1931 comedy by Benn W. Levy, with Peter Evans, Tovah Feldshuh, George N. Martin, and Jodi Thelen. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU . . . DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical starring George Hearn and Van Johnson. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else intends to see the show, so why not you? Starting Monday, Aug. 19, Walter Charles will replace Mr. Hearn. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,528 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald and good performances by every single member of the company, most notably Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** Mandy Patinkin and Maryann Plunkett as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. The schedule includes: violinist **BERNIE CHARLES** and his quartet on Thursday, Aug. 15; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, the Niels Lan Doky trio; Monday, Aug. 19, the Brooklyn Jazz Quartet; Tuesday, Aug. 20, the Robert Silverman duo, with Doc Halliday; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 21-22, the Michael Weiss trio; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23-24, drummer **MEL LEWIS'S** quartet. Sets begin about ten. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Outside, the Village streets teem with unbridled youth; inside, this dark, serene club offers up music for which there are no videos. The **ARTIE SHAW** orchestra is here, with Mr. Shaw himself conducting, through Sunday, Aug. 18; on Monday, Aug. 19, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** will head up a combo; and on Tuesday, Aug. 20, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** will arrive with his quintet. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: guitarist **JOHN MC LAUGHLIN'S MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA** through Friday, Aug. 16; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 17-18, **OREGON,** the East-West chamber-improvisation quartet; Tuesday, Aug. 20, Fury; and Thursday, Aug. 22, Kenny G. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate jazz duos. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** works with bassist **CALVIN HILL** through Saturday, Aug. 17, and on Sunday, Aug. 18, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** will come in with bassist Santi Debriano. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

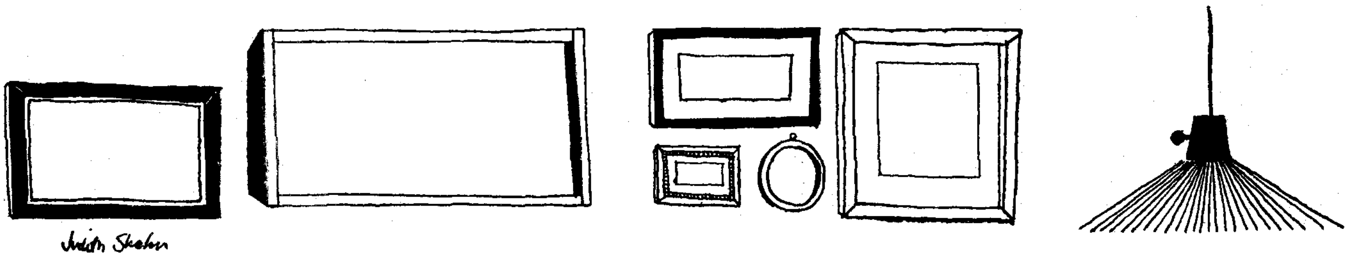
EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—The old-time, bluegrass, string-band, and Irish music in here might make you swear you're off in the green hills of dear old wherever, but you're actually in the cobblestone-gray meat-packing district. The music: Wednesday, Aug. 14, Skip Healy; Saturday, Aug. 17, the Nashville Bluegrass Band; Wednesday, Aug. 21, John Roberts & Lisa Preston; and Saturday, Aug. 24, the **ANDY STATMAN KLEZMER ORCHESTRA,** which plays Eastern European Jewish music, bluegrass, and early jazz. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

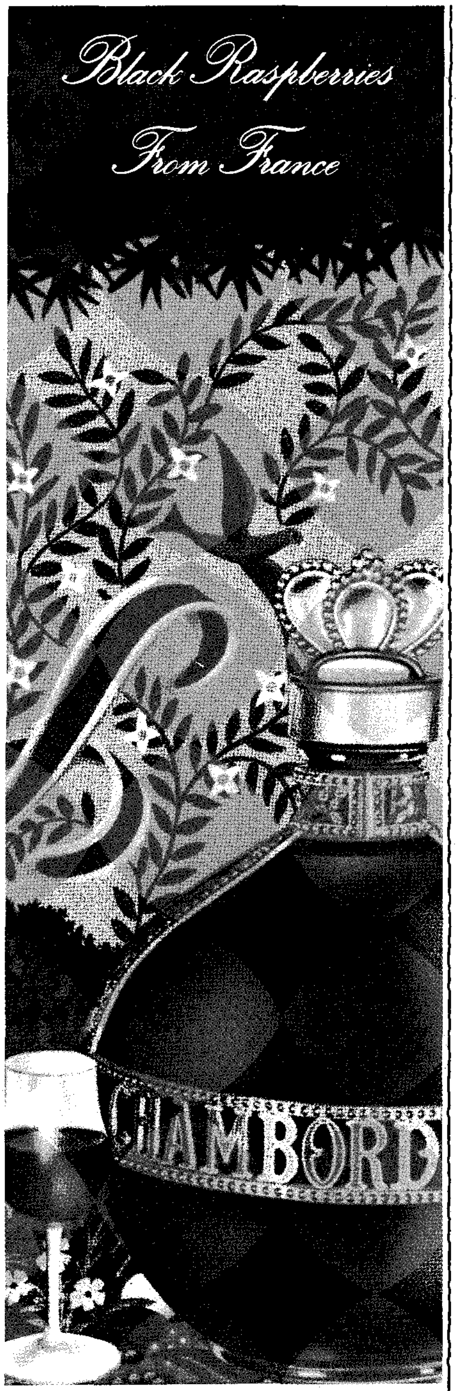
FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**AHMAD JAMAL,** the popular, if controversial, pianist—some people think of him as gushy and rhapsodic, while Miles Davis has called him a genius—is here with his trio Thursdays through Sundays. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Sundays, Mondays, and Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Wednesday, Aug. 14, Swamp Thing; Thursday, Aug. 15, Dave & Kay Gordon; Friday, Aug. 16, **MICHAEL HURLEY** and Lori Carson; Wednesday, Aug. 21, Scruffy the Cat; and Friday, Aug. 23, Aztec Two-Step. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings, with guitarist Scott Hardy and bassist Scott Lee, Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant that fea-





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tures the stride-piano wizard **DICK WELLSTOOD** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by pianist Keith MacDonald, and Mondays, by John Colianni. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **JOHN BUNCH** teams up with Dave Shapiro through Saturday, Aug. 17, and on Tuesday, Aug. 20, **JOHN HICKS** and **CURTIS LUNDY** will take charge. Music from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday, Aug. 14, the great reggae-ists **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS** and Singles; Thursday, Aug. 15, honky-tonk veteran **MOE BANDY** and Barbeque Bob & the Spareribs; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, La Bamba & the Hubcaps; Sunday, Aug. 18, the soul band **WHO IT IS**; Monday, Aug. 19, Clarence (Bon Ton) Garlow and New Orleans *haute*-raunch pianist **DR. JOHN**, who had with him last time a sublimely raucous, gutbucket band; Tuesday, Aug. 20, Jean Knight and, again, **DR. JOHN**; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 21-22, the **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND**, another lively New Orleans bunch, and they play tunes by Ellington, Monk, Brown (James), and Jackson (Michael); and Friday, Aug. 23, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL**. Music after nine nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Eddy Davis and the Turn of the Century Minstrels are presenting a show called "The Roots of American Jazz." Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt: Wednesday, Aug. 14, Juli Kohl; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his fiery, driving, wildly rhythmic macho Latin-jazz sextet; Monday, Aug. 19, **JUMP STREET**, a crisp, precise, high-energy ten-piece band that does Willie Dixon's "Wang Dang Doodle," Lee Morgan's "The Sidewinder," and just about everything else; and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 21-22, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** and his stirring sextet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** play such uplifting, swinging music that it's nearly impossible not to want to Lindy to it Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Aug. 14, **BONNIE RAITT**; Thursday, Aug. 15, Kokomo and Max Creek; Saturday, Aug. 17, the Del-Lords; Wednesday, Aug. 21, Rick Wakeman; and Friday, Aug. 23, the Adventurers. Shows begin at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 14-15, Marilyn Redfield; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, the Bernard Wright quartet; Sunday, Aug. 18, Leni Stern; Monday, Aug. 19, the **TOM PIERSON** orchestra; and Tuesday, Aug. 20, Vinny Bianchi & Providence. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This place offers the kind of authentic Brazilian (and African and salsa and reggae) exuberance that makes it feel like *carnaval* every weekend (and during the week isn't exactly dullsville, either). Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 14-16, Martinho Da Vila; Saturday, Aug. 17, and Friday, Aug. 23, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Sunday, Aug. 18, Brazilian Energy; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 21-22, Malopoets; and Saturday, Aug. 24, **MIKATA**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial. Tenor saxophonist and cosmic vocalist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, who sounds great whether he's playing spiritual-enlightenment music or just good old regular hard bop, leads a quartet through Sunday, Aug. 18, and on Tuesday, Aug. 20, the re-formed, out-of-the-past **ART FARMER–BENNY GOLSON JAZZTET**, which lived originally from the late fifties until the early sixties, and which still boasts Farmer's pleasing flugelhorn work and Golson's pretty compositions, will come in. Mondays are the property of the **GIL EVANS** orchestra. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On Aug. 19, the **MACHITO ORCHESTRA**, **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA NUEVA COMPAÑÍA**, and **CHICO HAMILTON**, the guest jazz soloist, will all be on hand. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI** will lead his band; Friday, Aug. 23, will belong to Muzumba; and Saturday, Aug. 24, **PÉ-DE-BOI** will trade sets with Mario Toledo. Shows begin after ten. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** engage in lively piano-bass duets nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops in on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. Trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** leads his sextet through Sunday, Aug. 18, and on Tuesday, Aug. 20, bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** will descend the stairs along with pianist **ROLAND HANNA**, tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD**, trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON**, and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS**. Monday nights are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Bassist **MICKEY BASS** guides a fine quartet—tenor saxophonist **CARTER JEFFERSON**, drummer **FRED GLADDEN**, and pianist **JOHN HICKS** round it out—through Sunday, Aug. 18; drummer Bill Eldridge's quartet, which will feature tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK**, will be here Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 19-21; and on Thursday, Aug. 22, drummer Harold White will bring in his quartet. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleek and elegant piano-bass and pasta hangout: **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** are here through Saturday, Aug. 17; **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **JAY LEONHART** will take over on Tuesday, Aug. 20; and Mondays are given over to Jim Roberts and Brian Torff. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Mötley Crüe—With Loudness. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 8.)

Laura Branigan—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 8.

Irving Plaza—Friday, Aug. 16, at 10: Replacements and the Neats. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 10: Jeffrey Lee Pierce quartet and Dirty Strangers. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728.)

Jazz Center of New York—Friday, Aug. 16, at 9:30 and 11:30: C'est What! . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 9:30 and 11:30: Fostina Dixon, with Winds of Change. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Aug. 23-25, at 9 and 10:30: George Coleman quartet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Sydney Blum—A sculptural installation of trussed-up bundles (corpses?) spilling out of a handcart. The work is reminiscent of early Nancy Graves. Through Aug. 25. (Avenue B Gallery, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at noon.)

Michael Heizer—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs in a show that coincides with his installation at the Whitney

Museum. Through Sept. 14. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Seventeen oils or gouaches, varnished like violins, by this Austrian Expressionist. The subjects include figures, landscapes, and boats. Through Sept. 14. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at noon.)

Paul Weingarten—Thickly painted and extravagantly colorful Manhattan waterfront sunsets, plus Vermont pastorals, by a young Expressionist. Through Friday, Aug. 23. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

From the Collection of Sol LeWitt—Conceptual and Minimal works in the artist's collection, which includes a plywood-box sculpture by Donald Judd and a tape recording of artists' names converted into convincing birdcalls by the birdcaller Louise Lawler. Through Aug. 26. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl.)

Art on the Beach—Ten installations, each created by a different group of individuals (for instance, an artist, an architect, and a dancer) and each the site of a performance, are the summer tenants on a plot of sand next to the Hudson River. The show is Creative Time's last project at this place. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.) . . . ¶ Jessica Hagedorn will perform on Wednesday, Aug. 14 (rain date Aug. 17); Lenora Champagne will perform on Sunday, Aug. 18 (Aug. 22), and Wednesday, Aug. 21 (Aug. 24). All shows start at 6:30. Tickets at the gate.

Group Shows—At the **artists' choice**, 394 West Broadway: "The Figure in the Landscape" is the title for this selection of paintings by thirty-four artists from all parts of the United States. Through Sept. 8. (Open daily except Mondays.) . . . **center for african art**, 54 E. 68th St.: "Sets, Series, and Ensembles in African Art" is about restoring individual pieces to the groups they were part of originally; for instance, five over-life-size statues that were once a single Urhobo shrine. Through Oct. 20. (Open daily except Mondays; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and constructed works, each based on either an outline or silhouette. Contributors to the show include Ellen Lanyon, Robert Warrens, and Dan Rice. Through Friday, Aug. 16.

¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, usually with changing exhibitions of works pulled from their stock: **davis & langdale**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. . . . **deutsch**, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **fischbach**, 24 W. 57th St. . . . **french**, 41 W. 57th St. . . . **galerie st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hoffman**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **mathes**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. . . . **pace**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **protetch**, 37 W. 57th St. . . . **alex rosenberg**, 20 W. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Sandi Fellman—Large-format Polaroids of human figures, primarily bodybuilders and tattooed Japanese men and women. Through Friday, Aug. 23. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **french embassy**, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.: Fresson prints by thirteen photographers, including John Batho, Sheila Metzner, John Stewart, and Scott MacLeay. Through Aug. 30. . . . **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two exhibits of Soviet photojournalism—some are prints used in the service of propaganda between 1917 and 1941, the rest show the Russian front during the Second World War. Through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Photographs and works on paper, primarily, completed in the past year by Robert Mapplethorpe, Barbara Kasten, Sheila Metzner, and others. Through Sept. 20. . . . **laurence miller**, 38 E. 57th St.: Self-portraits by Anne Rowland, Elizabeth Turk, Lee Friedlander, and others. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **wolf**, 30 W. 57th St.: Summertime photographs by Josef Sudek, Eugène Atget, Helen Levitt, Edward Weston, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 23.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

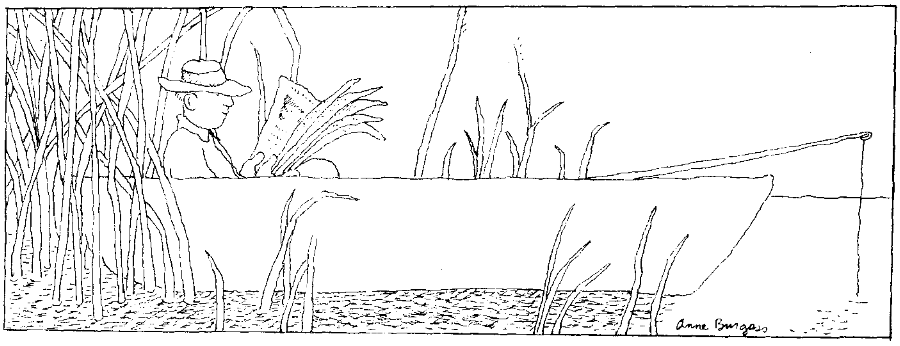
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Landscapes of the American wilderness and portraits of the Indians who lived there done by Swiss artist Karl Bodmer during an expedition in the early eighteen-thirties. Through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ From the museum's collection of seventy pianos, a kind of genealogical selection—the oldest existing piano, built in 1720 by the instrument's inventor, Cristofori, and about thirty of its progeny; audioguides are available on which visitors can hear them being played. . . . ¶ Also from the collection, fifty-six Chinese figure paintings (silk and paper hanging scrolls, handscrolls, album leaves, and fans), dating from the eighth century to the seventeenth. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Kurt Schwitters retrospective that includes a comprehensive selection of collages by one of the first artists to use that form. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Nearly sixty works on paper (not strictly) by six contemporary Americans: Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, James Rosenquist, Robert Ryman, Pat Steir, and Robert Wilson. (Ryman has used anodized aluminum instead of paper.) Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A display of works by two European architects: Ricardo Bofill is represented by photographs of apartment buildings in France, and Leon Krier, who designs but does not build, is necessarily represented by drawings. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Friday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 10, with entertainment on Fridays (rain date Saturdays) at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of a hundred paintings which could be said to deliver a cram course in the principal styles used by American and European artists of the past forty years. From the museum's collections and from private donors. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A selection of more than ninety of the drawings the museum has acquired over the past few years. Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ A sixteen-foot-high abstract version of one of Michael Heizer's earthworks fills the fourth-floor gallery; it is constructed of corrugated cardboard. Through Sept. 1. A complementary exhibit is at Xavier Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Japanese folk art. Through Sept.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

30. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Wood carvings, beaded wood sculptures, and ceremonial masks still used by Cameroon chiefs are among the objects on view from the West African nation. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show devoted to seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Japanese painters who re-created supernatural figures in Japanese folklore—the Taoist Immortals, Shōki the Demon Queller, and Kabuki Ghosts among them. Paintings, scrolls, screens, etc. Organized by the Spencer Museum of Art, University of Kansas. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An all-purpose exhibit about wine as a creative stimulant: Chalices, decanters, goblets, and vessels of every kind; wallpaper, prints, textiles, and other decorative objects using grapevine patterns. Also, equipment for harvesting and processing—for instance, a large copper-and-brass still from the Cognac region of France. Through Oct. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—High points in Southern folk art have been gathered for a show of ninety pieces, including paintings, textiles, furniture, and pottery. Through Aug. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The bicentennial of Audubon's birth is cause for celebration at the society, which owns and has mounted all four hundred and thirty-three remaining original watercolors for "Birds of America." Through Sept. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.; temporary entrance on 42nd St.—A show that commemorates England's colonial exploits in North America four hundred years ago, with emphasis on the Roanoke voyages initiated by Sir Walter Raleigh. Documentation: John White's 1585 watercolors depicting Indians and nature; a copy of a book written about an exploration of Virginia which has engravings based on the White watercolors; the first map of North Carolina; and a paper with the signatures of Queen Elizabeth I and Raleigh authorizing payment for arrows for the British Army. A hundred of the items come from the British Museum and the British Library; fifty are from the New York library. Through Tuesday, Aug. 20. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Eric Bogosian (performance), Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 15-18, at 9.

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Louisa Jonason, Susanne Marsee, Harry Theyard, and Robert McFarland; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 8: "The Mikado," with Leigh Munro, Jane Shaulis, Rico Serbo, and Richard McKee; David Stahl. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2: "The Mikado," with Claudette Peterson, Joyce Castle, David Eisler, and Richard McKee; David Stahl. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8: "Norma," with Olivia Stapp, Judith Forst, Robert Grayson, and William Dansby; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 1: "I Puritani," with Faye Robinson, John Fowler, Charles Long, and Harry Dworchak; Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 7: "Manon," with Faith Esham, Jerry Hadley, Alan Titus, and Jeffrey Wells; José Serebrier. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 8: "The Mikado," with Leigh Munro, Jane Shaulis, Rico Serbo, and Richard McKee; David Stahl. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 8: "Norma," with Olivia Stapp, Judith Forst, Robert Grayson, and William Dansby; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 22, at 8: "I Puritani," with Faye Robinson, John Fowler, Charles Long, and Harry Dworchak; Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, at 8: "Manon," with Claudette Peterson, Jerry Hadley, Alan Titus, and Jeffrey Wells; José Serebrier. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Elizabeth Hynes, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of a seven-week season of orchestra, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 14: Jorge Mester conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15: Gerard Schwarz directing a concert version of Mozart's opera "Mitridate, Rè di Ponto," with Arleen Augér, Margaret Chalker, Andrea Matthews, and Jane Thorngren, all sopranos; Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano; Rockwell Blake and David Britton, tenors; and F. Murray Abraham, narrator. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Claude Frank, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 19, and Wednesday, Aug. 21: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Grant Johannesen, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 20: Mr. Rampal; Jaime Laredo, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and John Steele-Ritter, piano and harpsichord. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 22: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23-24: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (No pre-concert recitals.) (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: András Schiff, piano, in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, at 8: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in performances of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Edith Mathis, soprano; Carolyn Watkinson, mezzo-soprano; Keith Lewis and Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenors; Benjamin Luxon and Richard Stilwell, baritones; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 2:30: Kurt Masur conducting, with Mr. Schiff. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Gilbert Kalish, piano, and Mr. Luxon. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, at 9: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Boston Symphony and acting as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Cho-Liang Lin, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 25, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a Richard Strauss–Orff program, with Erie Mills, soprano; John Aler, tenor; Håkan Hagegård, baritone; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 16, at 9: Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, and Irma Vallecillo, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: The Canadian Brass. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 5:30: Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, at 9: Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (A benefit concert.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 25, at 5:30: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a performance of the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA** in a three-week season that ends on Saturday, Aug. 24—Wednesday,

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Aug. 14: Dennis Russell Davies directing concert versions of Act III of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" and Act II of Glass's "Akhnaten," with Deborah Polaski and Claudia Cummings, sopranos; Milagro Vargas, mezzo-soprano; Paul Esswood, countertenor; James McCray and Michael Austin, tenors; Raymond Wolansky, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15: William Smith directing, with David Buechner, piano, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16: Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Dave Brubeck, piano; the Dave Brubeck quartet; and Malcolm Smith, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17: Dennis Russell Davies directing, with Miss Vargas; Malcolm Smith, bass; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given by Don Henley and Katrina & the Waves on Sunday, Aug. 18; by Amy Grant and Russ Taff on Monday, Aug. 19; and by Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme on Tuesday, Aug. 20.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 21: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Norman Carol, violin, and Richard Woodhams, oboe. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 22: Gunther Schuller conducting, with the New England Ragtime Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Anthony Gigliotti, clarinet, and Bernard Garfield, bassoon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24: Erich Leinsdorf directing, with Marilyn Costello, harp; Murray Panitz, flute; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Monday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 977-9020 in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Pilobolus. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 20-24: The Jacob's Pillow Jazz Dance Ensemble and the Gus Solomons Company/Dance. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

AUTOMOBILE RACING—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, Aug. 18, at 1.

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 7:35, and Thursday, Aug. 15, at 1:35. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 20-22, at 7:35. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday, Aug. 23, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Aug. 24, at 7:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, at 8; Sunday, Aug. 18, at 2; and Monday, Aug. 19, at 1.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Jets, Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8.

GOLF—Walker Cup Matches. (Pine Valley Golf Club, Pine Valley. N.J. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 21-22.)

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 26. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 17; the Seneca Handicap, Thursday, Aug. 22; and the Delaware Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 24. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 17, and the Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 24. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 31.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Nov. 3. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 14-16, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 17, at 1:30.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

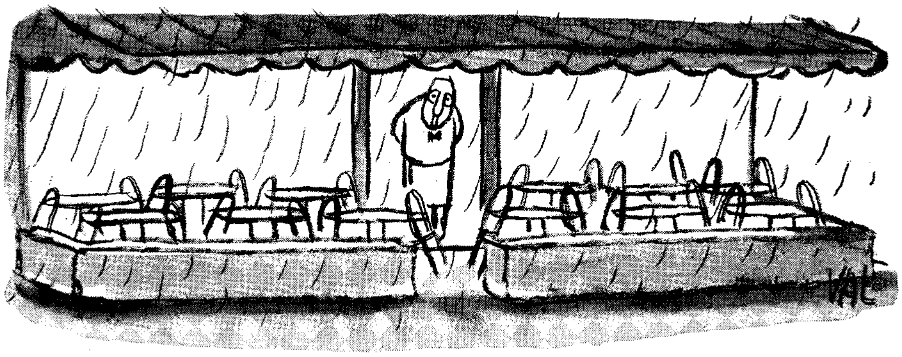
NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Betty Buckley, Cleo Laine, and George Rose in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," a musical by Rupert Holmes that was suggested by Charles Dickens' unfinished novel of the same name. The second of two productions. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1. For information about free tickets, call 861-7277.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. Leonard Slatkin will conduct the first in a series of three peripatetic programs. **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens, Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8. . . . **SNUG HARBOR,** Staten Island, Sunday, Aug. 18, at 8. . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN,** Monday, Aug. 19, at 8. . . . **MARINE PARK,** Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 22, at 8.

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—Thursday and Friday, Aug. 15-16: Squeeze and the Truth, plus the Hooters at the Friday show. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17: Miles Davis and Stanley Jordan. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 20: Paul Young & the Royal Family and Nik Kershaw. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23: Steel Pulse. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—A four-week festival of dance, chamber music, country music, jazz, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Wednesday, Aug. 14, mime Craig Babcock (for children) at 10:30. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15, Marta Renzi and the Project Company at 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, the Trio Musica Hispaña at 6:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, Mocko Jumbies, a Caribbean stilt-dancing company, and Vaudeville Heaven, a mime group, at noon; Mestre and Company at 2; the Mirage Mime Company at 4; and a program of Kathak dancing of India at 6. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, Mini Events at noon, and "The Seven Deadly Sins," by the Everyman Youth Theatre of Washington, D.C., at 2. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 20, Blackmanbrothers, a jazz group, at 12:15, and Glenn Lund Dance at 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 21, "Malpractice, or Love's the Best Doctor," by the Dell'Arte Players Company of California, at 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 22, "Animal Tales of India," by the East-West Fusion Theatre (for children), at 10:30; Spoke the Hub Dancing at 5; and the Manhattan Marimba Quartet at 6:15. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, "Music in the Western Country," by the Capricorn Theatre Company, at 5. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, Mini Events at noon, Dance Compass of New Jersey at 2:30, and Racca Singers' Satellite at 5. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK:** Wednesday, Aug. 14, the Compañía Folklorica Puertorriqueña of San Juan at 8:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15, Ballet Hispanico of New York at 8:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, Philadanco, from Philadelphia, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, the United States Army Band in rehearsal at 4, and in concert at 8:15. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 21, the Illinois Jacquet Big Band, in a tribute to Count Basie, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, country dancing at 8:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, Sweet Honey in the Rock at 8:15. (Through Monday, Sept. 2. For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—A jazz concert by the Stan Getz quartet and the Kenny Burrell trio. (Friday, Aug. 23, at 5.)



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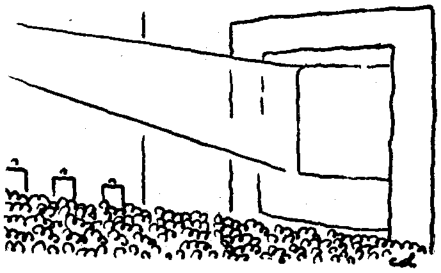

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Aug. 15: A program of Latin-American films.
From Aug. 16: "Bar Esperanza" (directed by Hugo Carvana; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Marilia Pera.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"National Lampoon's European Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Key Exchange" (Barnet Kellman), with Brooke Adams and Ben Masters.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Cocoon" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Summer Rental" (Carl Reiner), with John Candy and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 15: "Weird Science" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall. From Aug. 16: "Year of the Dragon" (Michael Cimino), with Mickey Rourke and John Lone.
Theatre 3: "Back to the Future" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 15: "My Science Project" (Jonathan Betuel).
Aug. 16-22: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
From Aug. 23: "Warning Sign" (Hal Barwood), with Sam Waterston and Yaphet Kotto.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Key Exchange" (Barnet Kellman), with Brooke Adams and Ben Masters.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Cocoon" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Insignificance" (Nicolas Roeg), with Gary Busey and Tony Curtis.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 22: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase. From Aug. 23: "The Protector."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 15: (matinées only) "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird" (Ken Kwapis); and (evenings only) "Pale Rider" (†). From Aug. 16: "The Return of the Living Dead" (Dan O'Bannon), with Clu Gulager.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 15: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe. From Aug. 16: "The Bride" (Franc Roddam), with Sting and Jennifer Beals.
Theatre 2: "Silverado" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (Hector Babenco), with William Hurt and Raul Julia.
Theatre 2: "The Emerald Forest" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 15: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†). From Aug. 16: "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Aug. 15: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
From Aug. 16: "American Flyers" (John Badham), with Kevin Costner and David Grant.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: "Weird Science" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 15: (matinées only) "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird" (Ken Kwapis); and (evenings only) "Pale Rider" (†).
From Aug. 16: "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Summer Rental" (Carl Reiner), with John Candy and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 15: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†). From Aug. 16: "Year of the Dragon" (Michael Cimino), with Mickey Rourke and John Lone.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "My Science Project" (Jonathan Betuel).
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 20: "14's Good, 18's Better" (1980; directed by Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film); and "Greetings from Wollongong" (1981; Mary Callaghan; an Australian film). From Aug. 21: "The Flaxfield" (1983; Jan Gruyaert; in Flemish).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 15. "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "The Woman Next Door" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant. From Aug. 16: "Signals Through the Flames" (1984; Sheldon Rochlin and Maxine Harris), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 15: "Blood Simple" (†). From Aug. 16: "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Home and the World" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 15: "Made for Each Other" (1971 †). From Aug. 16: "The Return of the Living Dead" (Dan O'Bannon), with Clu Gulager.
Theatre 3: "The Shooting Party" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Coca-Cola Kid" (Dusan Makavejev), with Eric Roberts.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 15: "Pale Rider" (†). From Aug. 16: "The Bride" (Franc Roddam), with Sting and Jennifer Beals.
Theatre 3: "Silverado" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Aug. 15: "My Science Project" (Jonathan Betuel).
From Aug. 16: "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird" (Ken Kwapis).

Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th. (757-3100; closed Mondays.)
"The Black Cauldron," a Disney animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Silverado" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Aug. 14: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.
Aug. 15: Theatre closed.
Aug. 16-17: "The Bostonians" (1984; James Ivory), with Christopher Reeves and Vanessa Redgrave.
Aug. 18-20: "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty); and "Pumping Iron" (†).
Aug. 21-22: "Cousin, Cousine" (†) and "Madame Rosa" (†).
Aug. 23-24: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Animals Are Beautiful People" (Jamie Uys).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dance with a Stranger" (Mike Newell), with Rupert Everett and Ian Holm.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Wetherby" (David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 2: "Péril" (Michel Deville; in French), with Nicole Garcia and Michel Piccoli.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 22: "Amadeus" (†). From Aug. 23: "Detective" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Nathalie Baye, Claude Brasseur, Johnny Hallyday, and Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 22: "The Emerald Forest" (†). From Aug. 23: "Crossover Dreams" (Leon Ichaso), with Ruben Blades.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 15: "My Science Project" (Jonathan Betuel). From Aug. 16: "Les Compères" (1984; Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Key Exchange" (Barnet Kellman), with Brooke Adams and Ben Masters.
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 4: "Summer Rental" (Carl Reiner), with John Candy and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 5: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 15: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson. From Aug. 16: "Year of the Dragon" (Michael

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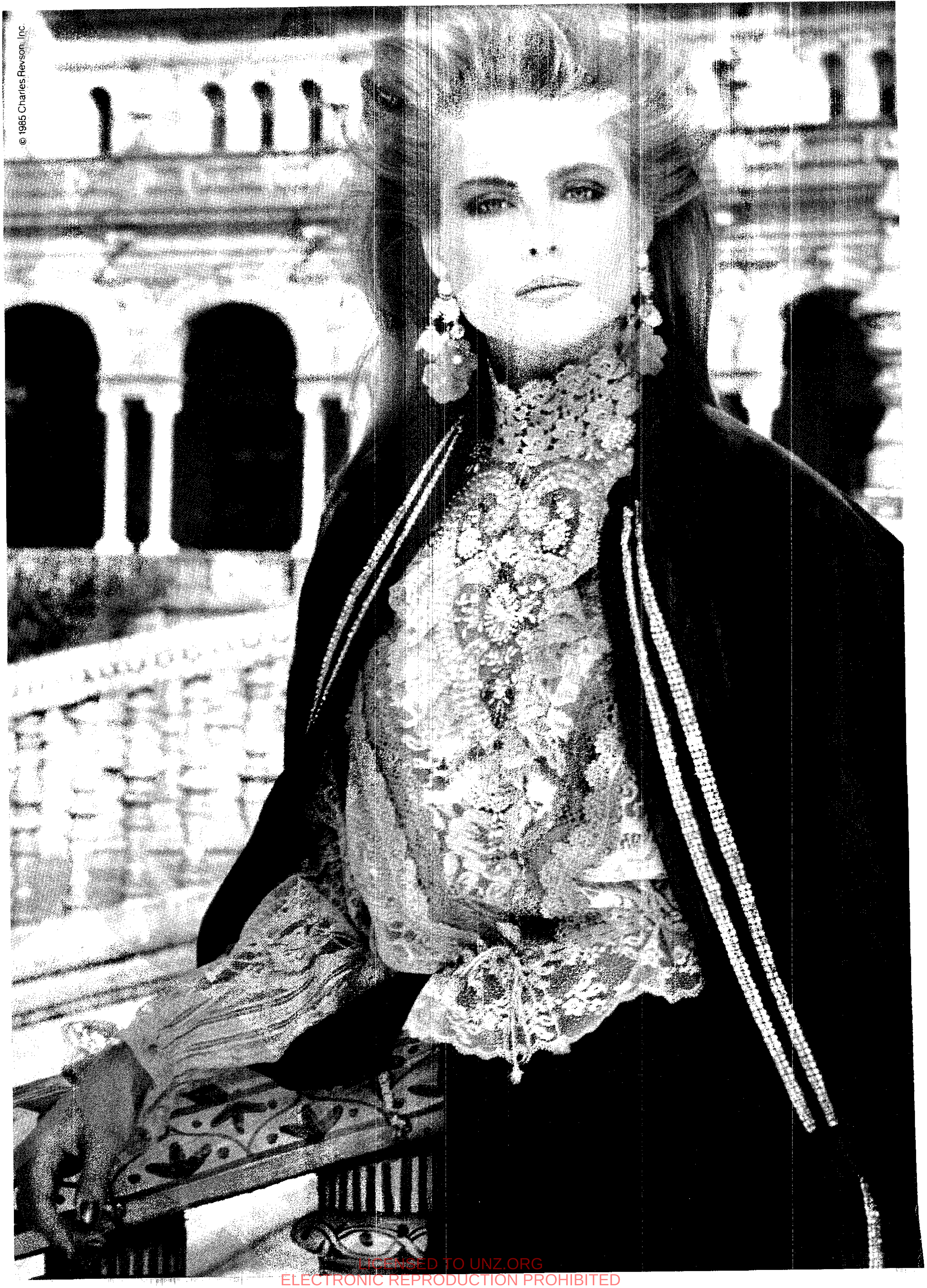

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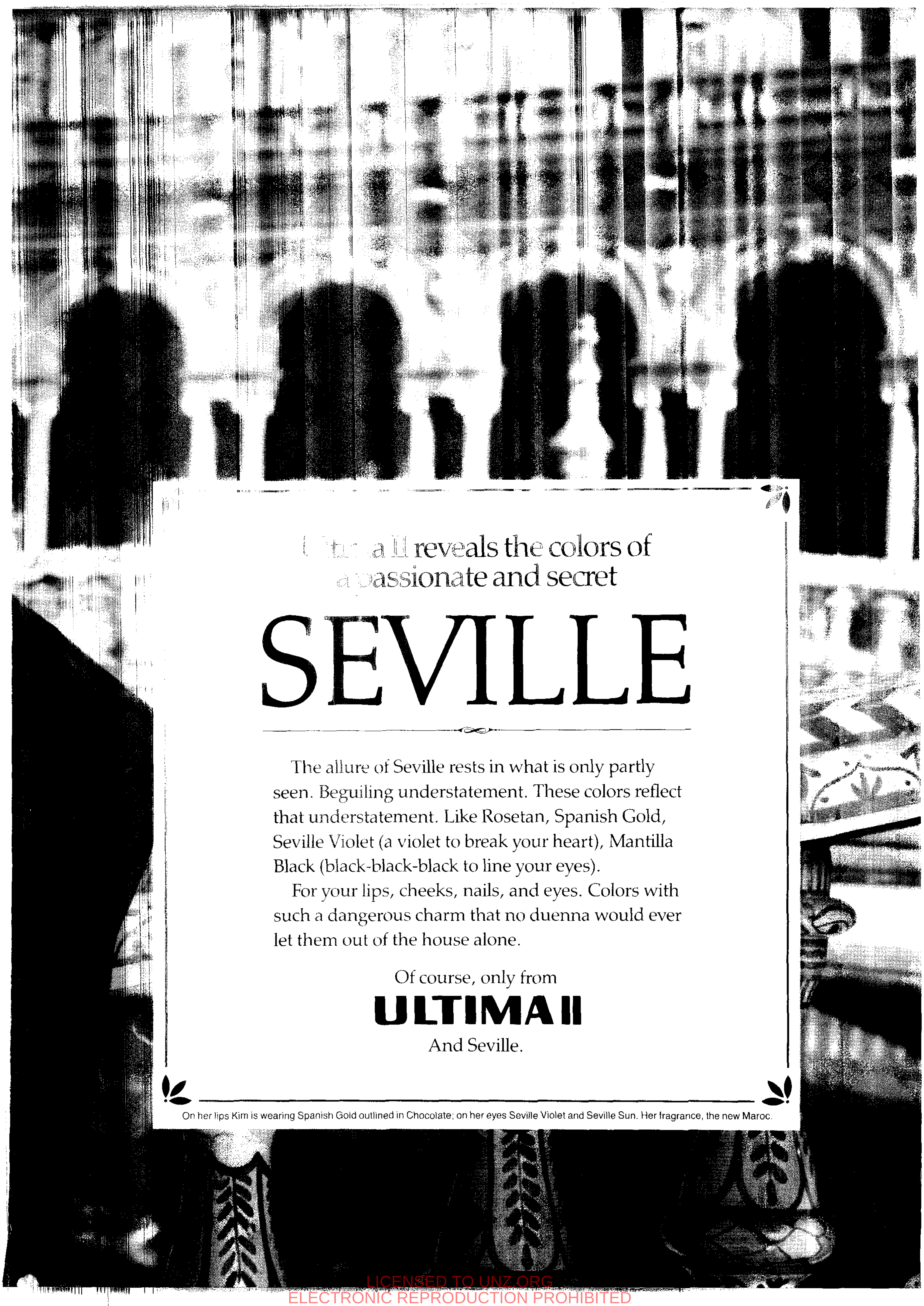

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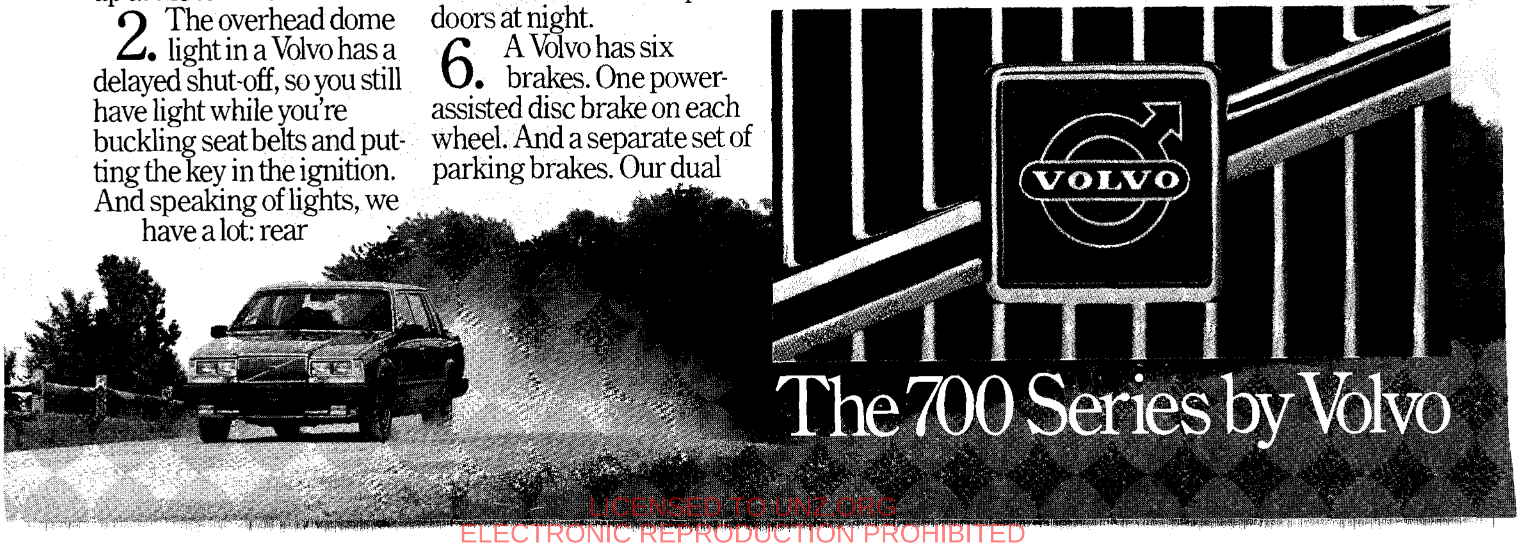

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cimino), with Mickey Rourke and John Lone.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Aug. 15: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.
From Aug. 16: "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 15: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase. From Aug. 16: "Year of the Dragon" (Michael Cimino), with Mickey Rourke and John Lone.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 15: "My Science Project" (Jonathan Betuel). From Aug. 16: "The Return of the Living Dead" (Dan O'Bannon), with Clu Gulager.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 15: "Weird Science" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall. From Aug. 16: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 15: "Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer. From Aug. 16 (tentative): "The Bride" (Franc Roddam), with Sting and Jennifer Beals.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 3: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).
Theatre 4: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary.
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 15: "Pale Rider" (†). From Aug. 16: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 15: "The Goonies" (†). From Aug. 16: "Weird Science" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Aug. 22: "My Science Project" (Jonathan Betuel).
From Aug. 23: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 15: "Explorers" (Joe Dante). From Aug. 16: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 4: "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird" (Ken Kwapis).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Aug. 15: "Weird Science" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall.
From Aug. 16: "Year of the Dragon" (Michael Cimino), with Mickey Rourke and John Lone.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: "Summer Rental" (Carl Reiner), with John Candy and Richard Crenna.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Aug. 15: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
From Aug. 16: "The Return of the Living Dead" (Dan O'Bannon), with Clu Gulager.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 15: "The Emerald Forest" (†). From Aug. 16: "The Bride" (Franc Roddam), with Sting and Jennifer Beals.
Theatre 2: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: "Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 15: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero). From Aug. 16: "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

REVIVAL HOUSES

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Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 22: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; directed by Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.
From Aug. 23: A fourteen-day program of jazz films.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Almonds and Raisins."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 14: "Why Worry?" (1923; Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd; and "For Heaven's Sake" (1926; Sam Taylor; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd.
Aug. 15: "The Circus" (1928; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin; and four Chaplin short films.
Aug. 16-17: "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard; and "The Great Dictator" (1940; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin.
Aug. 18: "Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy" (1962), a film made up of excerpts from eight of the comedian's most famous movies.
Aug. 19: "College" (1927; James Horne; a silent film), with Buster Keaton; and "Girl Shy" (1924; Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd.
Aug. 20: "Speedy" (1928), with Harold Lloyd; and "Grandma's Boy" (1922; Fred Newmeyer; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd.
Aug. 21: "The Kid" (†); and three Charlie Chaplin short films.
Aug. 22: "The General" (†); and "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927; Charlie Riesner; a silent film), with Buster Keaton.
Aug. 23-24: "Safety Last" (1923; Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd; and "The Freshman" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 15: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, and with Toshiro Mifune.
Aug. 16-17: "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters) and "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), both films with Divine.
Aug. 18: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.
Aug. 19-20: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
Aug. 21-22: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "The Passenger" (1975 †).
Aug. 23-24: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (†) and "Gimme Shelter" (†).

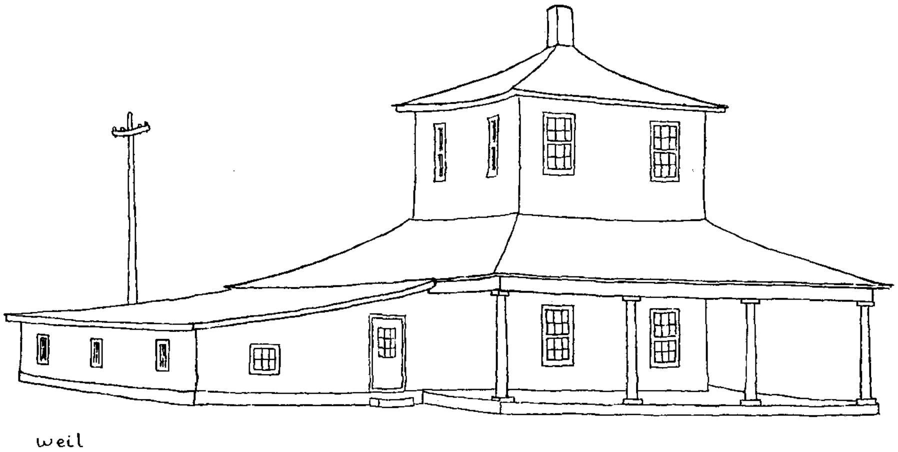
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"My Science Project" (Jonathan Betuel).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 15: "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, Richard Crenna, and Mickey Rourke; and "Eyewitness" (1981; Peter Yates), with William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Plummer, and James Woods.
Aug. 16-17: "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker); and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Aug. 18: "The Wild Bunch" (†) and "Barbarosa" (†).
Aug. 19-20: "The Man Who Would Be King" (†); and "Zulu" (1964; Cy Endfield), with Stanley Baker, Jack Hawkins, and Michael Caine.
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 15: A festival of Clint Eastwood films.
From Aug. 16: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 17: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.
Aug. 18-20: "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "High Sierra" (1941; Raoul Walsh), with Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie, and Arthur Kennedy.
Aug. 21: "The Big Shot" (1942; Lewis Seiler), with Humphrey Bogart; and "Invisible Stripes" (1940; Lloyd Bacon), with George Raft and Humphrey Bogart.
Aug. 22-24: "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall; and "Dark Passage" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Aug. 14: "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame.
Aug. 15: A program of two Nadine Gordimer stories: "Country Lovers" (1982) and "City Lovers" (1982).
Aug. 16: "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), with Divine; and "Multiple Maniacs" (1977; John Waters).
Aug. 17: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.
Aug. 18: "A Nos Amours" (1984; Maurice Pialat; in French); and "Mouchette" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French).
Aug. 19: A program of international cartoons.
Aug. 20: "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese); and "The Ballad of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Narayama" (1984; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

Aug. 21: "Plan 9 from Outer Space" (1956; Edward D. Wood, Jr.), with Bela Lugosi; and "Earth vs. the Flying Saucers" (1956; Fred F. Sears), with Hugh Marlowe.

Aug. 22: Another program of Nadine Gordimer stories: "Good Climate, Friendly Inhabitants," "Praise," and "Six Feet of the Country."

Aug. 23: "Ms. 45" (1981; Abel Ferrara); and "Streetlove" (1985).

Aug. 24: "Padre Padrone" (†); and "Allonsanfan" (1974; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 14: "Dressed to Kill" (1946; Roy William Neill) and "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill), both with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.

Aug. 15: "Le Corbeau" (1943; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French); and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

Aug. 16-17: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

Aug. 18: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "M" (†).

Aug. 19: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936; Jacques Feyder; in French), with Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet; and "Toni" (†).

Aug. 20: "While the City Sleeps" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino, and Rhonda Fleming; and "Clash by Night" (†).

Aug. 21: "High Noon" (1952; Fred Zinnemann), with Gary Cooper, Thomas Mitchell, Grace Kelly, Lloyd Bridges, and Katy Jurado; and "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (1962; John Ford), with John Wayne, James Stewart, Vera Miles, and Lee Marvin.

Aug. 22: "Dance Fools Dance" (†) and "Chained" (†).

Aug. 23-24: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (†) and "Shadow of the Thin Man" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Aug. 15 at 2:30: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; directed by Luis Buñuel; in French, with English subtitles), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2:30: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977; Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, and François Truffaut. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6: "Dersu Uzala" (1975; Akira Kurosawa; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 2: "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 5: "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 2: "The Judge and the Assassin" (1975; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 5: "Three Brothers" (1980; Francesco Rosi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret and Charles Vanel. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 2:30: "Dersu Uzala." . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 6: "L'Argent" (1983; Robert Bresson; in French, with English subtitles), with Christian Patey. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 2:30: "Three Brothers." . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 6: "The Passenger." . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 2:30: "The Judge and the Assassin." . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 6: "The Middle of the World" (1974; Alain Tanner; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Léotard. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 2:30: "L'Argent." . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6: "Every Man for Himself" (1980; Jean-Luc Godard; in French, with English subtitles), with Isabelle Huppert. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2: "The Middle of the World." . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 5: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German, with English subtitles).

THEATRE 2: Theatre closed.

Truffaut Plus—A retrospective of the films of François Truffaut, plus twenty-five of Truffaut's favorite films by other directors. Aug. 14 at 6:15: "The Bride Wore Black" (1968; in French), with Jeanne Moreau. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 8:45: "Love Me or Leave Me" (1955; Charles Vidor), with Doris Day, James Cagney, and Cameron Mitchell. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6:15: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 8:45: "Hollywood or Bust" (1956; Frank Tashlin), with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6:15: "Mississippi Mermaid" (1970; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 8:45: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 1:30: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, and James Dean. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 5:30: "The Wild Child" (1970; in French). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 7:30: "Bed and Board" (1971; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 9:30: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, and Victor Moore. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 2:30: "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 4:30: "Two English Girls" (1972; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 7: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973; in French), with Bernadette Lafont. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 9: "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970; Leonard Kastle), with Shirley Stoler and Tony Lo Bianco. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 6:15: "Day for Night" (1973; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset and Jean-Pierre Aumont. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 8:45: "Bonjour Tristesse" (1958; Otto Preminger), with Deborah Kerr, David Niven, and Jean Seberg. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 6:15: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; in French), with Isabelle Adjani. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 8:30: "General della Rovere" (1959; Robert Rossellini; in Italian), with Vittorio De Sica. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 6:15: "Small Change" (1976; in French), with Geory Desmouceaux. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 8:30: "Lola Montès" (1955; Max Ophuls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 6:15: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977; in French), with Charles Denner and Brigitte Fossey. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 8:45: "Tristana" (1970; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6:15: "The Green Room" (1979; in French), with Truffaut, Natalie Baye, and Jean Dasté. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 8:30: "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, and Eli Wallach. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2: "Love on the Run" (1979; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Marie-France Pisier, and Claude Jade. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 4: "The Golden Coach" (1953; Jean Renoir; in French), with Anna Magnani. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6:30: "The Last Metro" (1981; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 9:15: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977; Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, and Truffaut. (Alice Tully Hall. For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

Uris Center Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—Aug. 17 at 2: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1981; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 6: "Carnival in Flanders" (1935; Jacques Feyder; in French), with Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2: "A Man for All Seasons" (1966; Fred Zinnemann), with Paul Scofield, Wendy Hiller, Robert Shaw, and Susannah York. (For information about tickets, call 570-3764.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Lincoln Plaza; through Aug. 22.)

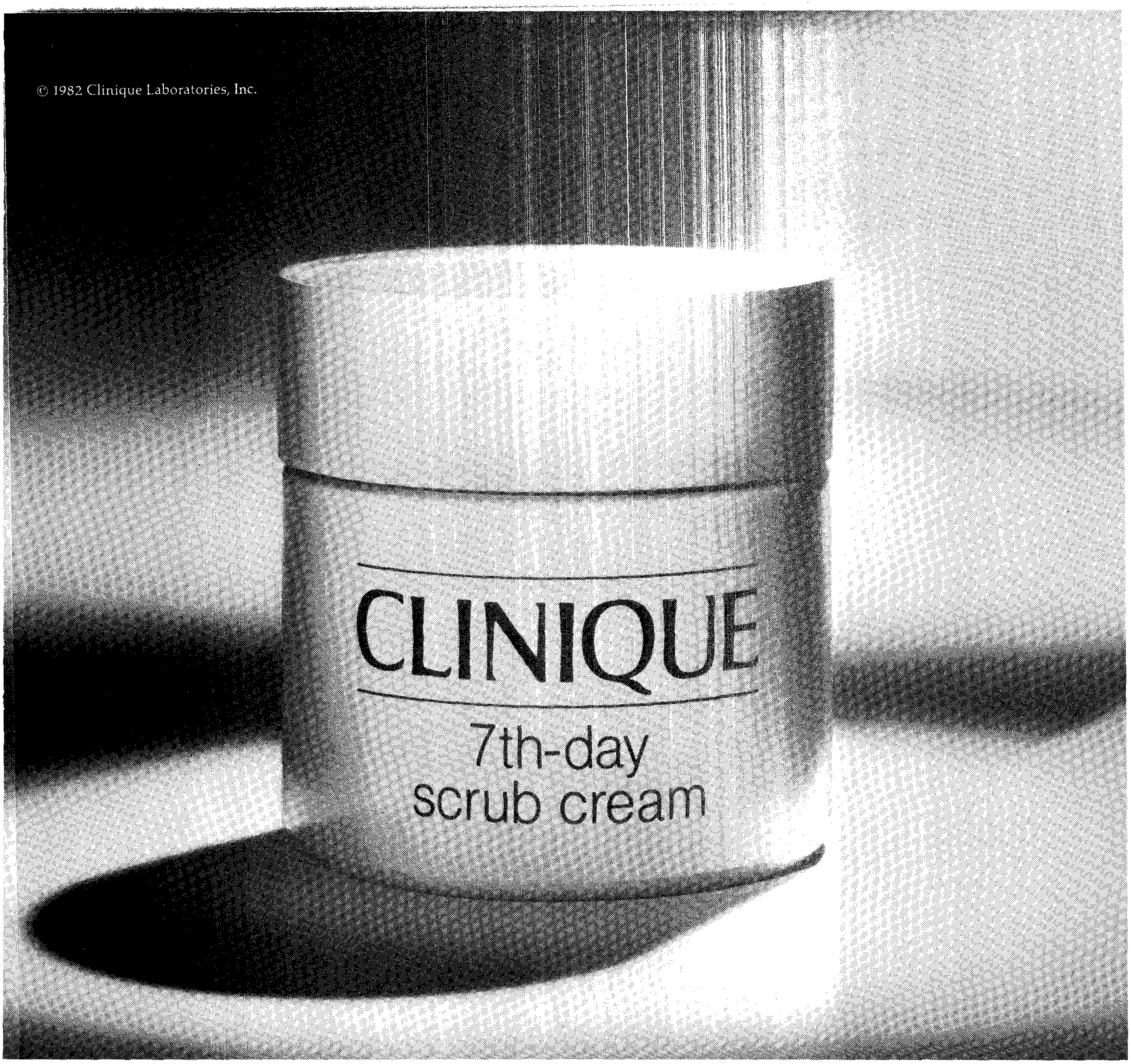
Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (7/29/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

Barbarosa (1982)—Willie Nelson has a great screen presence; he has an aura—his scruffiness is part of his grace. As the legendary outlaw Barbarosa, a desert rat mythologized by those who grow up fearing him, he's like the dragon in the fairy tale who threatens the community (and keeps it strong). The period is the eighteen-eighties, and the film was shot along the Rio Grande, in an area of extremes that's either steep Texas mountains or mustard-colored mesa and desert. Gary Busey plays a lumpy, raw farm boy who gets in trouble with his in-laws and has to run off to hide; he joins up with Barbarosa, and without intending to becomes an apprentice desperado. The Australian director, Fred Schepisi, shows the fullness of his approach to moviemaking; Willie Nelson doesn't need to sing here—the whole picture is a ballad. With Gilbert Roland, Howland Chamberlin, Isela Vega, Danny De La Paz, and George Voskovec. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 18.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Blood Simple—A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. Directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan. (2/25/85) (Waverly; through Aug. 15.)

Chained (1934)—Joan Crawford and Clark Gable and a superabundance of M-G-M's big, turgid, melodramatic emotions. It's all somewhere between camp and plod, but with a strong enough sexual current between Crawford and Gable to make it a hit. She



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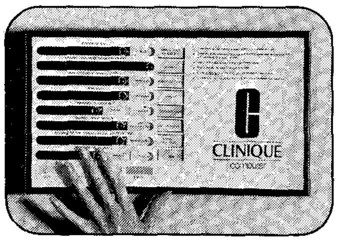

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plays a woman who's going with a married man (Otto Kruger) when she meets Gable. Clarence Brown directed; the cast includes Stuart Erwin, Akim Tamiroff, Una O'Connor, Marjorie Gateson, and Mickey Rooney. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 22.)

Clash by Night (1952)—This Fritz Lang version of a Clifford Odets melodrama about jealousy never quite comes together; the stylized Odets dialogue seems bizarrely out of place in the setting of a fishing village. Barbara Stanwyck (as the adulteress) and Paul Douglas (as the betrayed husband) suffer rather too strenuously, but Robert Ryan (as the wife's lover) is so intensely sexual that the film momentarily achieves real, even if stagy, power. And as a good-natured girl, full of animal life spirits, Marilyn Monroe is appealing in an unmannered style that's very different from her later acting. With Keith Andes and J. Carrol Naish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 20.)

Cocoon—A science-fantasy sitcom, in which the old people from a retirement community go off to the planet Antares, a Shangri-La in space. If audiences enjoy the movie, it's largely because of the elderly actors and the affection that the young director, Ron Howard, shows for them. But Howard keeps trying to extract tender emotions from scenes that could get by only as slapstick, and from scenes that can't get by as anything. The plot is less than ingenious, and things get pretty cloying. With Wilford Brimley, Don Ameche, Hume Cronyn, Jack Gilford, Maureen Stapleton, Gwen Verdon, Jessica Tandy, Herta Ware, Steve Guttenberg, Barret Oliver, and Brian Dennehy. (7/15/85) (Bay Cinema, Gotham Cinema, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—The success of this rhythmless, mediocre piece of moviemaking may be in part attributable to its winsome heroine (Marie-Christine Barrault, who is sexy in a fleshy, smiling-nun way), and in part to its silliness. With its wholesome carnality, this film about a big family is so pro-life that it treats sex like breakfast cereal. With Victor Lanoux and Marie-France Pisier. Written and directed by Jean-Claude Tacchella. In French. (Festival; Aug. 21-22.)

Dance Fools Dance (1931)—Rich playgirl Joan Crawford goes to work as a reporter after her father is wiped out in the stock-market crash; her weak brother (William Bakewell) gets involved with gangsters. Turgid, forgettable melodrama, with heavy-breathing Crawford proving what a great girl she is and winning a millionaire (Lester Vail). Redeeming features: Clark Gable, before his starring days, as a wicked gangland boss, and Cliff Edwards as a reporter. Harry Beaumont directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 22.)

Dark Passage (1947)—"Dark" in a movie title generally seems to be an attempt to give some sinister allure to opacity and confusion, as in "The Dark Corner," "Dark Waters," "The Dark Mirror." And this Bogart-Bacall bummer is no exception. Throughout most of the miserably plotted picture, Bogart, accused of murder, hides out in Bacall's fashionable San Francisco apartment while recovering from plastic surgery; with his head bandaged, he can't do much except nod appreciatively while Bacall feeds him through a glass straw. In moments of stress, she dilates her nostrils; he's so trussed up he can't even do that. The picture is an almost total drag, though Agnes Moorehead, as the villainess, has a sensational exit through plate-glass windows. Written and directed by Delmer Daves. (Regency; Aug. 22-24.)

The Emerald Forest—John Boorman's theme is that civilized man, having lost tribal man's magic unity with nature, spreads his brutal, nature-destroying sickness. To put this across, Boorman sets his story in Brazil, where the seven-year-old son of an American engineer (played by Powers Boothe) is abducted by an Amazon rain forest tribe called the Invisible People. For ten years, the father searches for the boy in whatever time he can take off from his job of building a giant dam. When, at last, he locates his seventeen-year-old son (played by the director's son, Charley Boorman), he realizes that the boy's consciousness surpasses his own and that the boy's life is superior to anything civilization has to offer. And soon the father realizes that the dam is destroying the boy's tribe. The film touches on all sorts of major themes, especially the fate of the rain forests, but mostly it attempts to reëstablish the myth of the noble savage by imbuing it with hallucinogenic romanticism—trance visions, out-of-body travel, and all. It's a puerile movie. The faults that have plagued Boorman's films—his lack of interest in character, his rather lordly failure to dramatize the issues that excite him the most, his wacko ear for dialogue—really pile up this time, and he doesn't seem able to get any kind of seductive flow going. With Rui Polonah (as the shaman-chief), Meg Foster, Dira Paes, and Eduardo Conde. From a script by Rospo Pallenberg; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot. (8/12/85) (Cinema II. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century National Twin; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Aug. 22.)

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E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial (1982)—Steven Spielberg's movie is the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Aug. 15.)

The Freshman (1925)—Harold Lloyd's celebrated matriculation into college. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 23-24.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except, perhaps, for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 22.)

Ghostbusters—A scare comedy, with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. Directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Embassy 1; starting Aug. 23.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones on their American tour, with special attention to the disaster at Altamont. Directed by David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin. (Cinema Village; Aug. 23-24.)

The Goonies—A group of kids in a seaport town in Oregon search in the caves along the coast, looking for the buried treasure left by a seventeenth-century pirate, and find his ship floating in an underground lagoon. With its echoes of "Peter Pan" and "Treasure Island" and Tom Sawyer and Becky caught in the caves, this adventure comedy should be wonderful fun. But it was directed by Richard Donner, who doesn't invite the audience in or shape the scenes. The clutter and the hyper-excited rushing about and the many scenes shot in the claustrophobic darkness of the caves can really give you a case of the heebie-jeebies. With Ke Huy Quan, Sean Astin, Josh Brolin, Jeff Cohen, Corey Feldman, Martha Plimpton, Kerri Green, and Anne Ramsey. (8/5/85) (Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 15.)

The Home and the World ("Ghare-Baire")—Victor Banerjee is a maharajah in Bengal with a Western education and liberal views. His wife (Swatilekha Chatterjee) is content to live in the women's quarters of his palace and be visible to no man except him. But he wants her to be a modern woman, and persuades her to leave the Arabian Nights cushions and the English bric-a-brac of the women's quarters, and she immediately becomes enthralled by the cocksure masculinity of a fiery radical (Soumitra Chatterjee). This Satyajit Ray movie is in deep, glowing colors; the main characters talk, and the camera just stays on them and waits until they finish, yet these conversations in golden light and shadows have their own kind of voltage. Set in 1907, this marvellous film is about the destruction of the marriage, and the riots and bloodshed caused by the radical's terrorist supporters. In Bengali. (7/1/85) (Quad Cinema.)

The Kid (1921)—The most enchantingly Victorian of Chaplin's features, and perhaps because of the way his sentimentality (which was often awkward, and even mawkish, later) fits the subject, this film seems remarkably innocent and pure. Edna Purviance is the destitute young mother who abandons her infant; Charlie, the tramp, takes the baby to his garret, and five years later the child (Jackie Coogan) smashes windows, which Charlie, now a glazier and wearing glass on his back like angel wings, repairs. The story is about the love between these two street waifs and about Charlie's fight to keep the child out of the hands of the authorities. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The police, in trying to track him down, disturb the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organizes to find him, so that crime can go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase—actually, on the two converging chases of the police and the underworld. But there's nothing facile about Lorre: trapped by the underworld, he screams, "I can't help myself!" Our identification with him as a psychopath is so complete it's hard to believe that while appearing before Fritz Lang's cameras in the daytime, he was, at night, acting as a comedian in a farce. With Gustaf Gründgens and Otto Wernicke. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 18.)

Madame Rosa (1978)—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as an ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. She is a Jewess who survived Auschwitz; her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria; he has made a firm, astute picture with an understanding of the Arab-Jewish predicament which may be unique, not only because of his upbringing but also because of his fairness. In French. (Festival; Aug. 21-22.)

Made for Each Other (1971)—Renee Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renee Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 15.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—In this movie, the forlorn, limp hero (David Bowie), a stranger on Earth, doesn't have a human sex drive. When he splashes down in a lake in the Southwest and drinks water like a vampire gulping down lifeblood, one is drawn in, fascinated by the obliqueness and by the promise of an erotic sci-fi story. It is and it isn't. The stranger has come to Earth to obtain the water that will save his people, who are dying from drought, but he is corrupted, and then is so damaged that he can't return. The wilted stranger can be said to represent everyone who feels misunderstood, everyone who feels sexually immature or "different," everyone who has lost his way, and so the film is a gigantic launching pad for anything that viewers want to drift to. Nicolas Roeg's effects become off-puttingly abstract, and his lyricism goes sentimental—as most other Christ movies do. With Buck Henry, Candy Clark, Bernie Casey, and Rip Torn. (Festival; Aug. 23-24.)

The Man Who Would Be King (1975)—John Huston's exhilarating, farfetched adventure fantasy, based on the Rudyard Kipling short story, is about two roughneck con men, Danny and Peachy (Sean Connery and Michael Caine), in Victoria's India, who decide to conquer a barbarous land for themselves, and set out for Kafiristan, a region that was once ruled by Alexander the Great. This ironic fable about imperialism has some of the pleasures of "Gunga Din;" it's a wonderfully full and satisfying movie, with superb performances by Connery and Caine and also by Saeed Jaffrey. The role of Kipling is played by Christopher Plummer. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 19-20.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team. (Cinema Village; Aug. 23-24.)

Padre Padrone (1977)—The Taviani brothers, who wrote and directed this film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence—how he struggled for words. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic, it's animistic. And the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric; their vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves are the boy's enemies. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological, almost rhapsodic. With Saverio Marconi, Omero Antonutti, Marcella Michelangeli, and Ledda, as himself at the beginning and the end. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 24.)

Pale Rider—Clint Eastwood's art Western, shot in art color—shades of dirt, with gray, brown, and black trimmings, and interiors so dark you can barely see who's onscreen in the middle of the day. Eastwood himself, a ghost who materializes as the answer to a fourteen-year-old girl's prayer for a miracle, seems to be playing some spectral combination of Death, Jesus, Billy Jack, and the Terminator. Set in the California Sierras during the gold-rush era before the Civil War, the movie is full of recycled mythmaking ("Shane," "High Noon," and Sergio Leone's spaghetti Westerns), but Eastwood goes through his motions like someone exhumed, and in his directing he numbs out what he borrows. There isn't a gleam of good sense anywhere in this picture. With Michael Moriarty, Carrie Snodgress, Richard Dysart, Christopher Penn, Sydney Penny, Richard Kiel, John Russell, and Doug McGrath. From a script that Eastwood commissioned from Michael Butler and Dennis Shryack, based on his own story idea; filmed in Idaho. (8/12/85) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 15.... ¶ Manhattan, and U. A. East; through Aug. 15, evening performances only.)

The Passenger (1975)—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (Cinema Village; Aug. 21-22.)

Prizzi's Honor—This John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (Greenwich Playhouse, Cinema 3, Cinema Studio, and Embassy.)

Pumping Iron (1977)—Competently made documentary about the grotesque, funny subculture of bodybuilding. The directors, George Butler and Robert Fiore, treat Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mike Katz, Franco Columbu, and Louis Ferrigno and his parents as if they were fictional characters, and there are elements of presumption, cruelty, and condescension in this. The film never transcends its own slickness. (Festival; Aug. 18-20.)

Rambo: First Blood Part II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (Gemini, and Movieland; through Aug. 15.... ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Aug. 16.... ¶ Eastside Cinema; Aug. 16-22.)

Shadow of the Thin Man (1941)—Hardly even a shadow; Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Asta go through their paces for the fourth time, but the jauntiness is gone. This one is about a murder involving race-track crooks, and the only thing that gives it any distinction is the cast: Stella Adler as a gambler's blond floozy, Barry Nelson as a muckraking reporter, Donna Reed, Sam Levene, and many others. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 23-24.)

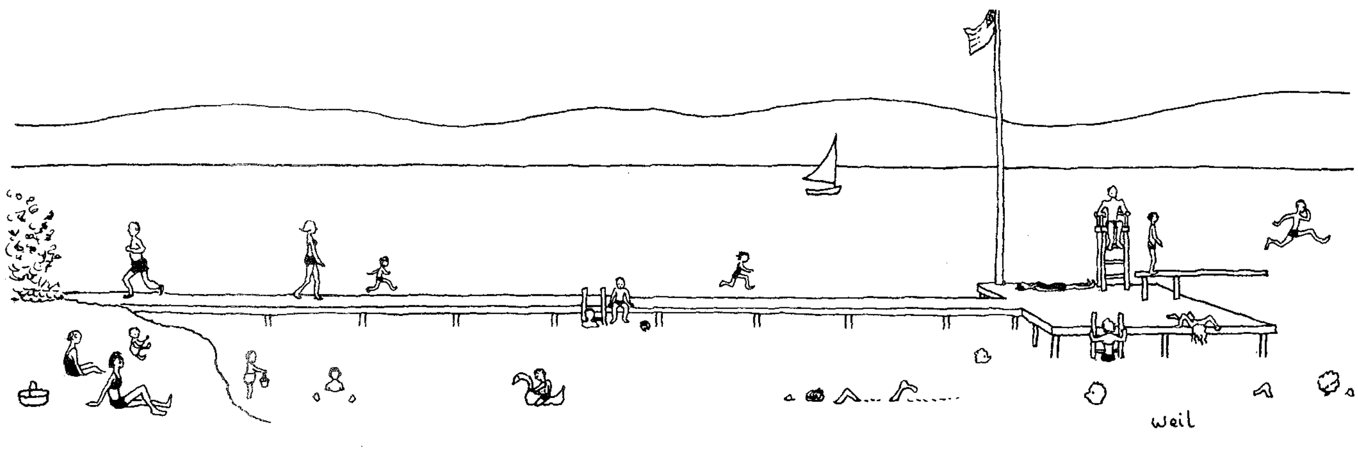
The Shooting Party—Working with Julian Bond's adaptation of Isabel Colegate's novel and a dream of a cast—James Mason (in his final movie), John Gielgud, Dorothy Tutin, Edward Fox, Gordon Jackson, Cheryl Campbell, Judi Bowker, Rupert Frazer, Aharon Ipalé—the director Alan Bridges carries the Masterpiece Theatre approach to the level of art. In the English countryside in the autumn of 1913, a large number of landed gentry, aristocrats, servants, gamekeepers, beaters, and loaders gather for a three-day shoot. Colegate's tone is lightly self-mocking, and the film is full of the English affection for gentle lunacy. This is one of the rare movies that can be said to be for an educated audience without that being a putdown. As the host, an aging baronet who's conscious that he's losing his grip, Mason gives the film its immediacy. (6/17/85) (Quad Cinema.)

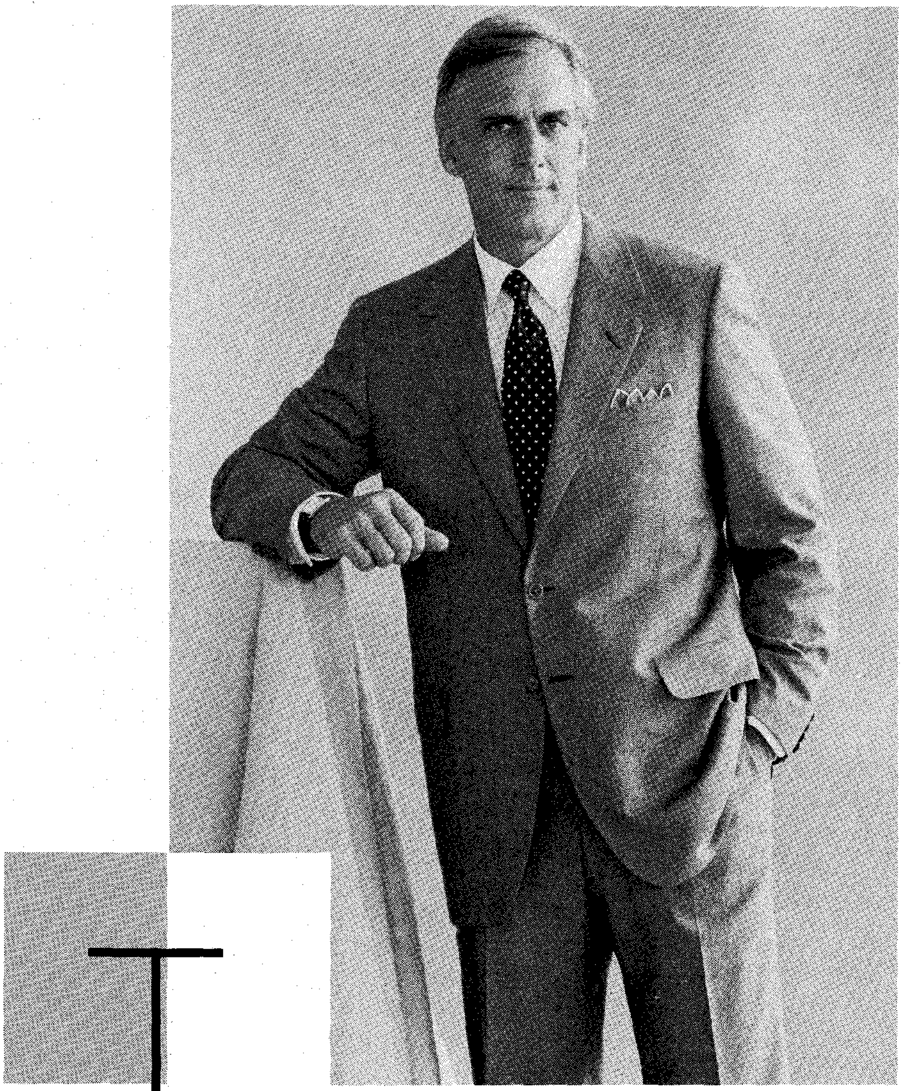
Silverado—The director, Lawrence Kasdan, uses accomplished actors: the four heroes journeying west to Silverado in the eighteen-eighties are played by Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Kevin Costner, and Danny Glover, and they're variously involved with Linda Hunt, Rosanna Arquette, Brian Dennehy, John Cleese, and Jeff Goldblum. But the atmosphere is arch and uninvolving, and these actors don't seem sure what their characters are meant to be. The film is like a homage to the expensive Western; it's so opulent it has a nouveau-riche aura about it. (7/29/85) (Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Ziegfeld.)

The Thin Man Goes Home (1945)—This came late in the series but it's still fairly cheerful. It features William Powell, Myrna Loy, Asta, and Anne Revere, who, carrying a rifle and wearing a felt hat that looks as if it might have been discarded by a janitor, makes a fascinating lunatic. Directed by Richard Thorpe. With Helen Vinson, Gloria DeHaven, Lucile Watson, and Harry Davenport. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 23-24.)

Toni (1935)—A wonderful early work of French everyday realism by Jean Renoir. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 19.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—It's a traumatic poem of violence, with imagery as ambivalent as Goya's. By a supreme burst of filmmaking energy, Sam Peckinpah is able to convert chaotic romanticism into exaltation. The movie is set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913, and, in Peckinpah's words, "I was trying to tell a simple story about bad men in changing times. 'The Wild Bunch' is simply what happens when killers go to Mexico." Pouring new wine into the bottle of the Western, Peckinpah explodes the bottle; his story is too simple for this imagist epic. And it's no accident that you feel a sense of loss for each killer of the Bunch: Peckinpah has made them seem heroically, mythically alive on the screen. With William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Robert Ryan, Ben Johnson and Edmond O'Brien. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 18.)





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THE NEW YORKER

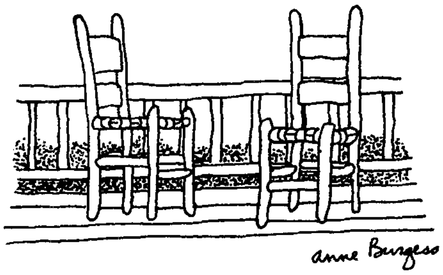
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

All summer, the Museum of Modern Art has presented free Friday-night concerts in the Sculpture Garden—fifteen classical harps playing John Cage one weekend, Sonny Rollins the next. Two weeks ago, I went to see Milton Cardona, a drummer who has played behind *everyone* (Laurie Anderson, Ruben Blades, Grace Jones), lead a benbe ceremony. This rite, central to the Santería religion, which grew up among the Yoruba in Nigeria and spread with the slave trade through the Caribbean, is usually performed only in the homes of believers, so a lot of people started lining up in the late afternoon to see the show. The doors opened at six for the eight-o'clock concert, and before long the garden was crowded—people sat on the ground right up to the edges of the reflecting pool, all around Picasso's "She-Goat," under the weeping birch tree. Mr. Cardona, who this night was singing instead of drumming, has a soft voice. One had to listen carefully to distinguish his call against the happy volume of the choir's response—especially as the traditional bata drums kept up their shifting, hollow rhythms. There seemed to be an echo woven into the sound, an echo bouncing off the ivied back wall of the garden. But in the quiet as the first hymn (to Eleggua, god of the crossroads) died away and before the second song (to Ogun, god of minerals) could begin, it became clear that the echo was a separate sound, another choir. "Let us in!" it was chanting. The chant grew louder, competing with the song to Ochosi, god of the hunt, and finally I went to see what was happening. Pushing up against the Fifty-fourth Street gate were perhaps a hundred people. They hadn't been standing in line for hours; most had arrived shortly before eight, some time after the museum staff decided that the courtyard was full. Now they were chanting, booing, shaking the gate. "Why should they get to enjoy the concert when we're out here?" one man asked angrily. Another reached through the gate and smacked a guard. A number of the people on the inside left, through another gate—some, perhaps, because of the noise—and as they walked out the protesters yelled to the guards that *now* there was more room, *now* they should get in. When the gate stayed locked, one young man shrieked, "That's always how it is in this world—the people on the inside don't give a damn about the people on the outside!" A sentiment that makes a good deal less sense on West Fifty-fourth Street than it does in many other places.

Returning to my apartment that night, I found under the door a leaflet, neatly set in type. "Tired of Vagrants, Loiterers & Panhandlers?" it asked in seventy-two-point type. "The police *are* willing to coöperate. . . . But we have to call the police to get them here. Detectives from the 6th precinct advise that callers report '*a disturbance by a group of men.*' Stated in this way, a patrol car is required to respond and investigate." The authors of the bulletin are residents of my building, a "coöperative." The "group of men" in fact consists of men as alienated and individual as people can be—scruffy, homeless men too broken by it all to even wander down to Houston Street and wash car windshields for quarters. They gather outside the twenty-four-hour coffee shop on my corner cadging change, and sometimes they make some noise (though not nearly so much as the hair-trigger alarms on the BMWs parked up and down Broadway or the people who try to persuade the host at the smoking-hot Bar Lui that they really did make a reservation). The leaflet says, "These people do have a place to go—the shelters for the homeless—not on our street corners." But that sentence unravels its own logic. The city intake shelter for homeless men is four blocks away, at East Third Street and the Bowery, and a visit to it is instructive. It, like most of the other shelters, is hell. Many men—especially older, weaker men—can't live in such a shelter. (Late last week, tuberculosis was reported to be "out of control" in the shelters.) They feel safer and happier on the corner of the street, and that should be proof enough of how bad the shelters are. No one in his right mind wants to live on a street corner. Even most crazy people would prefer a decent shelter, if such a thing existed. But this leaflet is not being passed out to the so-called vagrants, loiterers, and panhandlers, in the hope that they may find a better life; it goes under the doors of the shareholders, in the hope that we will call the police. Because we are "tired" of these scruffy men. At some point, we felt sorry for them, but now we are *tired* of them—they have overstayed their welcome.



As a rule, each of us does what is convenient. Those people who do not we consider saints and call heroes. If Mother Teresa came to the corner of Bleecker and Broadway, she would figure out some way to help the men there. If she lived in my apartment, she would invite them in and bathe them and feed them and soothe them, and that, probably, is the right response—not only the best response but the right response, the fully human response. And there is the example of Robert Hayes, a lawyer who gave up his job with Sullivan & Cromwell in order to litigate full time on behalf of the homeless. But I don't act like that, and neither does anyone I know. We may do a little from time to time in an effort to help—work in a soup kitchen or write a letter to the Mayor—but, basically, we ignore the men on the corners and get on with our lives. Is that better than rounding up one's neighbors in order to get the police to roust them? It is, I think, though it may also be more hypocritical. Clearly, it is better for the men on the corner, who do not want to be moved along, who won't go to the shelter anyway but will find some other corner, and who are far more tired of their lives than we will ever be, and would just like to sit there on the curb. But it is better, too, for those of us who have apartments. Apathy is sad. Hostility toward the powerless is warping. Our lives and our frailties may not allow us to do what is right (though the example of the saints and heroes—the fact that it *can* humanly be done—is always disturbing). We walk by people; that is more convenient than helping them. But when we raise our convenience up as an idol—when we insist that we can't stand even to *see* vagrants, loiterers, and panhandlers—we make an assertion of our right to be comfortable which is as militant, as radical, as Mother Teresa's assertion of her duty to administer comfort. When we call up the police and say, "Take them away," we start to become Robert Hayes in reverse. It is not something to be proud of—it is sad—that the most we can usually expect of ourselves is the passive acceptance of other people's misery. But this sadness is better—healthier—than turning slowly into the sort of people who stand outside free concerts demanding loudly that they be let in.

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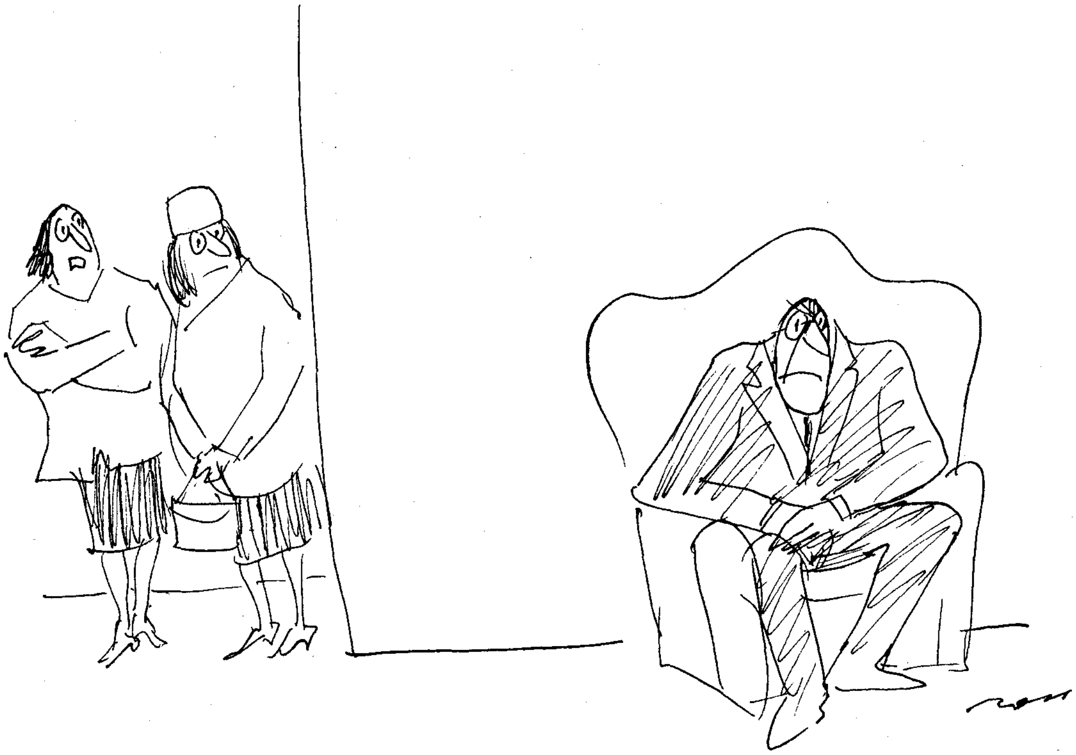
Violations

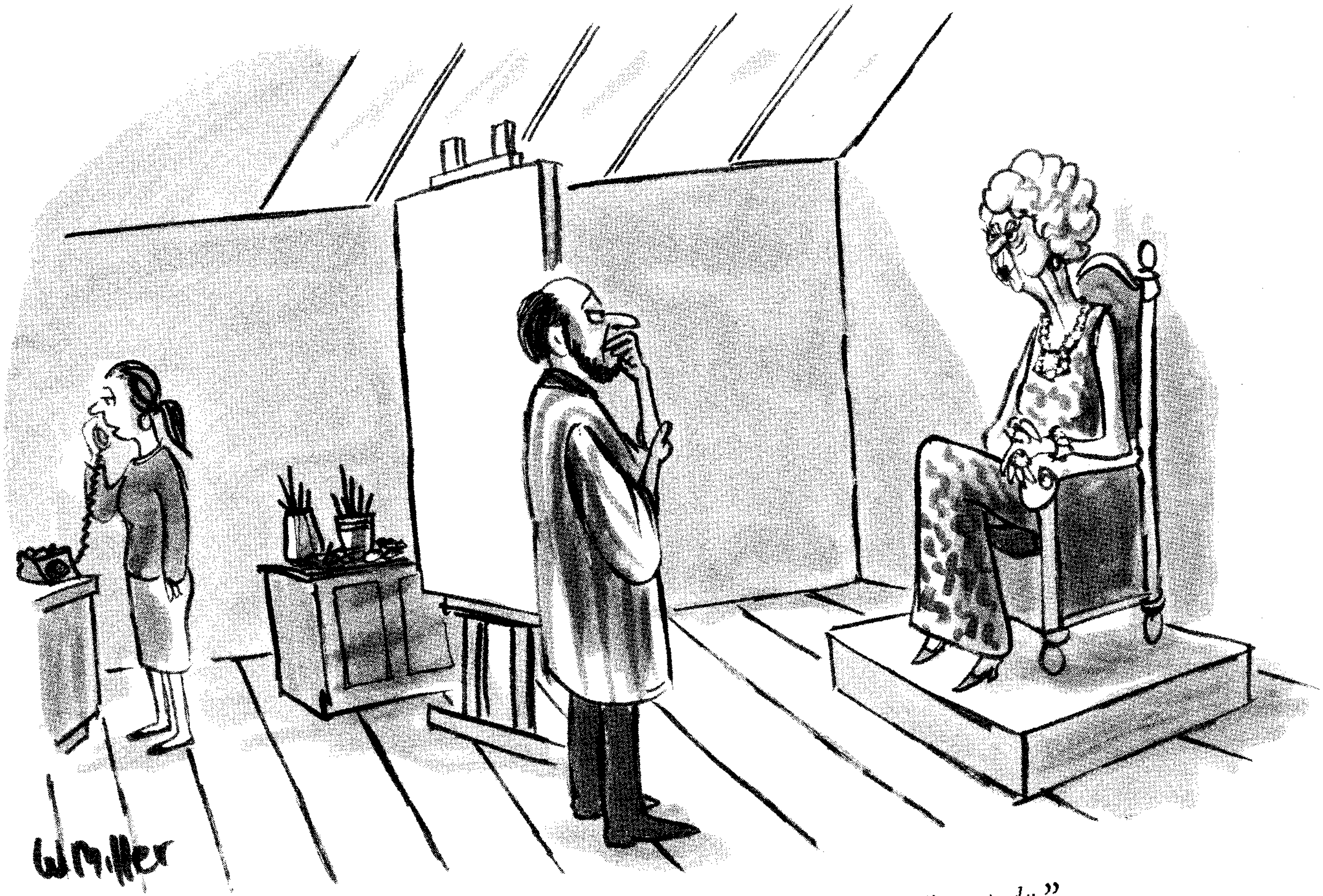
IN your life you've never seen so much gratitude. A glow of gratitude is what it amounts to. Pilgrims arrive at the Parking Violations Bureau, on Park Avenue South, radiating this glow. You go to the third floor. It's a take-a-number arrangement: you take a number from one of the women at the reception desk—the women who before they landed jobs with the city worked as Alpine guides, or maybe not—and then you wait a damn long time. The waiting room: literally breathtaking. Every molecule—beige linoleum floor, matching Formica countertops, dark-brown beams, black molded-plastic chairs, uniformed security personnel, posted warnings of penalties for offering or taking or soliciting a bribe—does something to your lungs. Without knowing that this was the Parking Violations Bureau, you might mistake it for one of the new double-threat restaurants—cold cuts and mass income-tax audits, say, or express Chinese take-out and home-improvement-loan rejections. The Parking Violations Bureau exists because there are mornings when law-abiding citizens wake up feeling just a little too good about things in general. When you are feeling just a little too good about things, what you are actually feeling is that at some unpredictable moment in the near future the euphoria will dissolve into bitter disappointment. That is why efficiency-minded people are grateful for the Parking Violations Bureau. It cuts out all the suspense.

All walks of life turn up—pacers, hair-tearers, face-rubbers, knapsackers, stray United Parcel deliverers, an occasional motorist in a corduroy motoring cap, and many young unemployed actors who wear mobile-phone pagers and who moonlight driving mini-vans that they are constantly double-parking while dropping off day campers. The hair-tearer in the kelly-green jogging outfit has received a summons for a hydrant violation on West Eighty-second Street. With accumulated penalties, he's up to ninety-five dollars, even though he never even saw a copy of the original summons, which—how could he have seen it?—he does not deserve, because at the time of the alleged offense he was practically in Westchester, at a mall, helping his brother-in-law Jack buy a new transmission cable for the lawnmower. He was *nowhere near* West Eighty-second Street, much less parked next to a hydrant on that block.

A hearing examiner will soon listen to this explanation and many others. Right now he is waiting inside a hearing room, wearing a red-white-blue-and-yellow checked sports jacket and maroon beltless slacks, grinding his eye sockets with both fists and looking as if at any minute the heat could interfere



"He's still seething. He was the victim of a memorable witticism in the thirties."



"Could he call you back? He's doing a feasibility study."

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with his love of due process. He is going to have a good time with the man carrying the three back issues of *Golf Digest*—the one who lives on the Island and drives a Buick LeSabre that somebody double-parked one night near a construction site in midtown. Some traffic-enforcement agent has thrown the book at this situation—double-parking where it was No Parking Any Time; front license tag missing; inspection sticker expired—and when the hearing examiner has heard just about enough he will give thought to tacking on a couple of citations for civil contempt. The Buick LeSabre owner, however, does not see this coming. In the waiting room, he says to one of the pacers, "They've got a nerve giving tickets to guys like us."

Everyone testifies under oath. The lady wearing the Walkman earphones and the Hullaballoons T-shirt and carrying the large white vinyl handbag knows in her bones that she transgressed a bus stop on Memorial Day. She is smoking a long cigarette and thinking about claiming Sunday-regulations-in-effect, but she will probably end up saying, "Hey, this can't be my ticket. My car never left the garage, because my kid was throwing up all day long," even though that way she runs a serious risk that the examiner will ask, "Do you have a parking receipt or some sort of note from a doctor?"—in which case she would do just as well invoking the Adolfo Defense. The Adolfo Defense goes, "It isn't even my car! It belongs to my friend Adolfo. He lent it to another friend. I don't live near where the ticket happened. Adolfo had a medical emergency and told me to come here. Adolfo's friend lives not far from where the ticket happened, and . . ."

The man with the freshly barbered beard, the three-piece blue pin-striped suit, the silver ring with the blue sapphire, the purple-tinted aviators, and the unlit cigar the size of a salami—this man's problem is justice. He has a wife whose arm is in a sling. She fractured her shoulder, he was taking her to the hospital for a checkup, he makes one little stop on Thirty-fourth Street and leaves his rear flashers on, the battery runs down, then he's waiting for a jump, and instead of help he gets cited for Loading Zone No Standing. Forty-five dollars. This would never happen to the chief executive officer of a Fortune 500 company. It would never happen to anyone you see when the Academy Awards are on television and the camera pans the audience. The hearing examiner announces that after your case is heard you are supposed to hold on to the disposition slip for eight and a half years—also the receipts and the cancelled checks. Where is justice?

The wide black raincoat and wide black wing tips belong to an out-of-towner, a young fellow from Syracuse. He stares hard at his parking ticket, which he still cannot believe. He has been towed, and that is even more incredible and expensive. All the way from Syracuse for this—plus a hearing examiner who will congratulate him for "the most unique interpretation of the arrows on street signs" that the hearing examiner has ever heard. Brand-new in town and already he's a celebrity. He has told the hearing examiner that the arrows on the "No Parking" signs seemed to be pointing to the *opposite* side of the street. Now he must listen respectfully as the hearing examiner says, "This is a rental car, correct?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been here?"

"Four days."

"If I were you, I wouldn't drive in Manhattan. No one should. It's a very dangerous place. I don't understand people like you. After you leave here, I want you to turn the car in. I want to ask you a question: Why do you think we have buses and subways?"

A Caddie Speaks

THE likelihood of meeting a caddie these days is somewhat greater than the chance of encountering a pinsetter, but not much, so we were pleased to run into an off-duty, part-time, fourteen-year-old caddie lounging in the sun one recent afternoon. We asked him how he was.

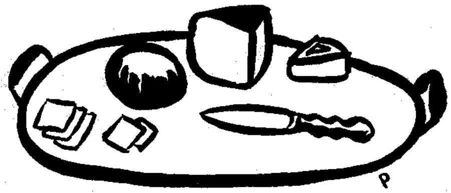
"Quite well, with no plan to get better," he said.

We then asked how he had got into his line of work, and what it was like, and this was his reply:

"I found myself in the position of caddieing two summers ago, when I mentioned to a woman I know that I was wondering about ways I could make money. One of the several hundred things she suggested was caddieing, which her brother had done in his youth. I called the local country club to see what could be done about this thought, and I took a caddie clinic there—once a week for a few weeks. There were five of us, going out and carrying a bag for a friend of the caddie master's, being told what to do at each step. I was twelve then, and most of 'em were about fifteen—they went from another twelve to twenty. The caddie master's friends teach you how to carry the bag over your shoulder with the club heads in front, and how to tend the pin: if they want the flag in the hole, you stand there with your shadow not crossing the path the ball is going to take, and you don't walk in front of the ball; then you take out the flag as soon as the ball is hit. You learn where to stand when forecaddieing. When forecaddieing, you stand a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards down the fairway—except with really bad women, because when they hit the ball fifty yards you just have to walk all the way back, and they can usually see for themselves where it lands, usually the swimming pool or the woods or something. The least likely place they hit it is on the fairway. The women play in the afternoon, and most of them get carts anyway. The men at least hit it far, if nothing else. I've seen some pretty bad ones, but I seem to get fairly good ones, with a handicap of ten or fifteen. Almost everyone uses a cart. Say if eighty people go out, maybe eight will use caddies. If I were a golfer, I would never use a caddie. I think it's cheaper to use a cart, and why should you walk four miles unless you really need the exercise? Most people who walk do it for the exercise. Otherwise, there are just disadvantages to hiring a caddie. With a cart, you've got your own clubs and you don't have to awkwardly look through a bag someone else is holding. You don't have to be polite, you're allowed to throw your clubs when you miss a shot, and you don't find out that the club you want is back at the third hole."

The caddie paused to slap a mosquito that had been circling his knee. "There's no particular rule about how to dress," he continued. "This caddie master, who is the third one in three years—he just said to look respectable. One day, I came in a T-shirt and gym shorts, and he said to wear something a little nicer, but some caddies look terrible, and some take off their shirts when they're working." He yawned.

"I go there at seven-thirty, and sign my name on the sheet and talk to the other caddies about the prospects—whether you're going to get a loop, as it's called, meaning a job. And no one wants to; usually they just want to go home. I can't believe I do it. It's stupid, it's a mystery. Sam does it because his father makes him and he couldn't get any other work, because he's only fifteen and you have to be sixteen to get a real job—a supermarket job, or a waiter or a lifeguard. Sooner or later, the caddie master comes over and says, 'Mr. So-and-So will be walking today and you'll be carrying his bag or his guest's bag,' and he always gives me someone he knows is a deadbeat, I'm sure he does—someone who's too cheap to give a decent tip. For a B caddie, which I am, it's ten dollars a bag for eighteen holes, plus whatever tip. An A caddie gets fourteen or fifteen, I'm not sure. The A caddie is someone who's been working for a while, a few years, and they come more often—at least three or four times a week. Sometimes the golfers ask for some particular caddie, but mostly the caddie master decides who'll go out, usually badly.

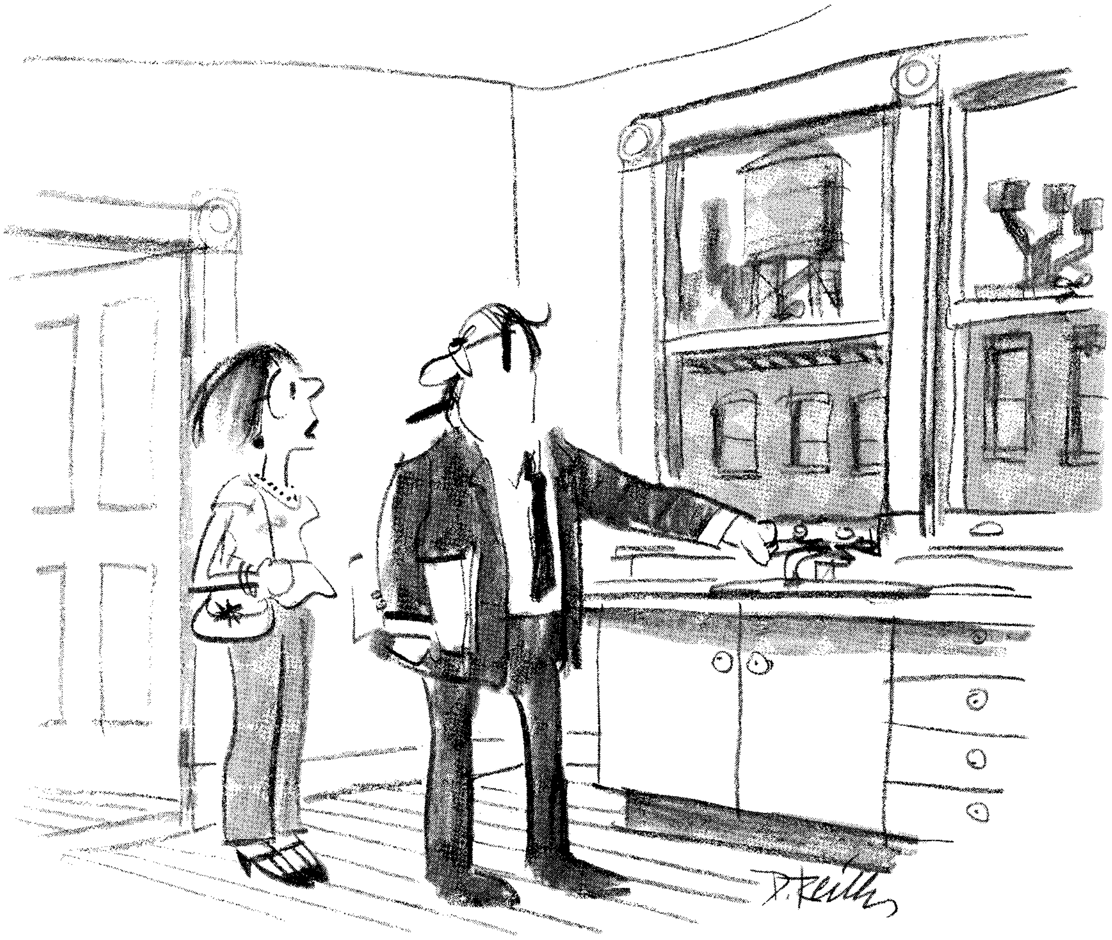


"The player says 'Hi, I'm Bob,' or 'Hi, I'm Mr. G.' or 'Mr. R.' or 'Mr. X.' The one I hope I'll never have to caddie for again is Mr. X, a writer for a golf magazine, and, I'm sure, a bad one. Two out of twenty or twenty-five are very friendly and very considerate of their caddie; ten or twelve are decent souls I don't care about one way or the other; and five or six are real demons. O.K. Then we head out, to either the back nine or the front nine, depending on— Oh, yes, during the waiting period everyone tells *the worst* jokes. Like, today, the caddie master started up a golf cart, and a duffer said to him, 'Are you sure you have a driver's license?' They are the least funny people who think they are the funniest people I've ever seen. So we usually go out on the front nine, but not always. To keep play moving, they spread it out. That's Fat Jack's responsibility. Thin Jack is the caddie master. Fat Jack rides around in a golf cart with a little walkie-talkie telling people to hurry up or telling people to stop and let someone through. It's preferable to start out on the back nine, because it's hillier—lots of steep hills—and you want to do it before you get too tired. A bag might weigh thirty or thirty-five pounds. Maybe it's more—I don't know. Sometimes you carry two bags, but one shoulder at a time, so it's not twice as hard, but it's definitely harder." He chuckled.

"I'm thinking of quitting this job. The trouble is, I'm not old enough to do anything else. I've thought about mowing. Jeff thought I should be his partner in mowing next year. Tom and Doug do that. They make, I'd say, a hundred dollars each a week. I might lifeguard next year, even though I'll only be fifteen. Sitting in a chair all day—it would be boring, but at least you'd be on the beach. It's better pay than if you single-bagged all the time, worse than if you double-bagged. And it's guaranteed—you could be sure of it for weeks at a stretch. Dad paid me for mowing the lawn and helping him out with yard work. I was a professional trumpet player for a day—earned sixty dollars. That's for one rehearsal and playing at two services in a church—three songs, the same three.

"I don't really have too great a perspective on golf. I have kind of a negative image from carrying people's bags and being their slave. It looks like it has points of interest, but there are many things that are more exciting and more enjoyable—tennis, swimming, anything, you name it. I used to be mildly interested in it until I learned the truth. Caddieing has truly soured me on the game. Maybe someone will put an end to all those daddies forcing their kids to be caddies because they think it'll make them like the game. And golfers really fit the stereotype, most of 'em. Obnoxious businessmen types. They scream and curse when they miss the ball. But in one way they don't fit the stereotype. They're very honest. They never cheat—themselves or others. They go out of their *way* to be honest. I mean, they give advantages to their opponents."

The caddie stretched in the sun and yawned again. "I'm hoping I'll get fired," he said.



"How obscene is the rent?"

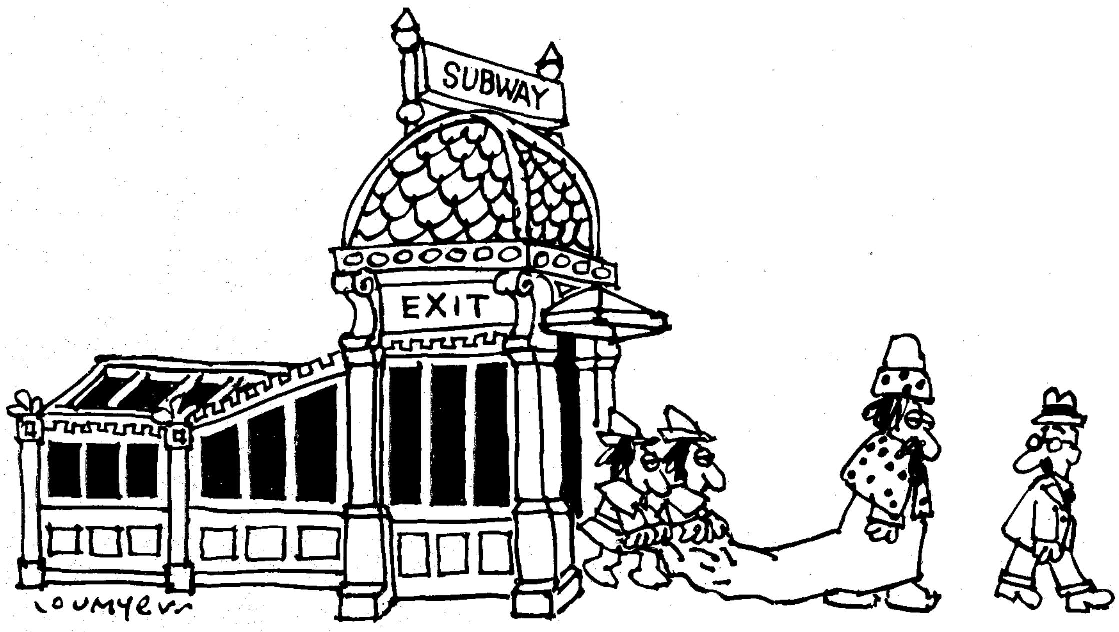
• •

New Ambassador

NEARLY two years ago, the night after the United States invasion of Grenada, we stopped by the United Nations Security Council to watch the weary debate. Jeane Kirkpatrick was in the room, but the Ambassador from the island, Caldwell Taylor, was conspicuously absent. He turned up a few days later, though, still claiming to hold the seat, and we were interested enough in him to read the progressively shorter stories about him in the *Times* until, as happens, he was no longer news. We called the Mission recently to find out what had happened to him, and nobody knew; he went to Canada, someone said—maybe. But the new Ambassador, they said, *he* was worth talking to. So, easily diverted, we went over to meet Lamuel Stanislaus, who has represented Grenada for nearly three months, and who for the thirty years prior to that worked as a dentist in Brooklyn. "Dentistry is a good profession. Tooth decay has the highest incidence of all your pains, your maladies, your discomforts," said Dr. Stanislaus, a tall and handsome and gently friendly man who speaks in the pleasing, musical voice of his native island.

"The current Prime Minister, Mr. Herbert Blaize, is a lifelong friend of mine," Dr. Stanislaus said when we asked him how he had won his new job. "I've always supported him, and raised money for his party—when it was in office and when it was out. In politics, the out times are very important. We went to high school together, at Grenada Boys Secondary School, which is celebrating its centennial this year. The Saturday before last, they had a dinner dance, at which Mr. Blaize made the principal remarks." Both boys went to the school on scholarships, Mr. Blaize from the adjoining island of Carriacou and Dr. Stanislaus from the slightly more removed Petit Martinique. "In those days, there were just sailboats to carry us—no motors, you know," he said. "We depended on the wind and the tide to take us to and from. What I remember is the days of rough passage, when we would be so seasick. And how shocked we were by some of the— I won't say crude. By some of the harsh nautical terms. No, I won't say crude."

Dr. Stanislaus came to America to attend Howard University, and then moved to Flatbush, where he has raised a family of five. "My family is my strength, my support, my sustenance," he said happily. "My first boy has his M.B.A., the second is a medical doctor, the third child—my only daughter—is a lawyer, the fourth is a dentist, like me, and the fifth has just been accepted by twelve medical schools and will be entering Columbia in September. Doesn't that just knock you over? I give my wife most of the credit. The mothers, you know—their work is never at an end." Although Dr. Stanislaus became a United States citizen, he stayed active in Grenadian affairs—"the Grenada Mutual Organization, the Grenada Benevolent Organization, all of them"—and, in fact, was so well known that when the New Jewel government, which was eventually overthrown by the United States, first took office it, too, asked him to serve at the United Nations. But Dr.



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Stanislaus stayed a dentist, and gladly. "The public thinks dentistry is only teeth," he said. "But the mouth is the gateway to the body, man, and there are a lot of interesting things there, a lot. It's not only removing teeth or filling them. There's also something beautiful and delicate called root-canal therapy. And now periodontal therapy is emerging—the soft tissues, the supporting structures, what the public calls the gums. And that is a beautiful area, too. People say to me, 'Won't you get lost at the U.N.?' No other dentist has represented an English-speaking country, I think. Perhaps one of the Latin countries. But there is a lot of diplomacy in dentistry. You have to have a lot of diplomacy to be able to inflict pain and get paid for it. But the pain is for the greater good, of course, for the greater good."

Surrounded

DOG alone—so what? Bicycle—conventional. But a dog *on* a bicycle, riding it, pulling wheelies! Or a dog piloting a bathyscaphe through the deep blue sea! It doesn't have to be a dog—a frog decorating a friend's apartment. A frog rummaging through the deli freezer for a certain flavor Frozfruit bar—pineapple. A frog saying that Yuppies are kind of sad—their concern with *material* things. These are odd in a proper, postmodern way. They are happy, freakish, and if you see any of them call us up.

At the bottom of the hill, a man with a revolver on his hip stops your car, writes down the license number, asks if you have any weapons, and warns you to stay on the main road—no turns, no slowing down. A mile farther on is a mustard house with green shutters—the house in which General Ulysses S. Grant died. This cottage, in the town of Wilton, just north of Saratoga, may be the only historical site on the grounds of a prison in the entire tri-state area. That queer location may be the hair in the pipes which has slowed the flow of visitors. Only three hundred came all of last year, and so the state announced at the beginning of the summer that the house would close come Labor Day. We drove up to take our leave of the cottage late last month, a hundred years and three days after Grant died in the front room. But Tony Gambino, the caretaker, greeted us with good news. "We're staying open," he said. "I found out yesterday. So many people have been speaking up for us. It's a good thing—I'd been worrying I was going to have to pull a bank job to get back and visit."

Mr. Gambino showed us through the house: the clock stopped at the minute of the General's passing (eight past eight in the morning); the two stuffed chairs pushed together in the sickroom (Grant, who had throat cancer, could not lie down); the musty strawflower decorations sent by his friends after his death (the largest and gaudiest, Gates Ajar, depicting the entrance to eternity, came from the Leland Stanfords, of California). "When the General came here in his last months, this cottage was next to a big four-story hotel," Mr. Gambino said. "There was a train from Saratoga Springs—a dollar round trip, but they took it off your bill if you stayed. The hotel burned in 1899. In 1911, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company built a sanatorium on the grounds of the hotel for its employees from around the country who had tuberculosis. It sold the building to the state for a veterans' rest camp in 1945; then it was a school for retarded children; and then, in 1976, it became a prison. All the while, Grant Cottage has been here. I happened by this way as a returning war veteran going to the rest camp, and someone told me to look up this girl he knew, and I did, and bells started ringing. My wife had been sort of adopted by the caretakers of the cottage, and when they died she took over, and I worked with her for thirty-eight years—until last winter, when she died. Now I'm here alone, except for the prisoners who come over in the morning to cut grass and help out." Mr. Gambino lives on the second floor of the cottage. General Grant was too weak to walk upstairs, so the second floor is not historic.

The visitors who do drop in—they have filled up about three-quarters of the pages in the guestbook since 1973—ask Mr. Gambino if it is true that the General drank too much ("Not really") and if he has a ghost ("No, though it can give you a chill to realize you are walking where he walked"). Occasionally, they want to know where the former President is buried, and if they do Mr. Gambino just laughs. "General Grant came to the top of Mt. McGregor, which offers a view all the way to Vermont's Green Mountains, in order to finish writing his memoirs," Mr. Gambino said. He wrote them—he didn't hire someone else to write them for him—and when he was done Mark Twain appeared with a check for four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which is still a lot of money these days. "At that point, his family's future was secure and he gave up the struggle," Mr. Gambino said. "Two days later, he died."

FROM THE BANK WITH YOUR MONEY ON ITS MIND

DEAR DEPOSITOR:

Last quarter marked the beginning of an exciting cash-management policy here at First Tri-State Drive-Thru Banking & Trust. Under our new "Money Mover" system, we've started reassigning cash from the accounts of people it belongs to and getting it on the "move." As you know, money that just sits around actually loses value, and must be cared for the way you would care for any helpless thing. And that means time lost, opportunities missed, and vacations postponed—some, perhaps, indefinitely. We know how hard you work for your money, and that's why it will always be welcome here. In return, your money will give us a chance to do what we do best, not only for ourselves but also for the benefit of our families and the many people who serve them.

Depositors with an interest in the smaller details of bank routine may wish to refer to the explanatory list of letter codes at the end of their statement. If we can assist in any way with inquiries about the "Money Mover" system or your statement, feel free to call the 24-hour toll-free depositors' hot-line telephone number, which we have recently given out to several people. (Please do not call the bank.)

Yours sincerely,
DOUG & DAVE FLAMMIA
Co-Chairmen,
First Tri-State

First Tri-State Drive-Thru Banking & Trust

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT

Acc't Name:
Kevin J. Kopenhaver
1085 Overlook Court, Apt. 5

Savings Acc't. Number	Previous Balance	Deposits	Withdrawals, Debits, and Other Charges	Present Balance
3-17-411	23,718.00	1,600.00	25,311.27	6.73

—Deposits—

Date	Amount	Date	Amount
3/15	400.00 DP	5/16	400.00 DP
4/19	400.00 DP	6/14	400.00 DP

—Withdrawals, Debits, and Other Charges—

Date	Amount	Date	Amount
3/18	4.80 APC	4/26	1,075.00 MDD
3/19	10.00 BMC	4/30	3,500.00 N-N-N'N-N
3/22	10.00 CS	5/3	750.00 O!S
3/25	6.75 CTF	5/8	299.00 O,DTBBWHLPB
3/28	1,148.80 E,U	5/13	238.36 P,YBMH
4/5	95.25 AR	5/14	6.00 PCC
4/8	520.00 HT,PF	5/22	585.00 SW
4/11	1,000.00 LDP	5/27	972.23 SKYMIAS,C
4/12	282.25 GRA	6/3	2,000.00 TL,B
4/16	75.65 FC	6/7	895.80 WGMM
4/17	122.00 KNI	6/12	2,000.00 TASM
4/19	325.50 IFIG	6/13	5,888.88 Y—SW
4/23	1,625.00 MYOB	6/14	1,875.00 YAWA

CODES:

APC	Applied to Previous Charges	MYOB	Mind Your Own Business
AR	Cash Advance Reversal	N-N-N'N-N	Nya-Nya-N'Nya-Nya
BMC	Billing Memo Charge	O,DTBBWHLPB	Oh, Does the Big Baby Want His Little Pennies Back?
CS	Charge for Service		
CTF	Credit Transfer Fee	O!S	Ooops! Sorry
DM	Debit Memo	PCC	Print Check Charge
DP	Deposit	P,YBMH	Please, You're Breaking My Heart
E,U	Error, Unavoidable		
FC	Finance Charge	SKYMIAS,C	So Keep Your Money in a Sock, Crybaby
GRA	Growth Rate Adjustment		
HT,PF	Head Teller, Pocket Funds	SW	Says Who?
IFIG	Insufficient Funds in General	TASM	Try and Stop Me
KNI	Kathy Needed It	TL,B	Tough Luck, Buster
LDP	Liquidity Depletion Prepayment	WGMM	Who's Gonna Make Me?
MC	Miscellaneous Charge	Y—SW	Yeah—So What?
MDD	My Dog Died	YAWA	You and What Army?

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—IAN FRAZIER

NEEDLEWORK

Mrs. Esmée Boyd-Porteous had been sending donations for over a decade to the orphanage run by the Catholic convent of St. Justina's. When she finally managed to visit the convent, during one of her rare shopping trips to Glasgow, she asked if there was anything more she could do. She was told that the benefactors of St. Justina's sometimes took a girl for the summer.

"Oh, but I'm so extremely sorry!" she cried. "That never crossed my mind. Yes, of *course!*"

"You should have brought the Morris," Mrs. Boyd-Porteous said now to her husband as they waited in the car outside the station at Dumfries. Her impatience had led them to be early. "The Bentley's much too ostentatious. This enormous car will do nothing but harm to her state of mind."

"I doubt it," her husband said. "A ride in a Bentley ought to be a treat for any girl."

"She isn't coming to us to be initiated into your crass notion of 'treats,' " she said.

"I wish you'd calm down, Esmée. Don't get so excited."

"Is it to be held against me," she said, "if I'm looking forward to young company at Mickleyaird?"

A protective feeling toward his wife, and a high regard for his peace and quiet now that he was living in semiretirement, prevented Ronald Boyd-Porteous from taking his grumbling too far. The pair often had words together that brought them to the brink of bitterness, but he halted any conversation with his wife in which dissent threatened to expose what he suspected was his failure as a husband. More and more, he felt it was his selfishness that had stunted their marriage. "Well," he said, with a dry realism that Mrs. Boyd-Porteous did not appreciate, "I imagine she's hoping for a spectacular boost to her standard of living. That's what *I'd* be hoping for."

"Your answer to everything is always money."

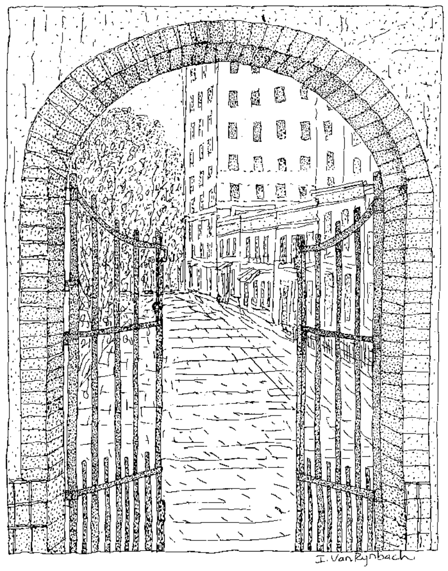
It was a familiar criticism. "Now, now, Esmée, that's enough of that," he said lightly. He tapped the clock on the luxurious dashboard. "The train might be a few minutes early," he said, and reached for the car door.

At one time, Ronald Boyd-Porteous had been among the youngest professors of civil engineering in the country. Profitable consultancies had enticed him from the academic life and into business. It was during one of his many absences from home that Mrs. Boyd-Porteous announced, in a transatlantic telephone call, that she had become a Catholic. Whatever had hitherto crossed his mind as a possible explanation for his wife's polite and considerate listlessness, it was not a crisis of faith that was to build up to a wholehearted religious conversion. It took him a year to get over seeing it as more than an eccentricity. On subsequent trips away from home, he pictured his wife sitting at her desk writing letters of support to deserving institutions dedicated to the relief of misfortune, each with an enclosed check. He smiled with affection at the image, but it troubled him, too. He could tell himself that his wife now had plenty to do while he was abroad and preoccupied with the design and construction of projects costing millions, or absorbed in tiresome negotiations with governments and international agencies. Still, something was missing. He knew what it was but decided that the time had long passed to do anything about it. Instead of bringing up children of their own, his wife was a distant, anonymous supporter of young victims of famine, war, and loss.

"I hope you won't overdo it," he told her when they reached the station platform.

"Overdo what?"

The train pulled in from the north and passengers began to get off. People were being met by friends or relatives. It was a small crowd, but brisk and intent.



"I think that might be our Miss O'Hagen," Mr. Boyd-Porteous said, drawing his wife's attention to a girl of seventeen. She carried a coat over one arm and a suitcase in her other hand.

Mrs. Boyd-Porteous waved and caught the girl's eye as if it were she who had discovered her among the flow of approaching passengers. "Olive! My goodness, the train looks so *busy!* Did you have a good journey?"

The girl put down her poor luggage and shook Mrs. Boyd-Porteous's hand. She was tall; her hair was dark; her eyes were lively with curiosity, and flickered with a temporary shyness. Her straightforward good looks were poorly set off by the old-fashioned floral print of the dress she wore. She could have been taken for a daughter from the sort of farm or village where people seldom travel beyond the nearest small town—or, Mr. Boyd-Porteous thought, for a girl brought up in an orphanage.

"I had to sit among the smokers," Olive O'Hagen said cheerfully, as if this inconvenience had been interesting, if deplorable.

"Ronald," Mrs. Boyd-Porteous said, looking about distractedly, but her husband was already walking toward the ticket barrier with Olive's suitcase.

"I don't suppose you've been in a car like this before," Mr. Boyd-Porteous said to Olive as they drove off. He half turned toward her in the back seat, his voice rising pleasantly. "It's my pride and joy. I'm very fond of cars. Ever since I was your age and old enough to learn how to drive. You could say it's one of my hobbies."

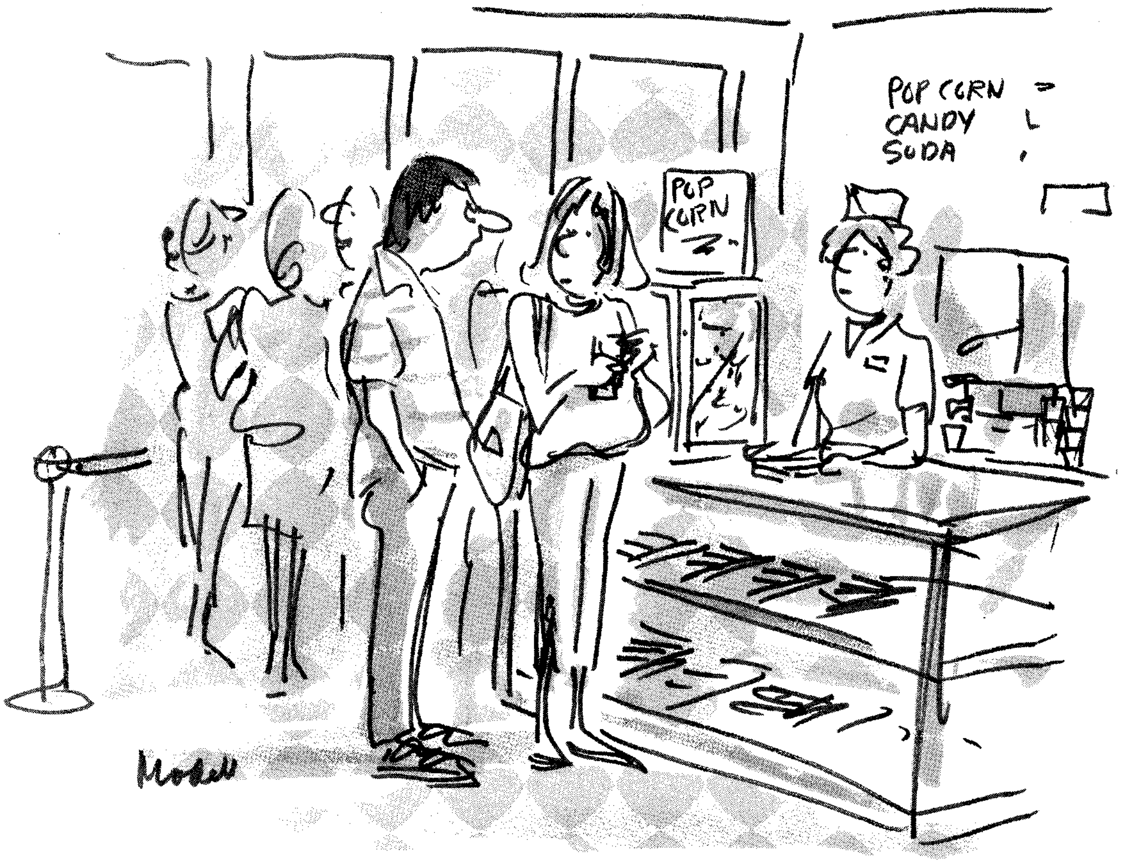
"Ronald, please." Mrs. Boyd-Porteous often seemed to detect a note of condescension that he could swear was not there. "I hardly imagine that Olive's very interested in cars."

"Oh, but I like cars," Olive said. "My mother used to say I should've been a boy."

"Do you have any brothers or sisters?" Mrs. Boyd-Porteous asked.

"No, just me. I was six when she died," the girl said.

"I do so much look forward to getting to know you, my dear," Mrs. Boyd-Porteous said, with that open



“No, thanks. Somehow Satyajit Ray and Milk Duds don’t seem right to me.”

and enthusiastic sincerity which her husband found both laudable and irritating. “And I do understand how you must be wondering what *we* are like. So if we seem to be doing the wrong thing, then you must tell us. We’re not used to children at Mickleyaird. Oh, but you’re not a child, are you? No, of course not! St. Justina’s told us hardly anything about you. Your name, your age, and the time of the train from Glasgow Central, and that’s about it. There’s so much to do here. So much to see and do, my dear. I intend that you should have a wonderful time.”

“ ‘Mickleyaird’ means ‘the big place.’ Is that right?” Olive said.

“Fortunately for us, the house is a bit smaller than its name implies,” Mr. Boyd-Porteous said, with a laugh that his wife found disagreeable.

“I’ve been hardly anywhere. It was really exciting, being on a train, and going somewhere,” Olive said. Her voice lilted on the thrill of her day. “I’ve been trying to imagine what your house is like, but I’m sure it’s going to be a surprise.”

Mrs. Boyd-Porteous was relieved at Olive’s good-mannered confidence, and impressed: the girl seemed unsubdued by an encounter with a well-to-do couple in their fifties, to whom she was beholden even if, as yet, she had no grounds for gratitude.

Second thoughts about the wisdom of taking a girl from St. Justina’s had been introduced to Mrs. Boyd-Porteous’s mind only a few days before. Mrs. Buchanan, of Forgallan House, was a co-religionist whom Mrs. Boyd-Porteous seldom saw, but the two women had talked at a fund-raising sale for the benefit of a medical mission in Uganda. At one time, Mrs. Buchanan told her, she herself had taken in girls from St. Justina’s. “One felt tempted to use the place as a sort of employment agency—staff on approval, so to speak. I prefer to think that my motives were more disinterested. That, I suspect, was my big mistake.” A girl had tried to run off with a selection of the more portable treasures of Forgallan House. “Honestly, it was so obvious—she might as well have written ‘swag’ on her disgusting little suitcase.” Another, given the chance, would have run off with Mr. Buchanan, she said. It crossed Mrs. Boyd-Porteous’s mind that the fault probably lay with Mrs. Buchanan’s husband, a well-known flirt, since deceased. “Decency forbids me to go into what one of them did with my gardener’s assistant. There was no end of a fuss. One has heard of holiday romances, which are all very well, but really, in one’s own home! No, Esmée. Surly, ill-mannered, and ungrateful little madams. You might find yourself having to cope with an amateur femme fatale or a juvenile pilferer. If I were you, I should call it off while there’s still time.”

“Well, yes,” Mrs. Boyd-Porteous thought, as her husband turned into the long drive that led to Mickleyaird. “Girls might behave like that in *your* house, but it is unlikely to happen in *mine*.” She felt her benevolent eagerness rise again, although she was less than fully confident of the weeks that lay ahead of her.

GERTRUDE NAISMITH had been the housekeeper at Mickleyaird for many years. She was a Presbyterian, and she resented her employer’s conversion to what she called “the Church of Rome.”

“You should be ashamed of yourself,” she had said to Mr. Boyd-Porteous on several occasions. “Your wife keeps bringing her Papist junk into this house, and what’s worse is that I’m the one who has to dust her wee statues and wipe the glass on her holy pictures. I should get a rise in wages for having to wipe dirt off craven images,” she complained.

“Graven, with a ‘g,’ isn’t it?” he answered mildly.

“ ‘Graven,’ ‘craven,’ who cares how it’s spelt? It’s me who has to clean them!”

Exchanges of that kind were commonplace between Mr. Boyd-Porteous and Mrs. Naismith. “And now it’s to be convent girls, eh? What do you say to that? She’s gone too far this time. I'm sure you must think so yourself."

"As you very well know, Gertrude, I'm an agnostic. I haven't been to church willingly in years. We've had priests in the house often enough, and although you whinge at the prospect, you're perfectly civil to them when it comes to serving them lunch or tea or whatever. I think you're the sort of person who'd kowtow to *any* man of the cloth. Either that or you're a hypocrite."

"A hypocrite? Me? Listen to who's talking! Who's the moneybags who never goes to the kirk but who aye coughs up when its roof needs mending, or last year when woodworm got at the pews?" Mrs. Naismith said, with self-righteous triumph.

"You can hang your things in the wardrobe," the housekeeper told Olive as she showed her around her bedroom. "It's yours as long as you're here. And there's that chest of drawers and the dressing table. You've your own bathroom." She opened the door to it.

"My own bathroom!"

"I don't suppose I have to teach you how to run a tap?"

Olive smiled at what she took to be a joke. "Do you live here, too, Mrs. Naismith?"

"Well, I don't live on the moon. Most days I'm here by eight-thirty, and I'm away at the back of six—later if they've got visitors. I live down there by the main road."

The housekeeper had expected someone less winning, or a girl hardened by orphan's sorrow and institutional conformity. Had there been a mean, urban toughness to Olive's manner, Mrs. Naismith would not have been surprised. Instead, Olive seemed to behave with a natural candor before the opulence and loveliness of Mickleyaird.

"It's beautiful," the girl said, feeling the bedspread but giving no impression that it was too good for her. The comfort and prettiness of the room clearly animated the girl, but Mrs. Naismith had to admit there was nothing vulgar in the way she appreciated its spaciousness, the elegance of its furnishings, or the wide view of gardens and woodland from the bedroom window.

"Mrs. Boyd-Porteous is a kind woman," Mrs. Naismith said sternly. "Too kind for her own good, if you ask me." The housekeeper felt obliged to deliver her warning, even if Olive's manner had already suggested that it might be unnecessary. "To a stranger, she's bound to look like an easy touch—a bit too generous, you might say. And with her having no children of her own, a person might just get it into her mind to take advantage. If that's your type, Miss, then I advise you to forget it."

SUMMER SUBLET

All summer those books in a row,
at the window across the way, leaning
against each other like guys standing at a bar.
I'll remember that, how aimless books seemed.
And why read one? Just let them be
together, touching, at a window.
Everything arrives in its own way,
even China on the sweetish spume
of the restaurant ventilator—
even China arrives, and the first law
of the species, handed down
through the neon arteries, red and hot:
EAT EAT.

—PATRICIA HAMPL

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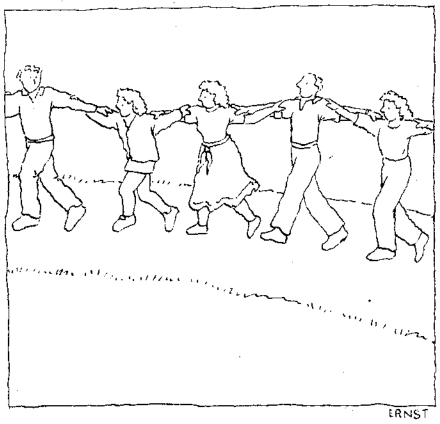
Olive's expression darkened with an expression that Mrs. Naismith decided was genuine hurt.

"Where's our church?" Olive asked.

"*Yours* is in Drumotter, six miles down the road. You won't find many Catholics here in Ferlie." It was a statement of fact, but Mrs. Naismith said it with pride. "Don't worry. Mrs. Boyd-Porteous is keen on her early Mass. We might even have the holy visitors. We've had a monsignor before now, not to mention bishops." She pronounced the first title with flagrant inaccuracy, and hissed mild loathing on the second.

"I'm sorry. I took it for granted that you'd be a Catholic," the girl said, embarrassed by Mrs. Naismith's religious aggression.

"It's no skin off my nose, because the man of the house isn't a Catholic, either. By your standards, he's even worse than I am. Mr. Boyd-Porteous is a heathen."



"I suppose you're Church of Scotland, then?"

"And so was Mrs. Boyd-Porteous before she changed her mind."

"I see," Olive said.

"I wish *I* did," Mrs. Naismith said.

OLIVE made a favorable impression during her first days at Mickleyaird. Mr. Boyd-Porteous was entertained by the interest she took in his garden.

"What are these?" Olive asked him.

"Buddleia," he said.

"And this one?"

"Veronica."

"Is it named after St. Veronica?" the girl asked.

"I've no idea."

"It was St. Veronica who gave Christ her handkerchief to wipe his brow when he was carrying the cross to Calvary."

"Now, I didn't know that. St. Veronica and her handkerchief? Somehow I never thought of them blowing their noses in the first century A.D., but I suppose they must have done."

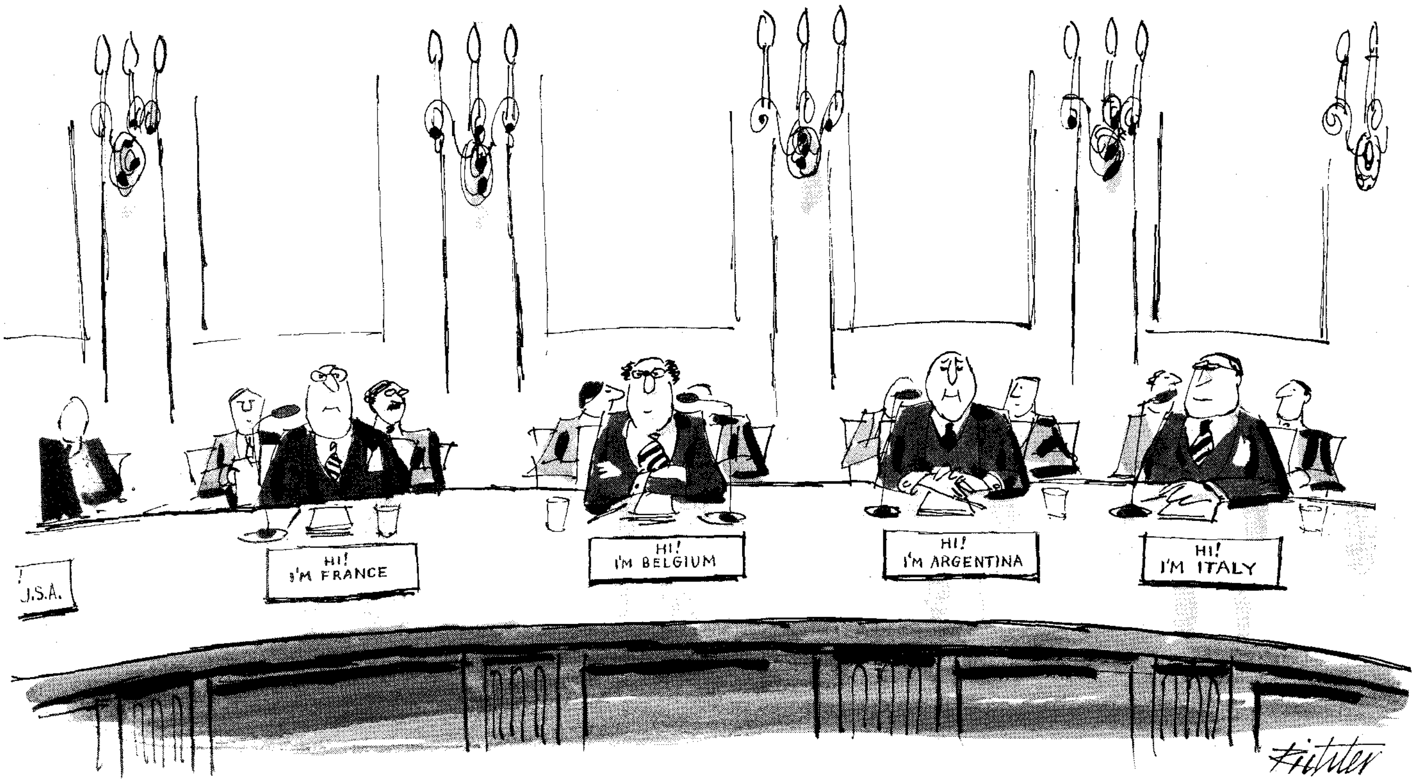
"So many bees and butterflies!" Olive said eagerly.

"Buddleia for butterflies, Veronica for bees," Mr. Boyd-Porteous said.

To the mistrustful Mrs. Naismith, Olive O'Hagen was a wonder: a convent girl with table manners! An orphan who did not bolt her food, let alone ask for more! Mrs. Naismith's mythology was stood on its head.

"She's not at all what you expected, is she?" Mrs. Boyd-Porteous teased the housekeeper with a sly but detectable moral swank.

"Don't come it," Mrs. Naismith retorted, with her customary disregard



for the conventions of talk between an employee and the lady of the house. "She's nothing like what you expected, either. You went into a twist, like a cat caught in the rain, when you heard Mrs. Buchanan's stories about the girls from St. Justina's."

"I am more interested in hearing what *you* expected," Mrs. Boyd-Porteous said.

"Thank God, but my experience of nunneries is nonexistent. So how would I know what to expect? I'll say this, though. She cleans the bath after she's used it, and she folds her towels as neat as you like and puts them back on the rail. Laundry in the laundry box, and no clothes folded over the backs of chairs. Not that I'm one hundred per cent convinced that our Miss O'Hagen isn't a little actress," Mrs. Naismith said.

"You do not frighten me in the slightest," Mrs. Boyd-Porteous said. "I'm sure you overheard her at lunch yesterday when Father Struan was here. She never *tried* to sound particularly religious, and yet it was quite clear to anyone with eyes and ears that she is. What I hope you noticed, Gertrude, is that Olive was not in the least bit awkward or false."

"I hope that place isn't training her for the nunhood, if that's the word," Mrs. Naismith said.

"Good gracious, no! Or—I don't think so," Mrs. Boyd-Porteous said, suddenly unsure.

"Well, there isn't a drop of makeup in her room," Mrs. Naismith said. "Not so much as a wee bottle of cologne. The soap she brought with her isn't scented, and she still hasn't used that nice French soap you asked me to set out for her. And she's already in a convent, Mrs. B.-P., even if it's an orphanage as well."

"I hardly imagine that they'd *encourage* the use of cosmetics at St. Justina's," Mrs. Boyd-Porteous said. "Apart from anything else, there is the expense to consider."

"She's quite pale," Mrs. Naismith said.

"Not, I think, as pale as she was when she arrived."

"Peely-wally," the housekeeper said.

"Gertrude. Unless a girl's cheeks were positively crimson, you'd call her peely-wally, as you put it. Anyhow, if that's your worst complaint, I'm glad. I do wish you'd give Olive time to settle in and get used to us. All of us."

ALTHOUGH she had settled into Mickleyaird more smoothly than either the Boyd-Porteouses or Mrs. Naismith anticipated, Olive greeted each new experience with an eagerness of heart that her hostess found disquieting as well as satisfying. The girl's exhilaration over gathering flowers and helping arrange them in vases made clear how thoroughly she had been deprived of pleasures that Mrs. Boyd-Porteous had always taken for granted. She was cheered by Olive's excited gratitude and tender curiosity, but it led her to worry whether she had done the right thing in introducing Olive to a style of life the girl had never known before and might never know again. Donating money to distant worthy causes was one thing, but Olive created a special predicament: the *object* of Mrs. Boyd-Porteous's charity was in the house. It seemed cruel to offer Olive a taste of affluence and then withdraw it.

Several times as they drove one day to visit Mrs. Buchanan at Forgallan House, Olive begged Mrs. Boyd-Porteous to stop the car so that she could get out to look at a ruin, or a view, or lean over the parapet of a bridge and stare into the clear water.

Forgallan House was older and grander than Mickleyaird. Its intrinsic interest, together with the declining fortunes of its owner, determined that the house should be open to the public—admission £1.50—throughout the summer months. Mrs. Boyd-Porteous was apprehensive for Olive's comfort there.

"Forgallan House is somewhat *massive*," she said. "I've never been sure if it's Bunny Buchanan's fault or mine, or just the grandeur of the place, but I've never felt at home in Forgallan. It is not a welcoming sort of house, Olive. Please, be your usual delightful self, and we shall sail through this frightening experience. Bunny was terribly insistent that we should come, *you* know, and Forgallan *does* have the most intriguing little private chapel."

They passed the notices that advertised the public visiting hours and the price of admission. "Mrs. Boyd-Porteous to visit Mrs. Buchanan," she told the caretaker, who manned a green shed where he took money, issued tickets, raised a barrier, and directed drivers to the car park. A gate marked "PRIVATE" was opened to them. The attendant raised his cap.

"Don't feel privileged," Mrs. Boyd-Porteous told Olive. "This is the former servants' entrance. The family have to use it when the house is open to the tourists." As they left the car, she took a deep breath and said, "Bunny Buchanan is such a bitter person that she brings out the good in one. Isn't that a terrible thing to say? Well, I've said it. I daresay we shall both leave feeling like saints."

They were shown into a small, cramped sitting room that Mrs. Buchanan used when the rest of the house was being trodden through by the paying public, of whom the lady had a low opinion.

"I can't think why," she said, "but they revel in viewing the rooms in which they suppose one actually *lives*. I've heard comments on the state of the upholstery, or the curtains, or that such-and-such a painting is not by who it *is* by. Some people, too, seem to take an extraordinarily keen interest in what seems to be one's bedside reading. I say 'seems,' Esmée, because I take care to lay out rather serious historical or theological tomes, just to mislead them." The mischievous humor of these remarks failed to force a way through Mrs. Buchanan's lofty manner. "Well, and how is this young lady's visit progressing, Esmée?"

"Oh, splendidly, quite splendidly!" Mrs. Boyd-Porteous said.

"I'm having a marvellous time," Olive said.

"Are you, indeed?" Mrs. Buchanan said. She had not expected Olive to speak. "And what do you think of Forgallan?"

"I think it's wonderful, Mrs. Buchanan."

"Most of the house was built a hundred and some years ago, as you may have observed." Mrs. Buchanan's voice implied that she placed little conviction in Olive's grasp of architectural history. "But the bulk of the west side was formed out of the old Forgallan Castle, the ancient seat of the Wotherspoons." She turned back to Mrs. Boyd-Porteous. "I see, Esmée, that the standard of dressmaking at St. Justina's has *not* improved." She nodded toward Olive and the dress she wore.

"Actually, Bunny, that's an old outfit of mine that my Mrs. Naismith altered for Olive."

"Oh? Really?"

"Would you think it too forward of me, Mrs. Buchanan, if I asked to see the chapel?" Olive asked.

"It's on the tourist route," Mrs. Buchanan said curtly. "My great-grandfather— This, you see, is *my* house; it was not my late husband's. I am a Wotherspoon—"

"Do you use it?" Olive broke in, as if unaware.

"Use what?"

"The chapel."

"Well, yes. My youngest daughter was married in it a few years ago. Do you remember, Esmée?"

"Oh, Olive, it was the most beautiful wedding!"

"Does Father Struan say Mass in your chapel?" Olive asked. "Oh, Mrs. Buchanan, a chapel of your own!"

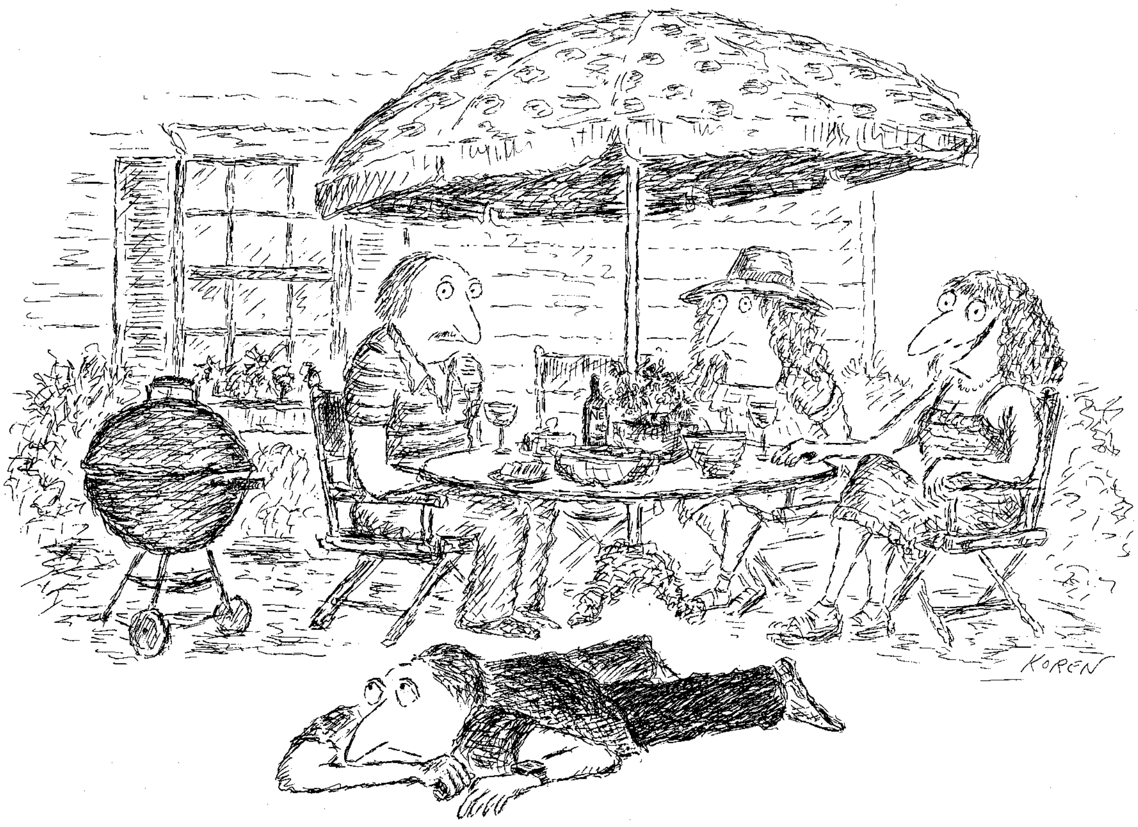
"Olive is a very religious young lady," Mrs. Boyd-Porteous said with considerable satisfaction.

"And from St. Justina's? I am amazed, Esmée. Next I shall expect you to tell me that Miss O'Hagen is preparing to take the veil. Are you, Miss O'Hagen?"

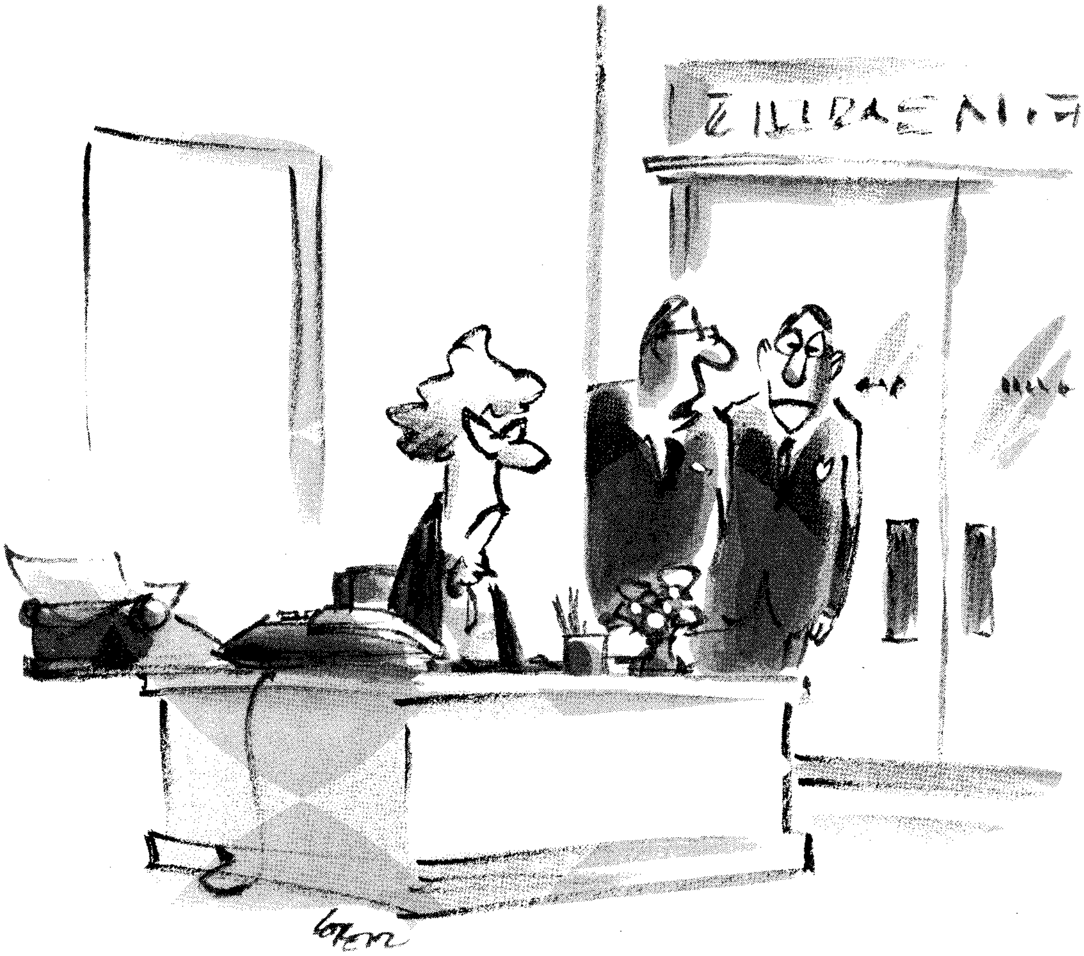
"No, I'm not," Olive said. Mrs. Boyd-Porteous detected a note of annoyance.

"What, if I may ask, do you intend to do? Do you have a career in mind?" Mrs. Buchanan arched her brows in exaggerated interest.

"I didn't get a place this year. They said it was because I'm too young—my birthday



"Well, there's mid-life."



"Miss Kessler is our poison pill here at Tolan, Merle & Fender."

• •

was only a few weeks ago," Olive said.

"A summer baby!" Mrs. Boyd-Porteous cried. "Olive, I didn't know!"

"But it's as good as guaranteed for next year. I've a place to study English at the University of Edinburgh."

"University?" Mrs. Buchanan said, in a tone of spontaneous disbelief. Good manners should have kept that under control, thought Mrs. Boyd-Porteous, who was herself surprised by Olive's announcement.

"Olive is *extremely* clever," Mrs. Boyd-Porteous said.

"Obviously," Mrs. Buchanan said. "The girls *I* took from St. Justina's certainly didn't go to university. Oh, no! Wherever else they went, it certainly wasn't the University of Edinburgh. I could tell you a thing or two about the girls from St. Justina's."

"Bunny!" Mrs. Boyd-Porteous said disapprovingly.

"Well, why not, Esmée? They gave me a great deal of trouble."

Olive seemed to be included in Mrs. Buchanan's dismissal of St. Justina's. The girl rose and said stiffly, "I would like to see the chapel, Mrs. Buchanan. I'm sure I could find it if you were to tell me where it is."

"It's not a particularly attractive chapel," Mrs. Buchanan said, resisting Olive's request. "It's rather poky, to tell you the truth."

"Oh, Bunny, no! It's perfectly delightful!" Mrs. Boyd-Porteous interjected with gentle indignation.

"Actually, 'hideous' is the word that comes most readily to *my* mind," Mrs. Buchanan said. "Of course, I have never claimed to be a particularly devotional sort of Catholic. Oh, very well. I suppose you must, if you must." Mrs. Buchanan told Olive how to find the chapel. "You'd better be quick about it," she shouted after the girl, "or Esmée and I shall eat all the cakes!"

When Olive was out of earshot, Mrs. Buchanan said, "I suppose she's eating you out of house and home. All of mine did. Eat, eat, eat . . . Did I tell you? There was one girl, the same who rather fancied herself as a burglar, and she raided the kitchen, Esmée, in the middle of the night! Cook swore that the detestable glutton had grilled herself fifteen sausages! Fifteen!"

"Olive is very obviously *different*," Mrs. Boyd-Porteous said forcefully. "And I think you were rude to her."

"Me? Rude?"

"Yes, Bunny, *rude*. You showed her no consideration whatsoever."

"And do you *believe* what she said about university?" Mrs. Buchanan said with broad skepticism.

THE chapel was small and cool. A religious tranquillity glowed in the varnish of its wooden panels and carved seating. Pools of red-and-blue light spilled from stained-glass windows and twitched on the stone floor near the altar. In the pews lay cushions and kneelers stitched over the years by women of the Wotherspoon family. A needlework Annunciation hung in a Gothic-arched frame; it was light and delicate, composed with obvious artistry. Other works by the same hand hung elsewhere on the chapel's walls among memorial plaques and devotional inscriptions.

Olive regained her equanimity in the chapel's calm, and walked about inspecting these fine embroideries and appliqués for some time. She thought them about the most interesting things she had ever seen. After a while, considering that she been away for too long, especially after her risky display of temper, she started to make her way back to the sitting room. Distant voices and the threatening resonance of hard heels on the stone floors added to her sensation that she was a trespasser or an unwanted guest. It was a feeling that she decided she was under no obligation to endure. Her face hardened, and she walked quickly away, not quite knowing where the corridor would lead. She came across a sign that said "EXIT," and then, a little later, one that said "TEAROOM."

The café occupied what had once been a large storeroom on the ground floor. It was almost empty. Olive bought a cup of tea and sat down at a table. She felt exhausted with the effort of being good, well-mannered, and full of delight. She was torn between feeling comfort in Mrs. Boyd-Porteous's jolly innocence and contempt for it. Well, if she'd gone too far with Mrs. Buchanan she'd have to find a way to put it right with the Boyd-Porteouses.

In a few moments she found herself the last remaining customer. "We'll be closing soon, dear," said the waitress behind the tea counter. Olive was rising to leave, and calculating her next move, when the two women appeared in the doorway. The mistress of Forgallan House set her hands on her hips in the pose of one displeased but unsurprised.

"Olive!" cried Mrs. Boyd-Porteous. "Where've you been? Did you get lost? We've looked everywhere for you!" Her tone was urgent, but she seemed neither unhappy nor angry.

"I must see to the guides," said Mrs. Buchanan. "I'm sorry, Esmée, but I'll say goodbye. I have so much to attend to."

"I'm sorry," Olive said to Mrs. Boyd-Porteous in the car. "I'm sorry if I embarrassed you."

"My dear, how could I blame you? No doubt Bunny Buchanan will tell everyone she knows about your 'bad manners,' but in my opinion you were magnificent." She giggled as she craned over the steering wheel before turning onto the main road. "I rather love you for it. Buying your own tea in the café! Rather than talk to that haughty crone! My dear, I shall cherish it until the day I die. By the way, she doesn't believe that you're going to university. She thought you said so as a lie, merely to impress her. Did you go round the entire house?"

"No, I didn't have time."

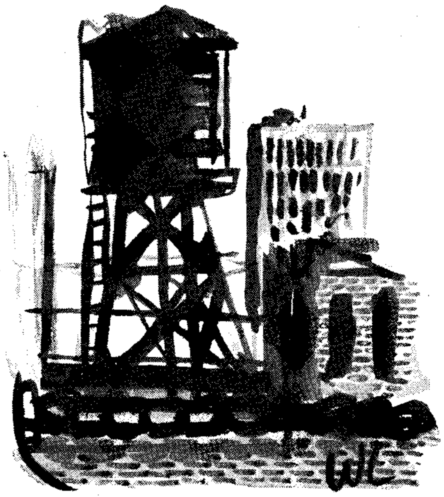
"How can Bunny *bear* to run down that chapel?"

"I thought the chapel was lovely. And the needlework," Olive said, pleased to move on.

"Oh, that needlework!" Mrs. Boyd-Porteous enthused. "By generations of Wotherspoon women, and Bunny Buchanan can't so much as sew on a button. Families! Oh, no, that sort of wonder does not run in families. How like you to have noticed it, Olive! It's so precious to me."

"It was very beautiful," Olive said.

"I do a little myself, you know," Mrs. Boyd-Porteous said. "Embroidery mainly. I confess my deficiencies as a needlewoman, but if I may be so vain, I have mastered Florentine stitch."



"Those cushions in your sitting room?"

"Oh, yes, they're mine!"

"Would you teach me?" Olive asked. Her tone was hesitant.

IN the days that followed, Mrs. Boyd-Porteous applied herself to teaching Olive her repertoire of stitches. They sat together on the sitting-room sofa, or in an arbor outdoors. They visited a friend of Mrs. Boyd-Porteous's whose skills in all forms of needlework were a byword in excellence. They made sketches from plates in books, and started work on an Annunciation of their own.

"She should be showing Olive more of the countryside," Ronald Boyd-Porteous complained to Mrs. Naismith. "The girl didn't come here to learn how to sew."

"Well, she's a good girl, and she's a sight handier with a needle than I am," the housekeeper said. She smiled, a little sheepish at acknowledging her change of heart.

"Still, it's nice to see," he conceded. "They really get on with it."

"Olive likes it here," Mrs. Naismith said. "Maybe too much. She'll miss Mickleyaird something terrible."

AFTER THE ISLAND FIGHTING

Our grandfather's hat stand's
Iron dowel drew off the heat
Through the louvred shades when
We came back in the evenings.

Outside, the agitated sea birds
Startled the air with their metal
Cries, the axe blows muted
By another inevitable "half mile

Of clear," though now and then
We could hear a phrase
Exchanged between the men
Who were working there. Remember?

At six o'clock on the free-market
Pier, when the dairy pails
Were filled and then hurried
Onto carts, how a mess of flies

Would throng around the ruff
That spilled their sides;
And how, if the rains
Didn't start before the beach

Was cleared, the heat burned
In those milk-stain rings
With their vague insinuations
Of astronomy and power.

All but the brightest stones
Would darken in that hour,
First flickering a little before
Going out, like the village

Lanterns whose wicks weren't
Trimmed; and then, for the rest
Of the night, if the clouds
Blew in, or the moon

Wasn't out, the only color
We could see from our room
Was the phosphorous beam
From the government tower

Lying on the water like a piece
Of thread, we decided once,
Which the sun itself had wet and
Slipped through a needle's eye.

—Sherod Santos

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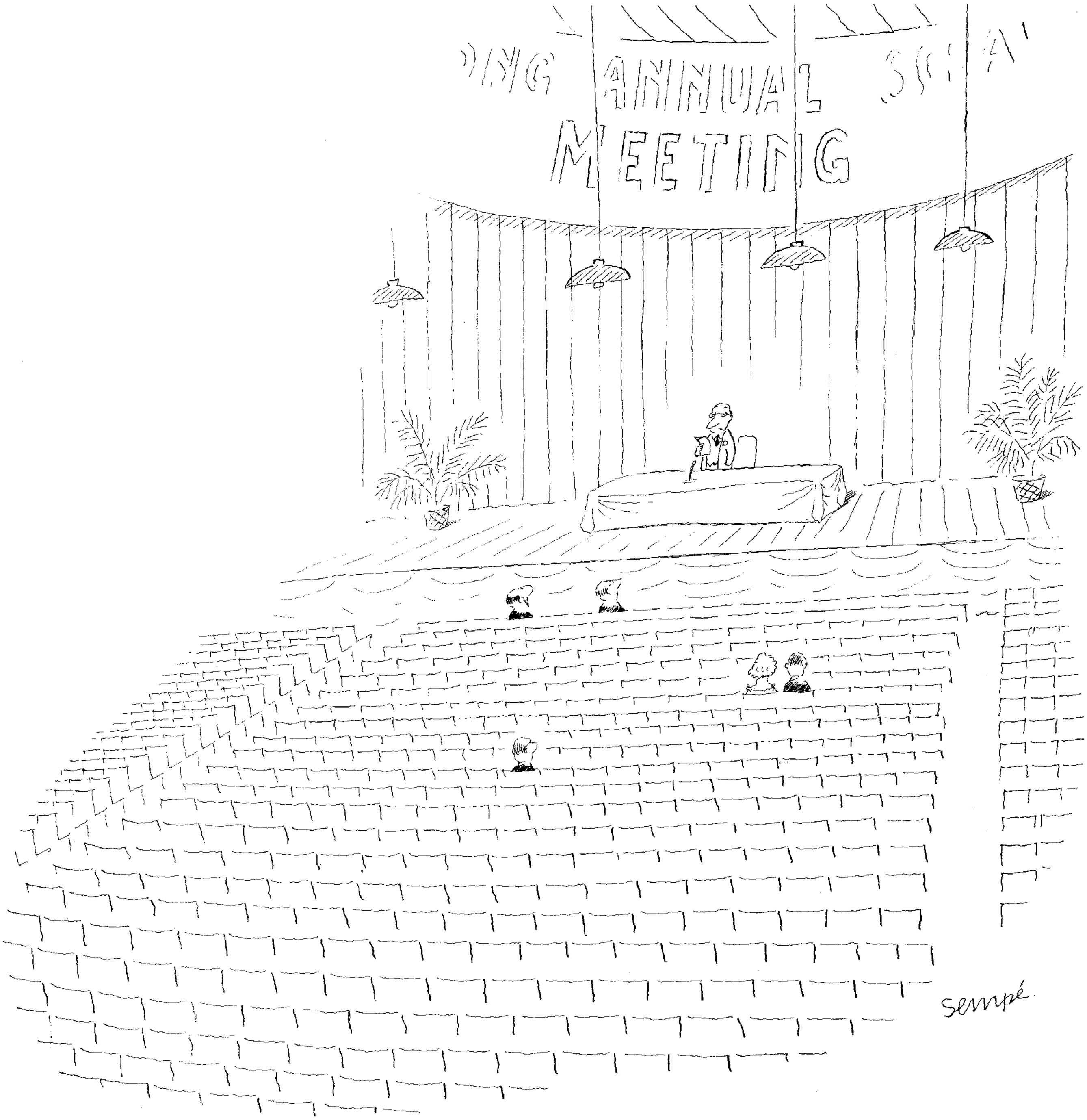

"This year, our annual meeting will not end with a ball."

• •

"Has she said anything to you?" he asked.

"She hasn't, but I'd say it was a fair guess."

"That's charity for you. One lot gives, the other receives, and those who receive can be forgiven for feeling a bit jealous of what the givers have got." He looked questioningly at Mrs. Naismith, whose downturned mouth and raised eyebrows registered disapproval. "I didn't mean it like that, Gertrude. Anyway, how can envy be avoided? It's perfectly natural. All she has to do is compare St. Justina's with here. It's inevitable. She's too intelligent not to have felt it already. Surely?" he said.

"For a start, I don't think she *is* jealous," the housekeeper said. "I just work here, and I'm not jealous. She likes Mickleyaird. She loves the place. Of course she'll miss it. You can make that easier for the girl," Mrs. Naismith said. "Make sure you ask her back for next summer."

Ronald Boyd-Porteous was moved by the sight of his wife and Olive together in the garden or sitting room. At the same time, it made him uneasy over the decisions and indecisions of the past. For all his conscientious hard work, his chairmanship of committees, his international prestige in an important field, there had been an indolence in his life.

"You've become extremely fond of Olive," he said to his wife during the dressing-gowned fifteen minutes before they went to bed. Outside, a warm August night had been cooled by the briefest of showers.

She turned to him from her dressing table, hairbrush in hand. "I should think that you are, too, by the looks of things. I can't imagine anyone not being fond of Olive. I always knew that St. Justina's was well run, but I had no idea how splendidly they could respond to a girl of her sensitivity. And perhaps we could help."

"Yes, well, I imagine that she's their pride and joy. She'll have the resources of the Vatican backing her up, I should think." Mrs. Boyd-Porteous frowned with good-humored impatience at her husband's flippancy. "All the same, there's nothing to stop us from giving her a hand ourselves. Taking an interest," he explained. "Shall we ask her back next summer?"

"I've already taken care of that." She resumed brushing her hair. "The art shall not die," she said, with a wave of her brush. "We're planning some really quite *ambitious* tapestries."

"It's very appealing," he said with difficulty. "Watching the two of you working away with your needles. Master and pupil. Or mother and daughter." He felt the phrase linger on the air, the subject never broached. Even as he went on, the words "mother and daughter" were what he heard. "It's crossed my mind, over the past couple of weeks. I can't say I've been looking forward to it, Esmée, but I've been expecting you to ask—"

She put her hairbrush down and looked at him in her mirror.

Abruptly, he said, "I'm going out for a smoke!"

Mr. Boyd-Porteous did not stop until he reached the garden. He lit his cigarette. As he stood holding his lighter, he felt how moist and hot his palms were. He looked at the few stars in the cleared sky and groaned at the thought of his emergency. Rushing downstairs in his dressing gown and through the house to the garden was the most dramatic incident in his marriage. It was preposterous—he was an undemonstrative man!—that he should find himself standing on the damp lawn in his dressing gown. The scent of night-aromatic stocks went unnoticed. He could have avoided the truth by keeping to the discreet routines of his marriage; still, he was glad to have come so close to puncturing his restraint. He stamped on the half-smoked cigarette and climbed back upstairs, weary with his own weight.

He paused inside the bedroom door in a state of embarrassed sorrow. "I know this is as likely to sound as selfish as everything else I seem to say, but I can't bear the thought of making fools of ourselves. Not after all this time. It would look like desperation on our part."

24-HOUR
HOT DOG MACHINE

"What are you talking about?"

"I know what you've been thinking. I can feel it. You want Olive to live here, with us—legally. You've been thinking about how to make official moves in that direction. Haven't you?"

His wife turned to him. "You must think me extremely vulnerable, and very stupid," she said, her words measuring sad surprise. "To imagine that Olive could be my daughter? Olive is seventeen! She's ready to begin a life of her own!" He had trespassed too clumsily for it to be dismissed or forgiven as a simple misunderstanding. "Is that your idea of starting a family—to adopt an adult?" She spoke with uncharacteristic bitterness. "Did you honestly believe that's what I had in mind?"

"Yes," he said firmly. He was sure his deductions were reasonable. "The way you two sit together, laughing, sewing, talking . . . The way I've seen you *look*."

She gazed at him with a kind of wistful horror. "And you think I could be so pathetic as to want to adopt a seventeen-year-old girl. . . . I wish you'd said nothing. After all, you say so little. I wish you'd left that subject dead. Unborn."

"It was bound to come out sometime," he said.

After a pause, she went on. "I *did* think of it, but only for a second. Just like that—for one single moment. We have our own regrets, but we must leave Olive out of it!" Ronald Boyd-Porteous kept silent; he could see his wife's self-control slip from her grasp, and he was unsure of his own. "It has nothing to do with Olive. She knows that she is welcome here at any time." She switched off the lamp on her dressing table. "And there shall be *other* girls from St. Justina's."

—DOUGLAS DUNN

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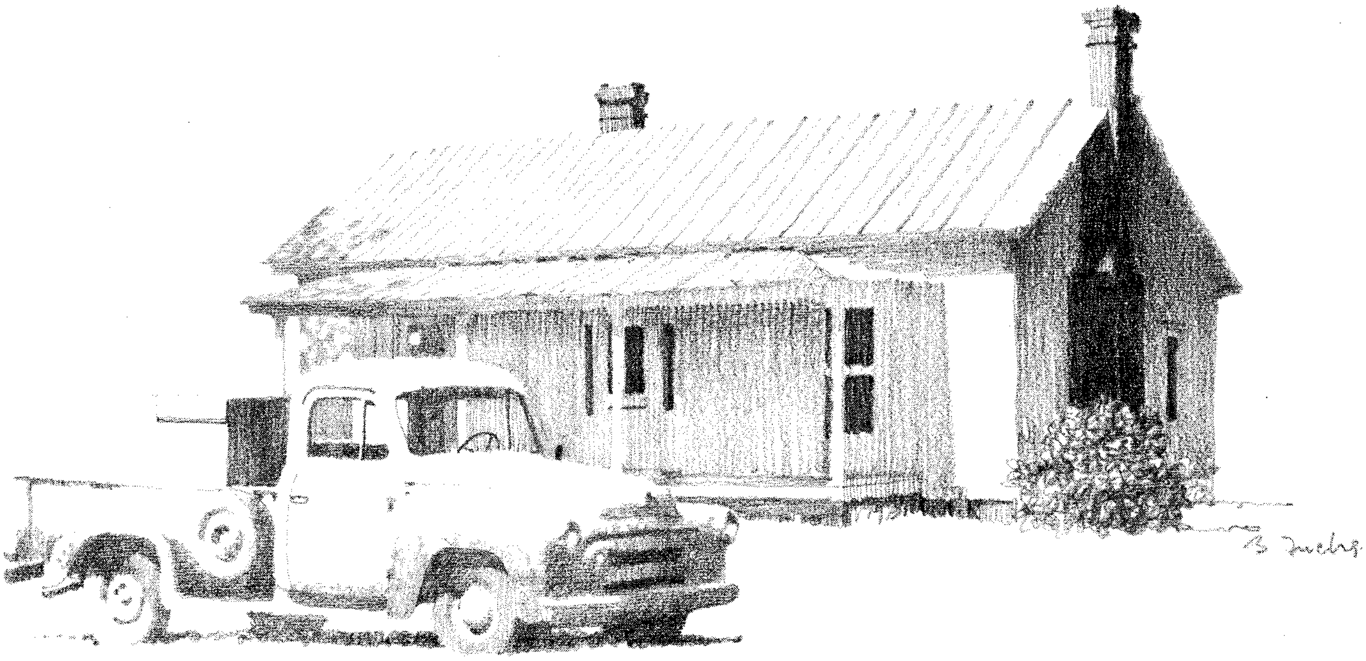
HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Clarksburg* (*W. Va.*) *Exponent*]

The David Morgan Chapter National Society Daughters of the American Colonists held a salad luncheon on Saturday, May 18, with Mrs. Ruth Wolverton as hostess. Mrs. Virginia Stout was present and invited to join the society and by unanimous vote accepted.

PROFILES

MOONSHINE



FOR more than thirty years, Garland Bunting has been engaged in capturing and prosecuting men and women in North Carolina who make and sell liquor illegally. To do this, he has driven taxis, delivered sermons, peddled fish, buck-danced, worked carnivals as a barker, operated bulldozers, loaded carriages and hauled logs at sawmills, feigned drunkenness, and pretended to be an idiot. In the minds of many people, he is the most successful revenue agent in the history of a state that has always been enormously productive of moonshine.

Garland is fifty-nine. He is of medium height and portly. He has a small mouth, thin lips, a nose that is slightly hooked, and eyes that are clear and close-set and steel blue. What hair he has is bristly and gray. A billed cap bearing the emblem of a fertilizer company or a trucking concern or an outfit that makes farm equipment customarily adorns his head. He has a splayfooted walk and a paunch like a feed sack. He possesses what he calls "that sweet-potato shape—small at both ends and big in the middle," and he says, "It's hard to keep pants up on a thing like that." A few years ago, he walked into a clothing store to buy a suit, spread his jacket wide for a salesman, and said, "I'd like to see something to fit this," and the salesman said, "I would, too."

To trail a man by car, Garland will sometimes wear a disguise—usually a mustache or a woman's blond wig. Truck drivers occasionally flirt with their horns at the sight of him wearing his wig. "I put on my wig and some glasses," he says, "and those drivers think I'm Sweet Mama Tree-Top Tall." Garland wears glasses for close work and owns two pairs, one bought at a flea market and one at a drugstore that sold them from a revolving display; he tried several pairs before he found what appeared to be his prescription. He has never had his eyes checked, and, in fact, rarely consults doctors at all. He enjoys rude health; he has never had headaches. As a young man, when he heard people complain of them he thought they meant that they were having personal problems. Several summers ago, he fell quite ill, concluded that he had Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and cured it with medicine he had on hand for the coon dogs he keeps in his yard.

Garland almost never stops talking. At times, he seems to say every single thing that comes to his mind. Anecdotes abound. His voice is raspy, and it also has considerable force. It is sometimes so loud that I flinch. I have heard it reflected from trees, from the surface of still water, from buildings, from rocks, and from hillsides. One night, at the house of a man we were visiting, I walked outside for some air and heard him plainly through the walls. Another time, driving with him in his pickup, I heard him speak with such emphasis that he raised a sympathetic vibration from the dashboard. His delivery is oratorical, and he has the habit of closing one eye and leaning toward his listener. If a story is long and active, and especially if it contains any exchanges of threats, he often forgets himself, and has no idea how loud he is talking.

In the company of a bootlegger, Garland talks constantly, because he feels that it distracts the other man from thinking about who he is and what he's up to. "I let him think when I'm gone," he says. He has developed a kind of split attention that allows one part of his mind to improvise a monologue while another carries forth his intentions. When he doesn't have anything to say that pertains to the transaction at hand, he talks a random streak of nonsensical, scurrilous, imaginative, blustery, and occasionally rhyming patter he calls trash. The bulk of it comes to him spontaneously; some of it he remembers and repeats. An example of trash is

I asked my girl just the week before last
Don't you shim-sham-shimmy just a little too fast?

Another is "I used to be a welder, and I was such a good welder that I

"My husband and I are tired of the living room. We'd like it to look more like Vermont."

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could weld anything but broken hearts in the break of day."

In a restaurant once when I was with him, he startled the waitress by ordering

Pork chops, chicken chops, cabbage, and ham,
Beefsteak, stew beef, roast, and lamb.
Green tomatoes and black-eyed peas,
Sweet potatoes and all kinds of teas.

Bootleggers unaware of who he is often like to have him around their outlets as a source of entertainment, because his presence stimulates sales.

Garland works for Halifax County, on the coastal plain, where he is the Alcoholic Beverage Control officer. Under North Carolina liquor laws, counties and incorporated towns decide by popular vote whether to be dry or wet. A town within a dry county can elect to be wet, but a town within a wet county cannot vote to be dry. Towns with at least five hundred voters are allowed to have liquor stores. The sale of liquor is overseen by a county Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, which must devote at least five per cent of its gross revenue to the support of an A.B.C. officer, like Garland, whose job is to protect the county's income by putting a stop to illegal competition. (In the case of wet towns, the revenue is often too small to support a full-time employee, so the five per cent is given to the police department, which appoints one of its members to the job.) In most of the forty-six counties and the hundred and one cities and towns that are wet, the sale of beer and wine at a bar is permitted. Hardly anywhere, outside a few cities and resorts, is it legal to sell liquor by the drink. Elsewhere, a restaurant that seats at least thirty-six people and can prove that it does more of its business on food and nonalcholic beverages than on beer and wine can sell setups to customers who bring their own spirits. Garland has lived in Scotland Neck and represented the interests of Halifax County for twenty-five years. He began working liquor in 1953, and over time, as he was carrying out his responsibilities to the county and the state, he was often invaluable to the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, and he made a lot of friends there. A while ago, they threw him a party. They called it a keep-on-working party, since they knew he wasn't anywhere near retirement. It was a surprise to him; he knew he was going to a party but had no idea that it was being held in his honor. The party took place one evening in the conference room of a motel in Williamston, North Carolina, and in the pictures I have seen of it Garland looks handsome in a coat and tie and is beaming. So are his wife and daughter. So are the rest of the people in the room, for that matter, and I am sorry I wasn't there, but I didn't know him then. The party gave rise to

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several newspaper stories, and after reading one I called him up from New York City and asked if I might come talk to him.

He asked how long I planned to stay.

I said it depended on his schedule, but what about a week?

He said, "A couple of days, maybe, but nothing like no week."

A few days later, I flew to Raleigh and got a car and drove northeast to Roanoke Rapids, which was where Garland had recommended that I stay. I spent most of a day by myself in a motel room, watching television and waiting for Garland. I had called his house when I arrived, and his wife had told me that he was working and couldn't be reached but would get up with me when he was able. When he finally did, around eight, his manner was reserved. He stood in the doorway, wearing a cap and with his hands in his pockets, and said he would take me out and show me some things. I had a map spread on a table, and I asked him if he could point out where we were headed.

"You don't need no map," he said. "Let's get going."

After we had driven for an hour, and I had been shown a pulp mill, a logging tract, some woods, and some fields, and he had said "Seen any mules lately?" and taken me to a barn where he shone the headlights through the doors to illuminate three of them standing in a stall, and I had begun to wonder what he had in mind, if anything, he said suddenly that the reason he hadn't been so enthusiastic on the phone was that after years of dealing with criminals and liquor syndicates and informers and double-crossers and trying to scent out ambushes he just assumed when he got a call from New York City that something he had done had involved him with the Mafia, and that I was perhaps one of its people trying to carry out a contract on him.

I VISITED Garland several times, and came to feel an attachment for Scotland Neck. It is a town of three thousand inhabitants. It has two weekly newspapers and two grass-strip airports. All its neon signs work. Highway 258 runs through the center, is the main street, and is very soon running through farmland again. The fields are flat and edged by swamps and woods and windbreak stands of trees. The woods are sometimes so distant that they have the remote, secret-keeping look of a coastline. When you drive by them fast, the crop rows in between spin like spokes on a turning wheel.

The center of Scotland Neck is old-fashioned in appearance. The buildings are low and of brick, with simple, handsome façades. Some have commemorative names on their crowns: the Biggs Building, the Josey Building, the R. C. Josey Building. Among the enterprises in the middle of town when I was last there were the Free Temple Revival Center, a storefront church, Bunting's Bar-B-Q (owned by a cousin of Garland's), the Great Southern Finance Company ("Loans While You Wait"), and Smith's Poolroom. Garland's father was opposed to poolrooms and used to tell his children, "I'm not saying every person in a poolroom is a son of a bitch, but when a son of a bitch hits town that's the first place he goes."

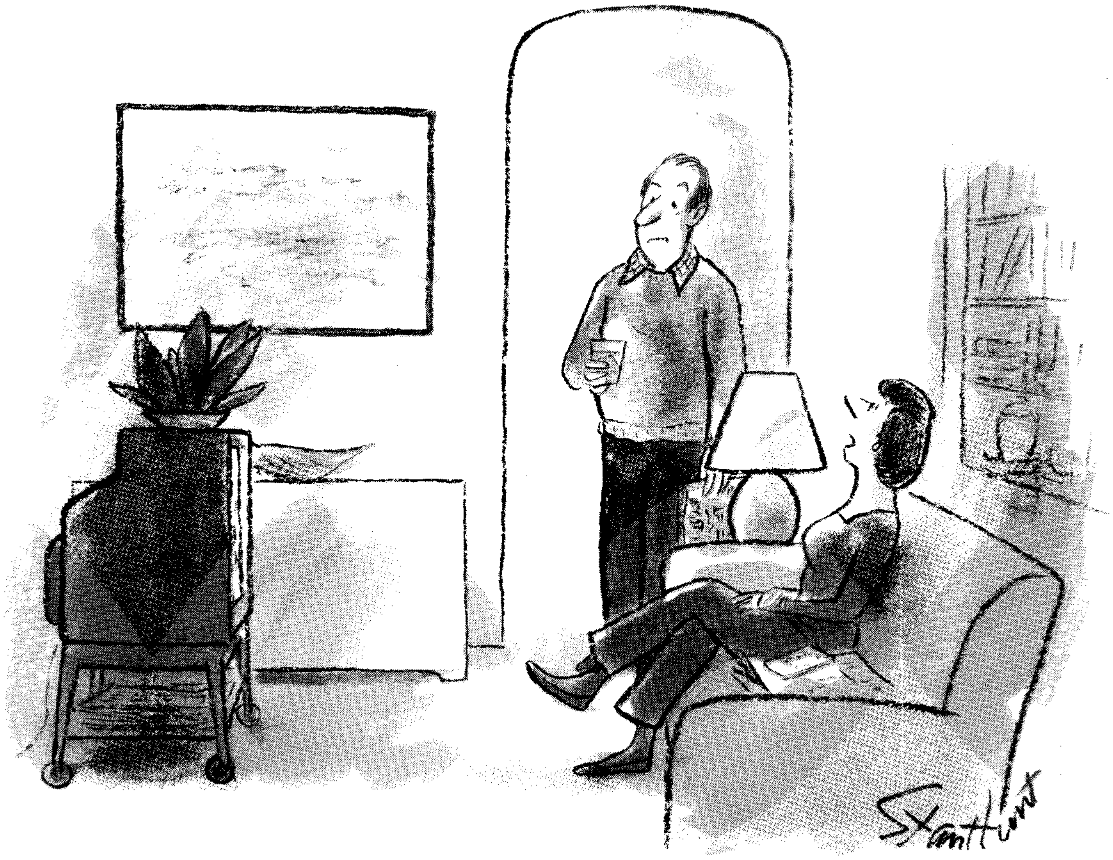
Garland lives on West Tenth Street, in a neighborhood of small houses, no one of which resembles another. Some of his neighbors dry gourds and cut a two-inch hole in the face of each and paint them red or yellow or white or blue or green and hang them like lanterns from the trees to attract purple martins to nest during their spring migrations. The same martins return each year to the same nest, and when a person in that country wants to express how directly he went from one place to another he will sometimes say, "As straight as a martin ever went to his gourd."

Garland and his wife occupy a white shingle-sided, stoop-fronted house set back from the street. Three pines, two dogwoods, and a glossy camellia shade the lawn. The blinds are pulled on all the windows facing the street (in the living room behind them it always seems like late afternoon), and I have never seen anyone go or come through the front door. A dirt driveway that Garland shares with a neighbor runs beside his lawn and past his house, and enters his back yard through a break in a hedge. Garland owns more things than he is conveniently able to store, and a number of his possessions are permanently on view. This is partly because his quarters are restricted, and partly because he is more than normally acquisitive. Visiting a friend in his basement or toolshed or workshop or garage, he is likely to look around and say, "How much you take for that?"—set of tires, sewing machine, axe handle, television set, battery, shovel, radio, fan, drink box, paint can, refrigerator, anvil. "I got to have me one of them."

Sometimes the arrangement of things in his yard composes unusual studies. Two sinks and a car bumper. A washing machine in the bed of a child's red wagon. At the rear of his yard, beyond the garden, is a warehouse belonging to a neighbor. It intrudes, with Garland's permission, three feet onto his property. It is a prefab and came knocked down, and not till it arrived did the neighbor realize that it was too big for his lot. Garland uses the portion that sits on his land to store things in, and sometimes chains a dog to it.

Usually, Garland has four or five coon dogs. They live in identical houses set in a row, like cottages at the seaside, and have paced to a polish the ground within the limits of their chains. In summer, they dig deep trenches in the shade and flop down in them and rest their chins on the edge, so that all you see of them is the noses and the eyes staring at you and the ears twitching off flies. When they fall sick, Garland attends them; it seems that he is constantly doctoring ear complaints. Raccoons are nocturnal, and coon hunting is a nighttime sport. The dogs sleep all day and, as evening falls, grow restless and follow every movement with their eyes.

Garland generally trades for his dogs, but he occasionally pays cash. If he has the time to train one, he will buy a pup cheap, run it for a season with one of his more capable trackers, and, if it turns into a reliable and accomplished trailer, sell or trade high. He sells two or three dogs a year to break even on feed bills and medicine and the gas he spends travelling to hunts. In terms of expenses, he says, raising a coon dog is "about like raising a child." They sell for as little as five hundred dollars, for a young dog



"I don't think it's supposed to have any special plot or anything. It's just about a bunch of rich, neurotic people who are hypnotized by money."

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with promise and a decent pedigree, and upward of two thousand, for an exceptional one of proved abilities and breeding. Garland trades principally in five breeds—treeing walker, redbone, bluetick, black and tan, and high tan—and prefers the look of a black and tan.

Garland parks six cars fanwise in his yard. Three are his own—a station wagon, a small pickup with a box in the bed for carrying dogs, and a van he came by in a dog trade—and three belong to the county: a sedan for his day-to-day work, a fairly new pickup, which he often takes into the woods, and an old pickup seized in a liquor deal. The old pickup he uses as a prop in undercover work. It has rounded fenders, a rounded hood, and a high, rounded roof. The blue paint is faded and splotchy and weathered to the texture of worn enamel. In the bed is a dog box with room for two men to sit side by side and hold rifles. Garland broke the steering wheel and replaced it with one from a junk yard. The replacement is big and black, like a steering wheel from a school bus, and slightly out of kilter, and he has never been able to get it quite clean; his hands are always dirty when he drives the truck. In addition, the doors creak, it is scratched up and rusted and banged up here and there, the gas gauge is broken and so are the speedometer and the odometer, and it pulls to the right when it brakes. Nevertheless, it runs well and has been reliable, and Garland likes to say, "This damn vehicle probably caught more violators than any other in the state."

I went to Garland's house one evening, and he took me for a ride in the truck. The dogs were howling, because it was time to hunt and Garland was making preparations to leave. He kept shouting, "Shut up, Minnie! Shut up, Jake! Shut up, Bigfoot!" When one of them couldn't bring itself to stop, Garland walked over to a pine tree beside the dog's house and pantomimed breaking a branch to swat it. The dog crouched and furrowed its brow and laid its ears back and looked left and right, and as soon as Garland turned away it started howling again. "That dog wants to go bad," Garland said. "I got to get out of here or the neighbors will raise hell." He poked a stick into the gas tank and read the level, pulled the hood and added some fluid, and started the truck. "We might just do some looking around," he said, wiping his hands. "I don't know for sure what we'll do."

What we did was drive aimlessly for a time, and then Garland turned toward Roanoke Rapids, to check on a man who he believed was selling at his house. "I just want to see if he's active," he said. We drove through the center of the city, which was empty—Garland said, "Ain't this dead?"—then along some back roads, then along a street through a development. At the end of it were several cars and trucks parked in the driveway of a small, single-story house with a porch in front. The lights were on inside and the front door was open, and through its frame and a window beside it we could see men and women watching television and talking and drinking. Under a circle of light on the porch, three men stood with their backs to us. Garland pulled into the driveway, and they turned around suddenly. Garland said, "Now I *know* he's selling liquor." He backed out and drove away slowly, leaving the house behind like something you pass on a river.

"Should I tell you about a deal I pulled with the help of this truck down in Elizabeth City?" he said then. "The A.T.F. called me and said they had a place out in the Hall's Creek section selling to minors and selling illegal whiskey and just generally operating without a license, so that's really what I went to work on, and when I got through with that the sheriff asked Bennie Halstead, who was the A.B.C. officer in that territory, did he reckon I could catch one in a section where they hadn't ever had any luck before? Bennie told him, 'I don't know, but he'll try for you.' So they contacted me and said, 'You reckon you can catch Tango?' He was a liquor seller and he had a bar in his house, from what they told me. Well, I said it was strictly cold turkey; I mean, I had never seen the man, and could I talk to them about him and see if I can come up with a plan, do I have that much time? They said sure, so I started asking who his friends were. Did he have any friends in jail that he couldn't get back to right away? And Bennie said, 'Yeah, we carried one to an alcoholic ward the other day and he had Tango's card on him,' and I said, 'You give me that card and I got something to talk about.'

"I went down to Tango's house that night, and he was upstairs asleep, and when I walked through the door there was a long, slim guy at the end of the bar, and Tango's wife met me and asked to know what I wanted. 'A pint of whiskey to go,' I said. That made it harder, to get it to go, but I needed the evidence. She said, 'Do you know Tango?' I said not really, but I called this man's name on the card and said, 'I've been up here with him several times, but I always stayed in the car.' 'Well, I don't know,' she said. 'I better call Tango, because I really don't know you.' And when he appeared I said, 'Hey, man, what you putting down?'—meaning what you have for sale? He said, 'I don't know. It depends on who I'm putting it down to. I don't believe I know you.' 'Well, you don't know me, exactly, but I'm here through a mutual friend. He gave me your card and said if I ever needed anything to drink to call you and I won't have any problem.' About that time, the long, slim guy at the bar says, 'Tango, I wouldn't sell that son of a bitch nothing, you don't know him.' Now it was my move. I said, 'Let me tell you one thing, Tango—I came here to talk to you and do my business, and I don't let no man call me that in another man's house, and don't you let him call me that, either,' so Tango told his friend, 'Cut that out. You let me deal with this.' He turned around and started to question me about where I worked at. Well, I had talked to the agents about what part of the country Tango came from and where his wife's people were, and it happened that she had come from Hall's Creek, where I had just made that buy, and also there was some construction work going on there, so I told him I was doing that, and pointed at his wife and said, 'I believe I saw her there the other day, too.' Now, I hadn't, but it wasn't that far away, and you know how people travel. And she came back with 'You know, I believe I saw him the other day, too. What were you driving?' 'I was driving an old, beat-up International truck, kind of blue-gray-looking.' She said, 'That what you driving tonight?' I said, 'Yeah, that's my truck, that's not a company truck.' Now, Tango *still* hadn't sold me anything, and it didn't *look* like he was going to tumble. He left the house and walked down to see where my truck was parked, and stared at it, stayed a minute or two, and came back in. He said, 'What do you want? You can have anything you want,' and he started

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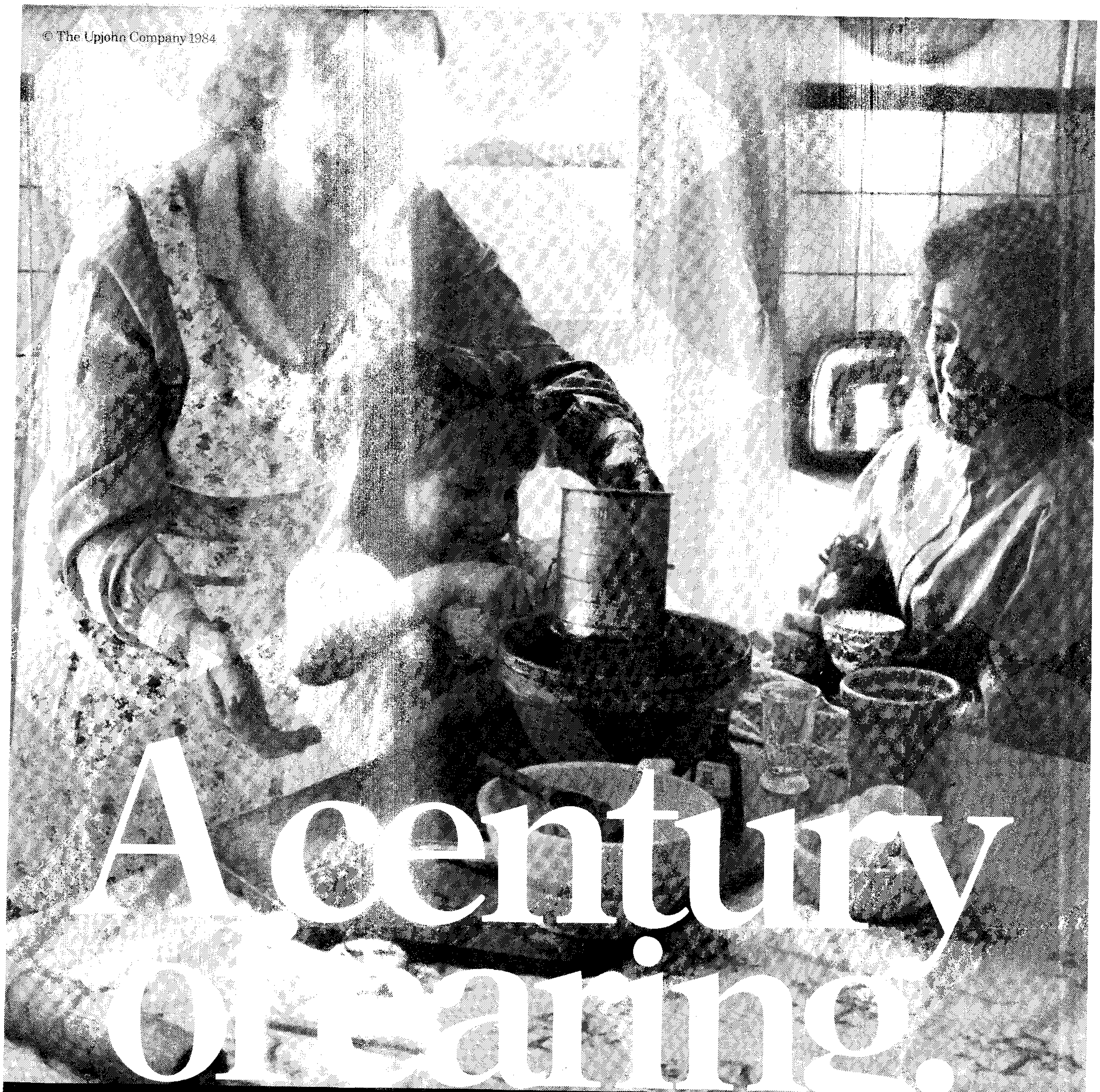
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into the back room to get my pint. The long, slim guy at the end of the bar came off the stool then and started following him back there trying to convince him not to sell me anything, said he didn't like my looks. So Tango says, 'You go out and look at what he's driving. He ain't *nary time*'—meaning he's nothing, nary time. He brought me my pint and said come back whenever I want. To set him up for my second buy, I said, 'I'm going to Hall's Creek fishing, and I haven't got the money for two pints now, but I'm going to a poker game later, and I'm going to chip the pot for some more whiskey, because I'll need some for myself in the morning.' I wasn't going to a poker game. I wasn't talking nothing but trash. He said, 'You come anytime. If I'm not up, wake me up.' I said it would probably be kind of early. I *wanted* it to be early, before the population began to stir, because I had been raiding stills and buying liquor in that area for years, and it was a real, real chancy thing for me to be in that neighborhood at all. Someone might recognize me. I left the house and went back and told Bennie and the sheriff I made the buy off Tango, and the next morning I went back at five and made my next purchase."

REVENUE agents regard the secret making and selling of liquor not as a criminal offense but as a tax violation. Garland pursues violations concerning two kinds of liquor—white and red. Red liquor is a catchall term for legal spirits. Usually, it means whiskey. (The amber color of whiskey derives from the charred oak barrels in which it is aged.) The most common red-liquor violation is a man buying spirits at a store and reselling them Sundays or at night after the liquor stores are closed. White liquor is privately made whiskey, and occasionally brandy, on which no taxes have been or are likely to be paid. Garland puts in from sixty to eighty hours a week and almost never takes vacations, and he devotes the bulk of his efforts to working white liquor. It has passed in his time through several cycles of prosperity, and although recently in decline it has lately been returning, according to Garland and several officials at the A.T.F., in Washington, and to A.B.C. officers around the state. "The government is bracing for a rebirth of the white-liquor industry" is one of the first things Garland told me. "Whenever times get tight," he said, "people go to making whiskey."

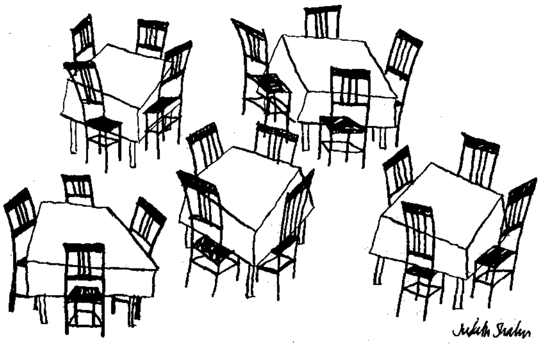
Illegal liquor is produced mainly in the Southeastern states, and especially in Georgia and North Carolina. The last boom in white liquor was during the nineteen-sixties and early seventies, and it collapsed partly because of a rise in sugar prices and partly because merchants were required by the federal government to report all large purchases of sugar. While the boom was on, Garland sometimes found a still a week. No reliable figures on the production of illegal liquor are kept nationally, or even statewide in North Carolina; however, Garland and several of the A.B.C. officers in the adjoining counties had found more stills the year I was there than they had in the one before it. The average was about one a month, per county. For Garland, the peaks and valleys on the graph of the making of white liquor are irrelevant. In his mind, it has simply always been a problem. He works as ferociously now as he ever has worked.

White liquor is clear and colorless. Some of it smells gamy, some like kerosene, some like a doctor's office, and some has no scent at all. It is customarily in the neighborhood of one hundred proof; it tastes raw; and it is riddled with impurities. Recipes vary, but in North Carolina it is commonly made with cornmeal, sugar, water, yeast, and malt. An enzyme in the malt converts the starch in the corn into sugar, and the yeast converts the sugar into alcohol and carbon dioxide. The mixture of ingredients is called mash. Mash reduces to whiskey in proportions of between five and ten to one; the amount depends on the recipe and the speed at which the mash is cooked. Fifty gallons of mash might include forty-five pounds of cornmeal, thirty pounds of sugar, a one-pound cake of yeast, and two pounds of malt—and, of course, water. The water, poured over the sugar and meal, is heated, to kick off fermentation. Because cornmeal is expensive, bootleggers often start their mash with scratch feed—hog feed or chicken feed—which has cornmeal in it. Two popular brands are Red Dog and Daisy Three Times. Some bootleggers add to the mash portions of urea or ammonium nitrate—chemical fertilizers—as catalysts.

At a small still, the mash will likely be left to turn in an oak barrel or a fifty-five-gallon metal oil drum covered with a board or a piece of burlap. If the still is of any size, the mash will sit in open vats, ideally of poplar or cypress but more often of pine or plywood, which are cheaper. In the case of pine, alcohol in the mash leaches pitch from the wood, which makes the liquor smell and taste faintly of turpentine.

In hot weather, mash will turn in three days. The yeast makes it boil and spit. Sometimes it sounds like a beehive. It attracts the attention of insects, who add themselves to it. In cold weather, it may take six or seven days. To keep the mash warm, some bootleggers pack horse manure around the vat or fill a pillowcase or a burlap sack with manure and lower it into the vat. Some punch holes in a can of lye and drop it in; when the water hits the lye, the can heats up. While the mash is fermenting, the still is unattended and vulnerable. Agents watching a still they know to be bankrolled by a big-time bootlegger will sometimes sneak in and add a small amount of salt to the mash to prevent fermentation, in the hope of bringing the big man down to see what went wrong. Maggots spawn in mash. Rats, snakes, owls, possums, foxes, and other small creatures find their way to it and drink it and get drunk and fall in and drown. Sometimes the bootlegger puts his own wildlife in it to discourage mash hounds—alcoholics who discover the mash and sip it through reeds.

Initially, the mash tastes sweet and is sticky; fermented, it is tangy and sour. While turning, it has a snowy collar two or three inches high, and when ready it is clear on top and is the color of dark beer. It is called still beer or meal beer or meal mammy. "They call it meal mammy because after it's processed it's so strong it'll make you fight your mammy," Garland says. A liquor agent of any experience can trail his fingers through a barrel of mash and know from how it feels and the way it tastes



approximately how soon it must run.

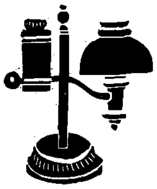
In a still, the beer, once it is separated from the grain, is heated over a fire to about a hundred and seventy degrees at which point the alcohol vaporizes; the vapor is cooled and condensed into liquor. The grain left over is called the slops. To it, most bootleggers add more sugar and meal and malt and water (the original yeast is still active), and this is called slopping back. The initial run makes sweet-mash whiskey. Subsequent runs, slopped back, make sour-mash. To save money, some bootleggers continue slopping back until the meal is worse than rotten, but many will start fresh after about eight runs, of which the fourth is generally the best.

Bootleggers commonly encircle their stills at a distance with a strand of cotton thread, usually green or black. The thread, strung several inches from the ground, is invisible in the underbrush. Liquor agents approaching a still for the first time wave ferns gently before them and just above the ground to locate the thread.

A working still makes a sound like a blowtorch and gives off an odor that Garland describes as sometimes like a bakery and sometimes like a hogpen. The scent is a hazard to bootleggers. It collects and lingers on the leaves of nearby trees, and it drifts on the wind. Garland was once driving down a road in Halifax County with the car window open when the aroma of a still came to him. He pulled off the road and hiked into the woods, following his nose, and found a still where he never expected to.

In North Carolina, three kinds of stills are most often found: the pot, the submarine, and the steam plant. Mechanically, they are more or less alike; the difference is in size. The pot is the simplest—an airtight kettle with a cap on it, in which the mash is heated, and a coil running from the cap through a barrel of cool water as a condenser. The coil is called the worm. The pot is the most common and has the smallest output. It is likely to run once a week and be operated by someone who will have anywhere from fifty to three hundred gallons of mash and make whiskey for himself and to sell to his friends.

A person making liquor as a living might use a submarine still. It is long and narrow, with a metal bottom (often of shiny galvanized tin) and a wood top and sides. A submarine still sits low to the ground, with a fire or a propane burner in a trench underneath it. It is sometimes large enough to hold a thousand gallons of mash, and there may be several submarine stills at one site. In a remote clearing surrounded by forest, Garland once found twenty-two of them arranged in two lines. Each had a capacity of nine hundred and eighty gallons. There was one cap and coil and one condenser in the middle. The mash was fermenting sequentially: by the time one batch had run, the next one was ready. A submarine still is unusual in that the mash ferments and is cooked in the same container, and there is a risk of scorching the grain while heating the mash. Scorched whiskey is yellow and has a bad taste, and no one will buy it who knows what it is.



Not many people have ever seen steam plants. They are remote and closely guarded, and before you ever got to one someone would probably intercept you, or you might find something to give you pause. On a path leading to a steam plant Garland once found a small bouquet of flowers, such as might be placed on a grave, and, leaning against it, a hand-lettered sign that said, "Take Warning, Because if You Come Up Here, You Aren't Coming Back." Steam plants are big factory stills, and they turn out thousands of gallons of liquor. Some of them are as large as legal distilleries. Garland has seen one so big that it had a whistle on it to summon hands from breaks. Steam plants may have many thousands of gallons of mash fermenting at one time. They work constantly, they are often camouflaged against being sighted from the air, they have low-pressure boilers to force steam through the mash, they use car mufflers and truck radiators soldered together and buried in dammed-up streambeds for condensers, and, since everything is haste, they make the sorriest liquor.

A refinement in illegal distilling is the doubling keg—a small barrel that sits between the cooker and the condenser. Heat builds up in the doubler, and the vapor, passing through, sheds any residue of meal husks and debris and, more important, sheds water, boosting the alcohol content and eliminating any need to double-distill the run to increase its proof.

The first part of a run can be as high as a hundred and seventy proof. The middle might be from eighty to a hundred, and the last from thirty to forty, or less. It is a rare bootlegger who will mix the first and the last and leave the middle as it is. Nearly all bootleggers tamper with the taste and the proof and the appearance of their liquor in order to make it more valuable. There is a simple test to verify the approximate proof of any pure distillate: shake it. The bubbles that form are the bead. In liquor of a hundred proof, the bead sits exactly halfway in the liquor, half out. It sits higher if the liquor is less potent, and lower if it's more. White liquor is customarily a hundred proof. Bootleggers, however, know about something called beading oil, which has its proper use in the textile industry and is not meant to be drunk. Added to a quantity of sixty-proof or seventy-proof liquor, a few drops of beading oil will sit the bead properly. A bootlegger wanting to enhance the proof of his liquor might use rubbing alcohol—one or two pints to a gallon—or paint thinner, which has methyl alcohol, or wood alcohol, in it. Liquor doctored with wood alcohol will have a fiery taste, and will result in a long drunk followed by an extended and belligerent hangover. A by-product of the body's oxidation of methyl alcohol is formic acid—the stinging venom of some ants—which attacks the optic nerve and sometimes results in blindness.

Bootleggers occasionally add lye to their liquor to give it more bite. Also embalming fluid. Also formaldehyde. Sometimes the liquor runs cloudy from the still for no apparent reason, and the only way to fix it is by the addition of Clorox. Moreover, white liquor contains concentrations of what are called fusel oils—by-products of the distillation of grain. Commercial distillers remove most of them; trace quantities lend taste and aroma. Fusel oils have industrial applications as solvents in the production of lacquers and plastic coatings. In large doses, they are a nerve poison and cause convulsions. Small doses cause headache and thirst.

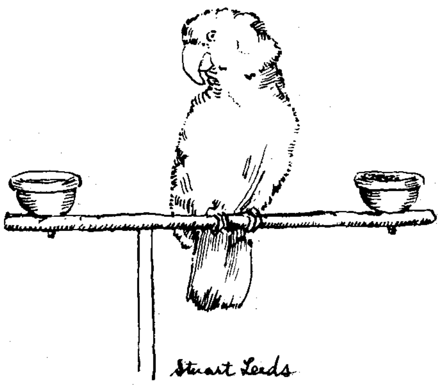
The most pervasive pollutant in moonshine is lead. Windborne yeasts volunteer in the mash, converting a portion of the alcohol into acetic acid, or vinegar. Alcohol and acetic acid vaporize at approximately the same temperature, and when the acid hits the lead in the solder that is used to join seams or runs through the lead-filled car and truck radiators that the big stills use as condensers it dissolves some of it and forms lead acetate, or lead salts. Clarence Paul, the former head of the A.T.F. lab in Atlanta, says, "The U.S. Public Health Service has decided on fifty parts lead per billion as being toxic—not that it could be lethal, but beyond that level it is dangerous. Eighty to eighty-five per cent of the white liquor we got for testing contained some level of lead salts, and twenty-five per cent of that had more than one part per *million*. We would get moonshine that ran from that sometimes up to several hundred parts per million, and sometimes right off the scale of our instruments."

Lead is a cumulative poison and if enough is consumed the body is unable to shed it. It finds its way into the blood and circulates, and works its effects mainly on the nervous system and on muscles. Symptoms range from failing appetite, constipation, and colic to total blindness, paralysis, convulsions, and death. Bootleggers say they don't make whiskey to drink, they make it to sell, and if they wanted any to drink they'd go to a store and buy it.

Now and then, a bootlegger, believing that exposure to air helps age liquor, will pour it from a roof into a barrel on the ground and let it sit awhile in the barrel, but most white liquor finds its market within a week of being made. It costs from ten to fifteen dollars a gallon, and as much as twenty in places where it is a novelty. Garland was recently asked to pay sixty. As a rule, it is sold only on Sundays and at night after hours, when it can command a higher price. A bootlegger meeting a man who wants to buy at any other time—that is, a man who appears to prefer rotgut and a virulent hangover—assumes he is dealing with either a fool or a liquor agent. Moonshine is sold by the drink in white-liquor drink houses—small, secret, private bars. It is sold retail in pint and quart jars and in half-gallon and one-gallon milk jugs. (Garland is occasionally able to catch a bootlegger by learning from a supplier just who is stockpiling jugs.) It is sold out of houses and apartments, at crossroads stores, at filling stations, at the back doors of hotels, at rendezvous in the woods, in parking lots, practically anyplace you can think of. Factory stills ship it north to Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland, and New York. Bootleggers sometimes add to it Pepsi-Cola or tea in order to turn it the color of bourbon, and then sell it to bartenders who understand its origin. "I'm told that if you're drinking whiskey you can't tell the difference after a couple of drinks," Garland says. "So the first few you'd get would be Jack Daniel's, and after that they'd serve you North Carolina corn." It is called corn liquor, white lightning, sugar whiskey, skull cracker, popskull, bush whiskey, stump, stumphole, 'splo, ruckus juice, radiator whiskey, rotgut, sugarhead, block and tackle, wildcat, panther's breath, tiger's sweat, sweet spirits of cats a-fighting, alley bourbon, city gin, cool water, happy Sally, deep shaft, jump steady, old horsy, stingo, blue John, red-eye, pine top, buckeye-bark whiskey, and see seven stars. In times when the price of sugar has risen high enough to make the use of it unprofitable, bootleggers have substituted molasses. Moonshine made with molasses is called monkey rum.

GARLAND speaking: "Do you want to know how I got started? I worked liquor in Martin County with a man named Wiley Craft. The other agents would drop us off in a piece of swamp or some scrap of woods where we had information, and we'd cut the area—zigzag back and forth—and maybe find a sugar bag, a mason-jar lid, a shred of a pasteboard box that got away in the wind, any old scrap of telltale evidence that fell from the truck, and eventually we'd locate the still path and ease toward the still. Still guards would circle the woods and check for our tracks, and sometimes they'd even have dogs, so we had to stay way back until they were distracted with other work. How we could sneak up depended on the weather—if the leaves were damp or dry or green, and if there was a wind. A real quiet, dry night with no wind, it was almost impossible to move. You only have to crack but one stick. You make a sound at a liquor still and you let yourself in for a load of buckshot and no flowers on your grave. Still people used to say that if they ever got a shot at an agent he might get better but he'll never get well.

"In 1953, I went to work for the state and commenced my first undercover campaign. There was a bunch of wild people who had moved from Virginia into Camden County, in the eastern part of the state, and put up a bar in an old motel on the Pasquotank River. They would sell you liquor by the drink, and when you got completely drunk they had tanks of pure oxygen and they'd slap the mask on you where you stood and sober you up just a little. They did this to sell you more liquor, and after you got drunk a second time and passed out they'd carry you to some cabins they had out back and roll you—strip you of all your belongings—and that's where you'd wake up, not knowing how you'd got there or what had happened. It was a real liquor house, and it was absolutely illegal at that time to sell whiskey. So I went down there, and inside my coat, under my arm, I carried a little syringe on a rubber band. I had a vial in my pocket and when no one was looking I'd soak up some liquor and squeeze it into that vial. I put on I was drinking—I growled and shook and made some water come out of my eyes—and by and by I played off to be drunk, picked up my talk, and got loud. Now, you *know* I can get loud. I'd get loud and then I'd get weak—and went through the procedure with the mask. And after they put me off in the cabin and took the few dollars I had with me from my pocket I got up and left. I don't know what they thought when I was gone. I suppose they could just as easily have laid me down in the Pasquotank River, because we weren't but a few steps from it. And they would have if they'd known what I was up to. I'd have been catfish bait.



"For the next four years, I worked exclusively undercover for the state. I'd be assigned to a county that was having liquor problems, and I'd report on the phone to one of their men, and we'd arrange to meet outside the county, so I wouldn't be seen with him by any bootleggers, and he'd tell me where to go, and furnish the money to buy the whiskey and pay my motel and car bill, and give me some directions, and maybe late at night drive me around and point out what homes were selling. Then it was up to me to get in with them. I used to do whatever I had to do to get along. If I had to sing, I sang; had to dance, I danced;

had to preach, I preached; had to drink liquor, I pretended to drink liquor.

"I'd wear overalls in some sections and drive my old beat-up piece of pickup truck that the average person wouldn't drive. If it was a rural town, I'd make like a farmer or a fox hunter or a coon hunter—whatever was around. If a man was selling from his house, I'd try to meet him first at the store. If it was at a garage, I'd borrow some tools. I *never* went into a place cold turkey and said, 'Hey, man, where can I buy a drink?' Before I ever made my move, I tried to make sure the man was relaxed in his mind and didn't doubt me. If he asked my name, I wouldn't tell him, and if he got suspicious and asked why, I'd say, 'Well, you think it out for yourself: I might be wanted somewhere, or I might just have left my wife and she's after me, or I might be here with another man's wife'—something like that—'and there might be a lot of reasons why I don't want you knowing who I am. Besides, I'm just as liable to get into trouble as you are. I've had fellows sell to me and then turn around and set the law on me, just to stay in good with it. I've had them selling and telling. You're asking me so many questions you've got me scared of you.' I'd put them on the defensive.

"Sometimes I'd show up to make a second buy from somebody and they'd grown distant toward me, and I'd say, 'You haven't been bothered yet, have you? The law hasn't been here, has it? If your conscience is troubling you, I'll go down the road and buy from So-and-So,' and I'd name ten or fifteen bootleggers in the area, and he'd figure, Hell, if he knows all of them he's bound to be local. When you get right down to it, a bootlegger wants to sell you whiskey a whole lot more than he wants to turn you down.

"They'd try to deny me completely every once in a while, and I'd say, 'I know what happened—my boss man been down here and told you not to sell me no more liquor. He told you I didn't have no cash, right? Well, I got some money, look here, I got fifty dollars—you want to see it?' And he'd say, 'No, no, no, that's not it; it's just that I don't know you.' 'Don't *know* me!' I'd shout. 'I've been here before; don't you say you don't know me.' He'd say, 'When you been here?' I'd say, 'I've been here daytime, dinnertime, nighttime, suppertime; I've been here Thanksgiving, Halloween,

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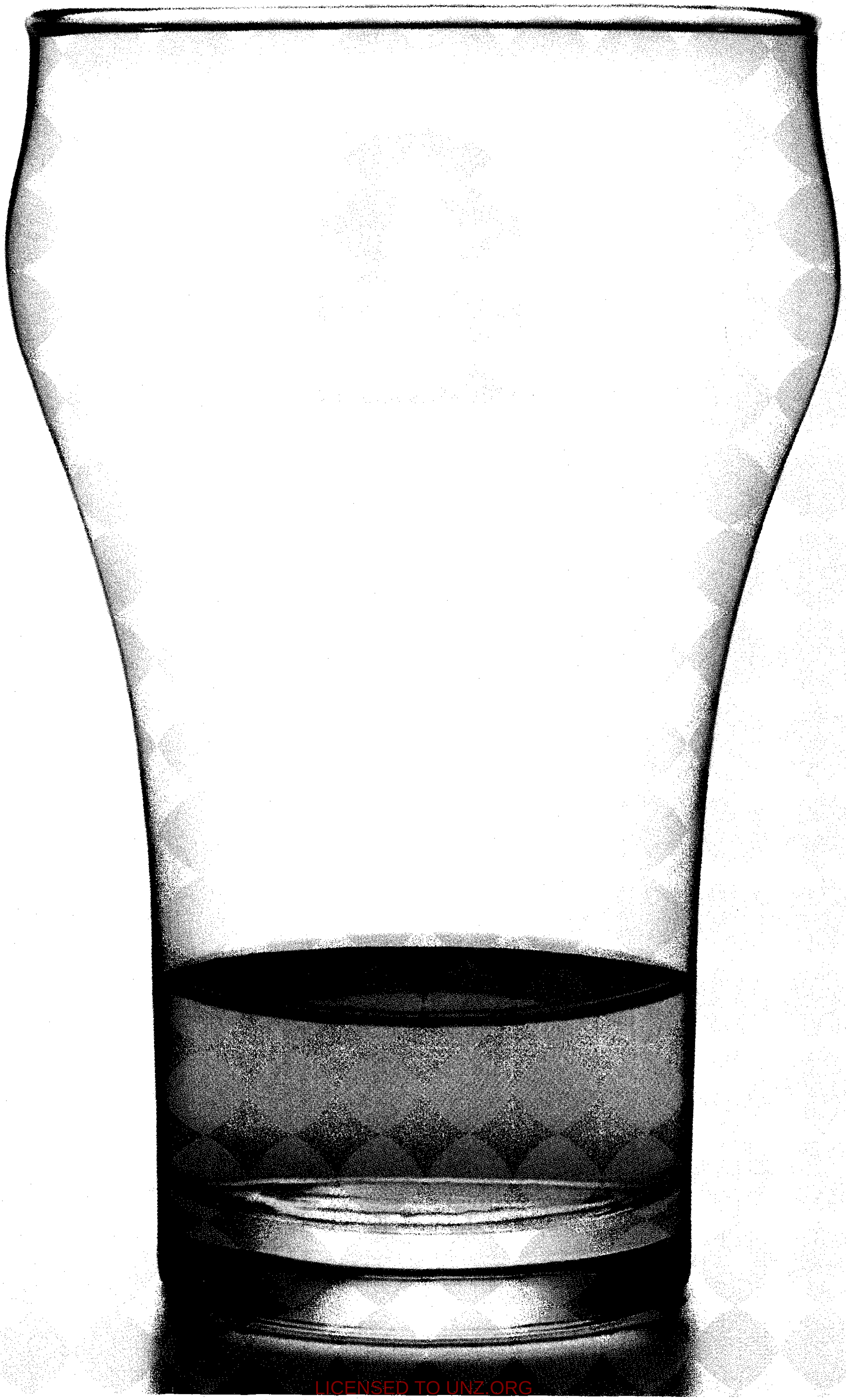

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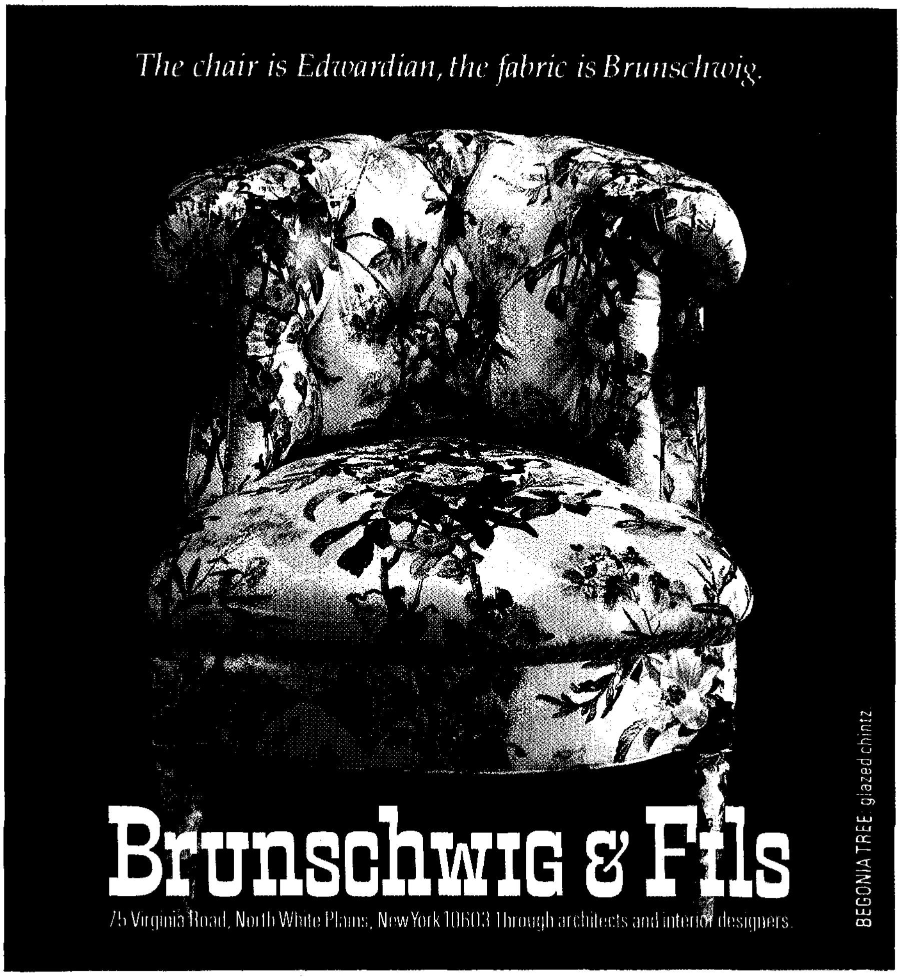
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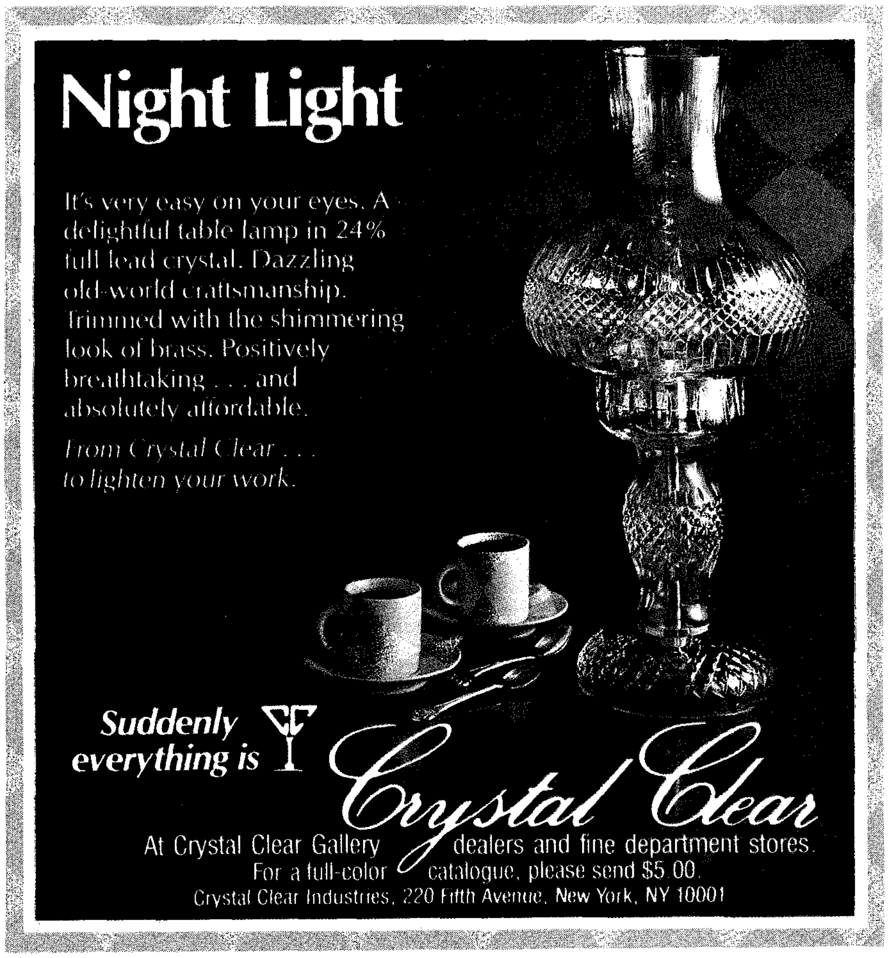
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Christmas, and Easter; I've been here April, May, June, and July; I've been here this year, last year, and the year before that.' I'd raise a fuss, and many times they'd sell to me just to get rid of me.

"What I'd do, I'd buy in one section in the early part of the night, another in the middle of the night, and a third in the early morning, to keep any of them from getting suspicious. You buy too much in one place, they know you can't be drinking it.

"Sometimes, in order to make a case or locate a still, I'd hang around a drive-in restaurant—a place with curbside service—and maybe I'd find a young boy who'd just managed to land his first job driving a truck for a still, and he'd be so proud, and I'd talk about how many trucks I'd hauled, and how many cops I'd outrun, and when I got through he had to tell me some of his feats—you know a young man's got to brag—and I'd hear enough and say, 'I believe you're lying. I can *prove* mine, but I believe you're lying,' and many times he wound up taking me to the still.

"I also worked at sawmills a lot. One time, I was looking to get into a sawmill, and I watched a man at work loading boards—rolling logs onto the carriage to be cut—and I went up to the supervisor and said, 'That man you have is no good. He's slacking on the job.' The supervisor looked at me and said, 'You think you can do better?' I said sure. Well, it turned out that the other fellow had been loading seventeen thousand feet a day, which is a natural-born load for any man, but I did twenty-two thousand. I had to get myself established, and I had to strain my neck and stomach to do it. My boss at A.B.C. called me Bunny Rabbit, and when I next saw him I'd lost so much weight he said, 'Bunny Rabbit, are you sick?' I said no. He said, 'I think you better go see the doctor. I think you got the t.b.' I told him what I'd been up to, and he told me, 'Hell, Bunny Rabbit, we can find something easier for you to do.' I didn't want anything easier, though. I wanted to make my deal. I had eighty-five or ninety legal cases in that sawmill.

"If I didn't want to work, I could just clown. I had a guitar and a mouth harp, and I'd seek out a place—might be a store, might be at a crossroads, might be anyplace you find a small crowd. There'll often be a gathering around a bootleg joint, where there are maybe ten or twelve cars and people sitting around on the lawn drinking lemonade and whiskey, and you don't walk in there bashful, you walk in *booming*. I'd step up and say, 'Right well, thank you, how y'all?'—you don't wait for them to say, 'How you doing?'—and I'd be talking loud, and if I had to I'd cross my eyes and grin at them, because if you go somewhere for the first time and you're standing around quiet, people are going to wonder what's on your mind. I tried to pretend I had no sense at all, so they didn't pay any attention to me. I'd get a little crowd and talk trash, maybe tell them I was going to sing 'The Farmer's Daughter Was a Red Hot Mama, but the Ice Man Cooled Her Down.' Or 'The Rooster Does the Cackling, but the Hen Delivers the Goods.' I never really knew what I was going to say until I said it. I'd work up some little number and dance, and maybe after that I'd say, 'This one's called "Sweetheart Take Your Lips from Mine so I Can Spit." ' It's like a medicine show, really. If you go into these rural areas, you can't get nothing out of these people unless you start something for yourself. You've got to disarm them. These folks are suspicious, and they'll kill you. They'll shoot the grease right out of a biscuit and never even break the crust. I'd start singing:

Walking down the street with my head hanging low.
My bottle is empty, I ain't got no dough.
I got to go.
I got to go and lose these mean hangover blues.
Ain't got no hat, done lost my lonesome shoes.

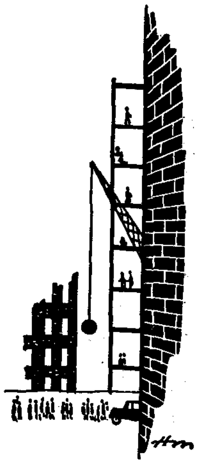
"Then you start to yodel and you rear back and holler and come up with some damn off-the-wall noise, maybe shout:

I could have told you, but I thought you knowed
There ain't no heaven on the county road.

"Once in a great while, but not many times in my life, did they tell me to get lost.

"Often, I've gone to people I've never seen before and bought liquor from them. One campaign, I went to a liquor joint, and a guy at the door asked me where I was from, and I lied and said Charlotte, and he said, 'I don't believe you, let me see your license.' I didn't hesitate, because it had already flew into my mind that he was uneducated and wasn't going to be able to read it anyway—he was just trying my nerve. So I gave it to him, and it said Oak City, and he said, 'All right, I see you're from Charlotte.' I took a chance, and if I'd faltered I guess I'd have been in trouble, but if he had said, 'It reads Oak City,' I would have told him I was just two weeks in Charlotte and wasn't going to spend the extra money on a new license until this one expired.

"The thing about all of this is, the other people always have to guess what I'm about, and I *know* what I'm up to. Every time the other fellow makes a move, it's my move next. To tell you the truth, it gets to be a game with you. For instance, in Fayetteville, in Cumberland County, a good while back, there was a man named Asia, and the county man told me, 'We'd like to have him, but I don't know how in the world you'll ever get in there.' I decided to scope it out, and what I did, I kept riding out by his home and in the country around it on Sunday morning—because that's when a lot of people sold, you know, when the store was closed—and one morning a few miles from Asia's I saw this guy sitting on the porch of his house on the highway, and he looked like he'd had a rough time. It was six-thirty or seven, it was light, and that's when those alcoholics stir, because the liquor's wearing out in them. I knew he lived close enough to know about Asia, and I pulled into his yard and said didn't I know him, weren't we together in some house yonder? He said, 'I can't remember.' He seemed about half lit up then, and I said, 'You about ready to get a drink?' And he said, 'Hell, yeah. You got some money? Let's go.'



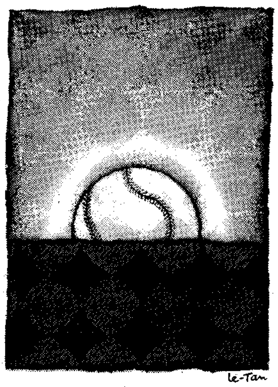
"So I made a beeline to Asia's house, and when we pulled in the driveway I said, 'I sure hope Asia's got some,' and he said, 'Hell, yeah, he's always got some,' so I knew I was in luck—the man was known to Asia. Leo was the man's name. I bought Leo a drink, and I ordered a jar for myself—but I didn't open it, of course. Asia said, 'Aren't you going to take a drink?' And I said, 'No, not right here. I have to go back to Fayetteville, and when I came over there there were two or three policemen out there, and I don't want them to stop me on the way home and smell it on my breath.' I could tell it didn't set well with him, but I had the jar of liquor.

"Leo was running his mouth and wanted to hang around and have another drink, but I said I had to go, and when I was out the door I heard Asia ask Leo, 'Who was that man you brought?' Leo said, 'I don't know him,' and Asia said, 'Well, you're going to have to get that jar of liquor back.' Leo said he couldn't, so Asia came to the door and said, 'I can't let you leave with that jar of liquor. You didn't take a drink, and I don't know you.' 'Well,' I told him, 'this is my jar. I bought it, and if I leave here living, I'm taking it with me.' So he ran into the house and came back with a damn old Owl's Head pistol—a cheap, worthless brand of gun—and I saw an alley apple lying there. You know what an alley apple is, don't you? A piece of red brick. And I reached down and grabbed it. I said, 'You can't hit me with that Owl's Head—I know because I've had two or three of them—but close as I'm standing to you, I'm not going to miss with this brick.' Then I got in my car and I took Leo with me. I backed out of that yard, and Asia just stood there looking at me. Leo came alive and said, 'I'm going to have to drink that liquor,' and I said, 'Go ahead, Leo,' because I knew he couldn't do it. He drank two or three shots of it and passed out, and I took him back and laid him out on that porch where I got him."

Where Garland is sitting while he talks is in the kitchen of a farmhouse not far from town. The house and the land that goes with it have been leased by an elderly man named Franklin Whitehead, who has another farm, several miles away, which he owns, and where, in a reasonably straight row among other garden rows, Garland plants melons. Mr. Whitehead has a high regard for Garland and allows him to use the house, which otherwise would stand empty, and to lend it to certain of his friends. It is used as a hunting lodge during deer season, from mid-October to January, and Garland's friends who come there are almost exclusively former or still active liquor agents.

"The first campaigns were easy, because undercover men were uncommon and nobody was used to seeing them around," Garland says. "But after a few years people got cagey, and that's when I started coming up with hide-behinds: fish peddling, carnival working, taxi-driving, preaching, buck-dancing—whatever seemed to fit. You just had to con your way in later on, and it was more demanding.

"For the fish man, I'd buy what we call trash fish: gizzard shad, catfish, carp, and eel—really the cheapest fish there is. I'd get a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds at a time, then I'd go to the house next door to the bootlegger, and the one across the street, and after I'd hit the bootlegger and made his acquaintance I'd jump all the way to the next man I was interested in. Shortly, though, people at the houses in between started flaggin' me down on the road and saying, 'Why don't you stop at my house?' And I'd have to tell them I didn't have too many fish and I had regular customers. And they'd say, 'How about letting *me* be a regular customer?' They got me into a bind. I'd let them have some, and skip on till the next person waved me down. I'd usually pick five or so bootleggers in a section, catch them all, and move along. That's the way I worked in rural areas. When I got into a town, I'd choose a spot where a lot of fish eaters would hang out. I had a box on the back of a '50 Ford where I iced down the fish, and a platform beside it where I could stand up and play my guitar and dance and holler, 'Fish man, fish man!' Two or three times, you know, real loud, and I'd yell, 'String out your dishpans, here come the fish man. I got gizzard shad, catfish, carp, and eel. The more you eat the better you feel. I ain't got but a few more left. If you don't come get 'em, I'll eat 'em myself.' Then I'd holler, 'Fish man, fish man! What'd the catfish say to the trout? I got my load and I'm backing out.' Just something to make them laugh. What I was doing was getting known. Then, if I went later to the bootlegger's house to make a buy, he knew the fish man, or he'd *heard* of him. I'd only have to go three or four times making that kind of racket and I'd be known to the whole town.



"The last time I used the fish man was some time back, in a campaign in Edgecombe County, which is next door to my own. People told me it was working too close to home, and they didn't think I could be effective, but I wanted to show them. Right at the end of that campaign, I went around to some bootleggers to pick up a few loose ends, and I didn't really have to make another buy off this one fellow, but I went again to him for some reason, I don't know what. I drove around behind his house into the back yard, and he met me with a shotgun. His name was Alphonso Exum, and he pointed that gun at me and said, 'You're going to have to bring back all that liquor I sold you.' He said Norman Fields had told him that I was a secret man. Now, Norman Fields was from Martin County, not far from the Halifax County line, and I had arrested him several times. I asked Alphonso how long had I been hauling fish, and he said, 'I reckon it's been some time.' I asked him hadn't I always treated him right? Hadn't I been a good fish man to him, given his family credit when he couldn't pay? And he said he reckoned so, and I asked hadn't he heard that Norman Fields was trying to open up a fish route? 'He's trying to mess me up,' I said. '*Ruin* me. Get me out of here so he can sell some fish.' Alphonso said, 'You know, there might be something to that,' and he let the shotgun drop and got calmed down and we talked on awhile, and he finally said, 'You better let me go with you on your route, because folks around here has heard from Norman,' but I said that won't be necessary because I'm about to close out anyway.

"A few days later, I rode out with the sheriff's deputies to collect all the people I'd made cases on, and there were so many that while they waited to make bail they were kept outside, back of the courthouse, in a bullpen. Whenever a car arrived with new prisoners, everybody crowded the fence to see who was next. Late in the afternoon, when it was nearly full, I drove by sitting in the back seat between two deputies. I was wearing old clothes and a shabby hat and had the window cracked for a breeze, and as we passed the rows of faces lined up against the fence what I heard was a whistle and a woman's voice go, 'Lord Almighty, if they got the fish man they got us all.' "

IN profile, the farmhouse looks like two Monopoly hotels standing parallel and joined at one end by a passage. All around it are fields of tobacco and corn. Deer, foxes, and raccoons leave their prints in the sandy tracks of a farm road that runs back of the house, through the fields. Here and there along the road stand tobacco sheds on stilts. The first one you come to has been made into a place for hunters to dress their deer. In winter, the sky overhead is frequently the color of chalk.

The key to the farmhouse is kept above one of the porch beams, or else under a loose brick in the foundation. In the kitchen are a folding table with a Formica top, several chairs, an armchair in the corner, where Garland likes to sit, a gas heater, and a television set on top of a refrigerator. (In the freezer the agents keep slabs of venison and bear.) A sheet of linoleum is laid like a rug on the floor. Tacked to the wall above the fireplace are the room's only adornments—three Polaroids of men on the lawn posed with trophies of the hunt, their faces radiating pleasure, and, next to them, a clipping from the Raleigh paper announcing the death of Percy Flowers, a regionally famous and admired North Carolina bootlegger.

Beyond the kitchen is a small bedroom and beyond that a living room, which also serves as a bedroom. The kitchen and the small bedroom are lean-to rooms; one wall of each is the clapboarding of what used to be the outside wall. The activity of the house is carried on in the kitchen, because there are no lights in the living room. The view from the window over the sink is of fields, the sheds, and distant woods, and from the window by the table of fields and the road, another house, and then the woods. In deep summer, currents of heat stir the corn in the fields. Wasps patrol the eaves. At night, you can occasionally hear with a strange clarity the voices of children on the next farm.

Tractors and farm trucks and combines pass on the road almost as frequently as cars. Mr. Whitehead likes to stop by and sit at the kitchen table and talk to the liquor agents. If he has seen an unfamiliar car in the neighborhood, he reports it to them and stops back later to see what their investigation has turned up. He is dignified, slow-talking, soft-voiced, and suspicious. He has a long face, watery eyes, and large ears, and he wears a fedora. He drives a big car, as an old landowning farmer should, and several times a day he passes slowly up and down the flat, straight road before the farmhouse, looking this way and that over his fields. The agents are grateful to him for letting them use the house, and when they see a wasps' nest that needs removing or a board that needs to be nailed in place they do it.

The most frequent tenant of the farmhouse, and a companion of Garland's for many years, is Michael Zetts. Garland calls him Zetts, and so, apparently, does everyone else. Zetts, now retired, was first the head of the A.T.F.'s Rocky Mount and then of its Raleigh post of duty. In the late nineteen-fifties, principally through his and Garland's efforts, the Rocky Mount post of duty led the country in known-still seizures. A known-still seizure is one in which the operators are captured at the site. The daybooks that Garland keeps have many entries mentioning Zetts: "Met with Federal Officer Zetts. . . . Assisted Federal Officer Zetts. . . . Accompanied Federal Officer Zetts. . . ."

"Me and Garland have probably made more distillery captures than anyone else in the country," Zetts says. "And I mean *steam plants*. Big as a damn old lumberyard. When I first got down here, bootleggers were importing sugar by the boxcar."

When Zetts first arrived, in the fifties, he didn't know much about liquor, Garland says, but he soon became a No. 1 still man. Zetts says, "When I met Garland, he was working undercover, and he helped me catch some people we couldn't get to. He had a Pontiac and some scrappy overalls and a damn old guitar, and he was singing 'Mabelline,' and you could hear him for about a mile and a half. I thought he was drunk."

Garland: "About that time, I was playing 'Mabelline' in the center of a town, and I was playing the hell out of it, and this one guy jumped up, and I said, 'You got anything to drink?' He said, 'Sure I do. I got something to drink, and not only that, I got a still.' I said, 'You don't.' He said, 'I do, too, and if you play that "Mabelline" one more time I'll take you down there and show you,' and I did, and he was good to his word."

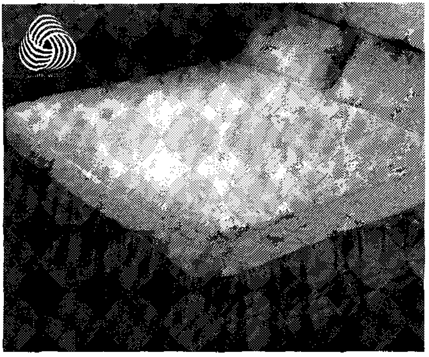
For Zetts, the principal pleasure in raiding stills was the opportunity to seize property. He especially prized rolling stock. In his career, he seized many cars and pickup trucks and several semitrailers; he retired frustrated in his main ambition, however. "I always wanted a train," he says.

Zetts is enormous. At the University of Maryland in the nineteen-forties, he played football under Bear Bryant and was also a successful boxer. He has silver hair cut like a child's—brushy on the sides and in back and longer on top. His face is small and round and ingenuous and engaging. When he is surprised, his eyebrows arch, his eyes bug, and his mouth drops open. His smile is broad and welcoming. He keeps a deck of cards at the farmhouse and plays solitaire compulsively at the kitchen table. He also works crossword puzzles—the kind sold in collections in drugstores and supermarkets and airport gift shops. He is rarely doing nothing.

Zetts lives in Raleigh but is not often there. He has a cabin in Maine, where he fishes and tracks bear, and he spends deer season at the farmhouse, going home to his wife on weekends. He has the permission of a local farmer to hunt on his land. Just before dawn, and again before dusk, Zetts climbs a tree at the corner of a peanut field and sits on a stand, waiting for a buck to overcome its natural fear of open, daylit spaces and join the does. Zetts says that sometimes when he is watching the does he knows from the way they turn their heads back over their shoulders that a buck is nearby, and that they are trying to tell it that the coast is clear. Each year, Zetts gives a buck to a local black farmer, who has come to count on it. Because Zetts was having bad luck this year and had gone longer than usual without killing one, the farmer assumed that Zetts was not intending to make his annual present, and shunned him when they met.

When Zetts is in residence, Garland is constantly in and out of the farmhouse. Sometimes Garland's wife will start a beef stew and mix dough for biscuits, and Garland will drive to the farmhouse with the stew in the pot and the dough, and chop up potatoes and hot peppers and onions and add them to the stew and make stove-top biscuits, and the two men will open diet sodas and have a big dinner.

Zetts is enthusiastic, and he enjoys recalling bootleggers and cars and stills with Garland. He sits on the edge of his chair and laughs and slaps his big mitts on his knees. In an effort to retrieve a name or a scrap of information, he knits his brow, and if he fails he shakes his head. They always



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dispute details. Zetts will say, "Garland, who's that little guy in Scotland Neck used to keep a still behind his house, and I took the mash to Raleigh to have it analyzed?" And Garland will reply, "Now, Zetts, you *know* I took the mash to Raleigh." Zetts acknowledges that Garland has the superior memory. Zetts' own memory has backwaters. It is not fine-tuned. He remembers the big picture. I have often heard the two of them have an exchange like this:

"Garland, who is that guy that drove for Champion?"

"Perry?"

"No, not Perry."

"Branch?"

"Not Branch."

"Cotton?"

"Not Cotton, either. *Anyway*, we could have got enough liquor just by squeezing the mat in his trunk to send him to the federal pen."

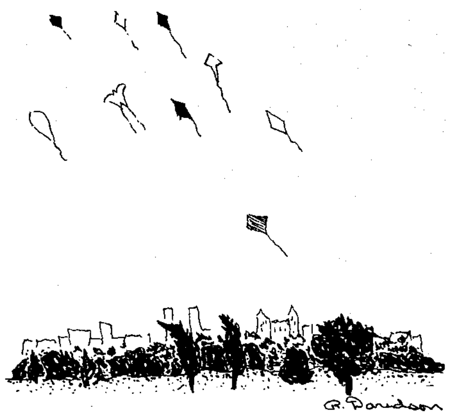
Here is Zetts at the farmhouse one evening, remembering a bootlegger I'll call Elmer Simpson: "Every state with any liquor traffic has a major-violator list—two, in fact: the ten worst, and the reserve ten worst, who move up as the first guys are caught and sent to the pen. We generally worked the top guys, because they involved the biggest tax fraud. Elmer Simpson, then, was a major violator who had a big steam plant in Wilson County in the early and middle fifties. At that time, also, there were a couple of agents working Wilson County, and neither of them was worth a damn, they were both so old. There was one that every time we stopped anywhere—a filling station, a drugstore, a soda fountain—he'd jump out and get a Coca-Cola and a BC headache powder. I guess it was just a habit."

He picks up a deck of cards. "So there we were one time in Wilson County, the three of us, watching a big still, and around two o'clock in the morning here come a two-ton truck with bran, sugar, jars, meal—everything you need to make and market liquor. Three still hands came off the truck in the dark and started unloading, and we each got one. We all had to fight—you don't always, but we had to fight—and I was having trouble with mine. He kept swinging on me, and all my front teeth are plastic from boxing and football, and they cost me a damn hundred dollars apiece, and I asked him, but he wouldn't quit it, and after several swings I thought, The hell with that. I hit him with the flashlight I had. I wasn't too happy about it, but I figured enough was enough. Of course, he went down, and I was astraddle him, with my hands on his neck, and one of the other agents came over and shined his light on him, and I saw it was Elmer Simpson, the major violator, and I thought, Here's that damn fool, I got him right by the neck! I was elated, because you don't very often catch a big man like that at a still.

"They had a liquor car down there—what you call a lead car, because it runs fast ahead of the trucks as a decoy, and if you chase it they'll draw you here and there and, finally, when they figure the trucks are safe, maybe let you take it. So we seized the car and the truck and delivered the prisoners, and then worked most of the night taking inventory and destroying jars and mash barrels and the still. It was summertime, but it grew cold, and none of us had a jacket. I had an axe, and I was chopping up the mash barrels—you cut the bottom two hoops and then just smash them in. This was in the days before we used dynamite much, and when all we did was chop stills. Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop."

As many of the people Garland arrests are black as are white. Sometimes a white man will bankroll a still and a black man will work it for him. If the hand is caught and sent to jail, the big man will continue to pay his salary to his family, and when he has served his time and is released he can resume his work. This is intended to prevent coöperation between the hands and the law. Small bootleggers are tried locally; the fines they pay finance schools. Big men are tried in federal court, to prevent them, as much as possible, from buying influence.

I asked Garland if he was friendly enough with anyone he had ever arrested to introduce me. He thought about it a few days and then said he would take me to meet a man I'll call Cletus Joyner. "I'll stop by and see if he'll talk to us," he said. "He wasn't too fond of being caught."



Cletus Joyner was a farmer—well off, from the size and look of his farm, which was outside Hobgood, on a piece of broad, flat land bordered in the distance by woods. We drove through the yard on a dirt track and parked beside a long, low red chicken house. Inside the chicken house, a black man on a tractor was laying a fresh bed of peanut hulls. "That ain't Cletus," Garland said. He turned to scan the fields, and while he did another black man came from the chicken house and reached us before Garland was aware of him.

"Say, Bubba, where the hell you come from?" Garland said. "You ain't logging anymore, is you?"

"Naw."

"You ever get down to Tarboro?"

"Once in a while."

Bubba was solemn and morose and suspicious of Garland's arrival. He stood with his hands in his pockets and glanced now sideways at us, now at the fields, now at his shoes. In a moment, Garland said, "Cletus around?"

Bubba turned his chin in the direction of the fields and said, "Here he comes yonder."

Cletus arrived in a pickup. He was a small black man wearing blue coveralls, a red flannel shirt, bifocals, and a hat with "Watson Hybrids" printed across the brim. He stepped from the cab and collected a rake from the bed. He nodded to Bubba and he nodded to Garland.

Garland said, "Cletus, are you busy?"

"Oh, no," Cletus said. "I always keep something to work on." When he spoke, a gold tooth flickered in and out of sight between his lips.

"Anything here I ought to know about?"

"Well, we got peanuts, corn—"

"I said, 'Is there anything here I ought to know about?' "

"Oh. *Oh*. Oh, oh, oh." He stood the rake upright, tines to the ground, and placed his hands, one fist above the other, on the handle below his chin. "Not really, no. I *did* go to making some once upon a time. I guess it was 1971, and that year I had a bad crop. A terrible crop, and a friend got me into the business. He insisted that I buy in, and I did. I had all them bills—I had the fertilizer bill, the herbicide bill, the seed bill—and I didn't know how to make whiskey, but my friend Elton did. He felt he could hide it here on the farm."

"I had heard he talked you into it."

"That's right, sir."

"In fact, he sent a man to me to see if I could agree to letting you do it. Turn my back on it."

Cletus nodded. "Well, it's in the past, it's in the past," he said. "It's been a long time ago, but I always did wonder who signified on me."

"No one signified."

"Well, then, how did you find me?"

"I followed Jim, the man you had working for you."

"Is that right?"

"Then I followed you when I saw you were about to dump the mash."

"Is *that* right?" Cletus said. He tapped the dirt before his feet with the rake. "Well, that was the second time. I had dumped it once before. I didn't even get to the spot where I was going to leave it, and I'll tell you why I stopped. There was a hole in the road—you remember it was winter—and the hole was covered with snow and ice, and I got out to look at it, see if I could make it through, and when I got back around to the door of the truck you were there. I didn't know what the hell to say."

"Well, I saw you and I thought, Now's the time."

"Now's the time, I agree," Cletus said, working a little patch of dirt. "Well, now, why'd you go so far? I mean, why didn't you just find the still and arrest me?"

"I had to get all the evidence to treat you fair."

"Well, you treated me fair. I tell you what, Mr. Bunting, I didn't recognize you just now. Since I last saw you, you got a little punch on you."

"Oh, *me*," Garland said. He lifted his cap and resettled it above slightly redder ears.

"Well," Cletus said, "I started messing with that whiskey about six months before you got me, and, I'll be frank, I done pretty good."

"You had a splendid reputation other than that. You weren't stealing, or cutting up, or going up and down the road drunk." Cletus shook his head. "I got you just when you were about to move some more of it, too," Garland said. "You had ten barrels of mash stored in there."

Cletus disagreed. "Now, I ain't never had but three, and the cooling barrel made four," he said. "I was just about to quit the business, too. What happened, my wife got on me. Churchwoman. When you're married to a man, you're going to find out what he's up to, and she objected."

"Well, I see you're doing all right now."

"I'm doing all right now."

"We won't take up any more of your time."

Garland and I returned to his truck and drove off. Cletus and Bubba stood as motionless as stones, two sombre figures beside a big red barn, and watched us clear out of sight.

SOME lawyers:

"Garland does an excellent job in court. He's well prepared and very believable."

"Garland testifies straight down the line, always. Nothing but the absolute truth."

"Garland's always one step ahead, and it makes it pretty difficult to fight him."

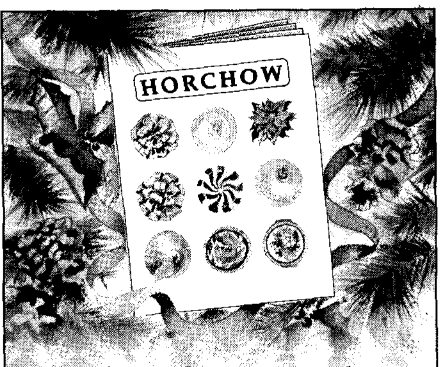
"I'd rather sit back and listen to Garland talk than go to the bank."

"You can't put Garland in a position where he's scared."

"Garland can change from one kind of person to the other like you can snap your fingers."

"Garland's the type of person that will just kill you in court."

Garland himself: "I'm not highly educated, but there's not a lawyer that can do anything with me. I'll cut the props right out from under him. In 1954, in Gaston County, near Charlotte, one time I had a hundred and seventy-seven cases—me and another fellow, actually—and we convicted a hundred and seventy-six. One died. A Bible seller, her name was Ma Stilwell. Selling Bibles and liquor. When it came to court, some of the violators met me on the courthouse steps and wanted to know where I was going to eat dinner at. I told them I was going to eat at the Busy Bee Café, and I said, 'Anywhere between here and there you desire a confrontation, you can have it, but it is my duty to inform you that I am slick with a gun. I don't want to meet you in the Great Beyond and have you telling me that I didn't warn you ahead of time.' They moved off, and I stood there a moment in the sun, and then a lawyer came out of the courthouse and requested to have dinner with me. I said, 'Well, I just had three violators ask me where I was going to eat dinner, and if you want to take the chance you can walk over with me.' He said, 'I don't know if I should or not. You reckon you can take care of yourself?' I said, 'I'll be



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all right.' I could see in their eyes I had bluffed them. They melted like the driven snow, and I didn't even have a gun with me.

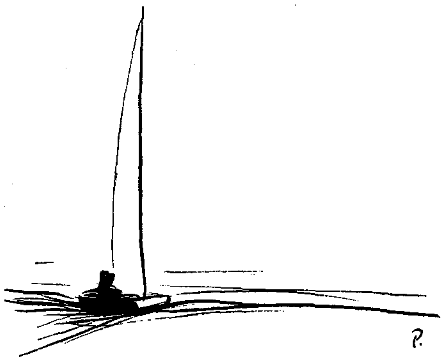
"We started over, and I told the lawyer, 'You know I can't discuss any cases with you.' He said, 'I know. I'd rather not even talk about court, period.' So we went to the Busy Bee, and no one showed up on the way, and we started eating. This lawyer was sharp, and all the law-enforcement officers had told me what a terrible thing he would do to me if he ever got me on the witness stand, but I wasn't too worried. We talked about the mountains and the country around Charlotte, and he asked me a few questions, and I answered him like a lawyer. Never directly, you know—you just hint at the answer. He was testing my knowledge of the state, but what he was really doing was testing my ability as a witness, and I knew it, so I tried to figure some lawyer answers for him, and finally he said, 'Well, what I really wanted to ask you, what I'm really interested in, is what percentage of your cases you win or lose.' I said, 'I told you I couldn't talk about court with you, but I will tell you this: if I lose yours and one more, I'll be lost two,' and he said, 'That's exactly what I thought,' and he went back and pleaded all his cases guilty, every damn one of them, and asked for the mercy of the court."

IN 1961, in the Marsh Swamp Free Will Baptist Church, Garland married Helen Colleen Murray. When they met, he was the A.B.C. agent in Wilson County and had an office in the county courthouse, in the town of Wilson. Colleen worked next door, in the professional building, for a lawyer with an office near that of the justice of the peace, who was a woman. When Her Honor was at lunch or having her hair done, Colleen would answer her phone. The A.B.C. officers and the policemen and people from the courthouse were in and out of the justice-of-the-peace office all day, getting warrants and having cases arraigned, and Colleen knew them all by sight, including Garland. She and Garland were introduced shortly after he came to town, by an older officer, who took him through the building, stopping at every office. The man had known Colleen's grandparents and her parents, and when he reached the lawyer's office he gave the names of the other people in the room and introduced her last—as Slim, which, she told me, made her want to go right through the floorboards, because she *was* quite slim. Garland had a room in a house on the main street, which Colleen had to walk past on her way to work, and he used to peer through the blinds for a glimpse of her as she came along the street.

Colleen is a thoughtful, sad-eyed, soft-voiced woman, tall and large-boned, with a small, handsome face. She is shy about starting a conversation, but once she has begun is talkative in the kind of friendly, discursive, meant-to-put-a-person-at-his-ease style that is typically Southern. She is self-effacing, and plays down all her accomplishments past the point of modesty. When a person pays her a compliment, she can hardly bear to look at him.

Because Garland is so diligent in his work, and so fond of running at night with his dogs in the woods (he once hunted on Christmas Eve), Colleen is often by herself. She plays the piano—mainly hymns and gospel songs. Their daughter, Joan, is in college in Raleigh, and Colleen and Garland seldom make the trip to see her without a dress or a skirt that Colleen has sewn. She is a 4-H leader, and a popular substitute teacher in the local schools. She also writes a society column that appears simultaneously in two papers—in the Scotland Neck *Circular*, as "Around Scotland Neck," and in the Scotland Neck *Commonwealth*, as "Scotland Neck People." To the *Commonwealth* and the Enfield *Progress* she contributes features. She also writes letters. Garland doesn't. If you send him a letter, you will get one back from Colleen. Long ago, she took over his correspondence.

There are resources of strength within Colleen that she is able to invoke, and this has been fortunate, for if there is a disaster she has escaped in her life I don't know what it is. She is the sixth of seven children, two of whom died in infancy. When she was four, her father got sick, and her mother, poor and in frail health herself, was unable to keep the family together. Her father died when she was six. A year and a half later, a cousin of her father delivered her to the Methodist Orphanage in Raleigh, where she lived for nine years. She and Garland have had two children, Joan and a boy—Garland's namesake—who died from an accidental fall when he was seven.



Part of what I know about Colleen is from talking to her, and the rest is from a photograph album in which there are pictures of her as a small child, as a girl in the orphanage, as a young woman on her own, as a bride, and as a mother. There is a snapshot of her father sitting on the side of a hospital bed. While I was looking at a picture taken when she was four years old, she said, "Even that young, I was conscious of my coat sleeves' being too short, and I did what I could to hide it. That is why one arm is bent, holding the corner of my coat, and the other is bent with my thumb in the crack of the bench. I remember well when this picture was taken. I am almost sure that my daddy took the picture, and that is his shadow." And of a snapshot taken when she was seven she said, "It was July. My father had died in August of the preceding year. My mother was in the hospital, and I was living with my mother's sister. The child on the left is my cousin. I think I can remember even then feeling that I didn't belong anywhere. I coped as well as a child could."

Garland is proud of Colleen. When he praises her, she will sometimes say, "Keep bragging on me. I love it." They own a Polaroid camera, and one night when I went to their house for dinner I took some film along and we took pictures. I took Garland here and there in the yard, around the house, by his pickup truck, with his dogs, and on the couch in the living room, and he looked nervous and stilted and completely uncomfortable in all of them. Not until I took him standing next to Colleen did I get his face wide open and smiling.

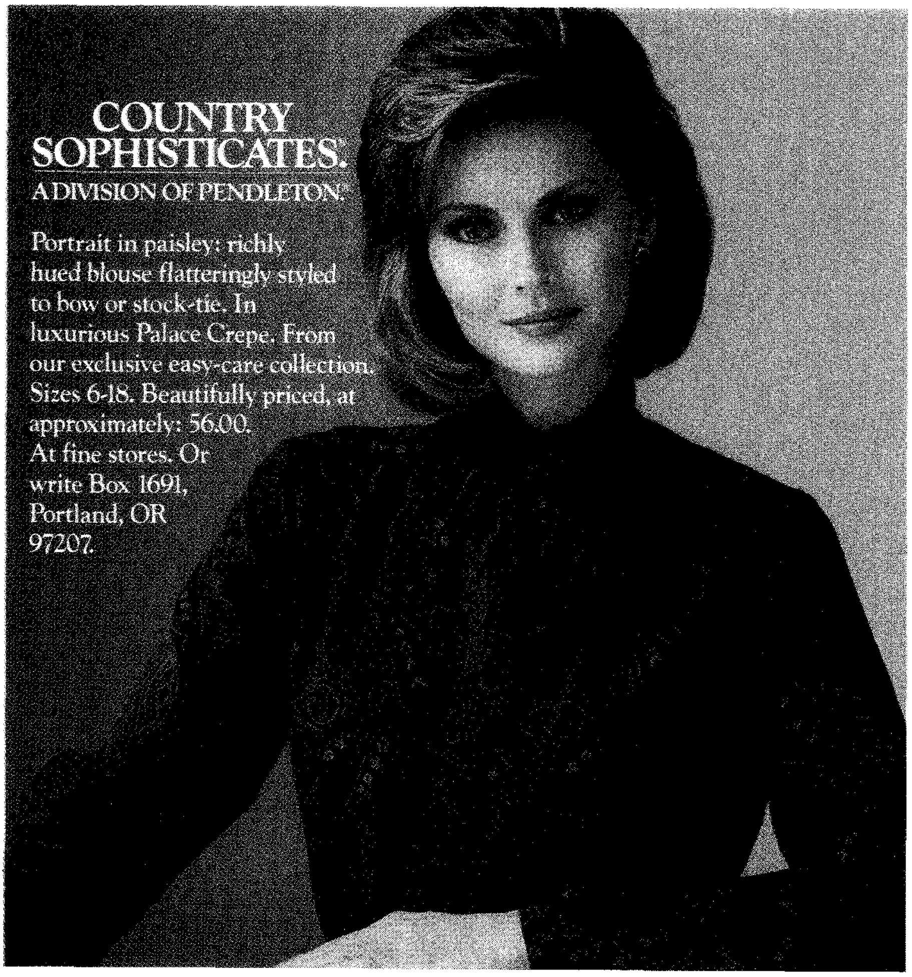
A LIKELY place for Garland to hear of a still is a coon trial. Coon trials are competitions involving a showing of dogs and a hunt. They are sponsored by hunting clubs and held at their quarters, which generally verge on the big woods. The clubs lease exclusive rights to the woods, and a hunter trespassing is considered a poacher. In Garland's territory, woods of any size probably belong to a timber company or a paper company or, occasionally, a farmer. The Rainbow Gun Club, not far from Scotland Neck, occupies a flat, narrow clearing on the north bank of the Roanoke River. Surrounding the clearing is an immense forest belonging to a pair of timber companies. The club consists of ten cabins and a clubhouse—all on stilts, because the river is given to flooding. They are tightly built, of pine, and each cabin has a porch from which to contemplate the swift-flowing river. Most clubs, however, have only a clubhouse. Schemes of decoration vary. Usually, there is a kitchen, a snack bar, a selection of the magazines *American Cooner* and *Full Cry*, some trophies, a calendar with an illustration of a coon dog or of fall in New England, and a couch or two, on which the members sit and brag and blaspheme and dispute and spit tobacco juice into white-plastic coffee cups they hold in their hands.

Garland is not a member of any club, but he is connected by friendship to several and receives invitations to their trials. He usually takes a dog to a trial, in the hope of working a trade or a sale, but he does not take part in the competition, because he believes that a dog hunting unfamiliar woods with unfamiliar companions can too easily become overstimulated and lose himself permanently.

The club members tie their dogs to trees or the bumpers of their pickup trucks and then wander along them like horse buyers visiting stalls. Once, I heard a man ask another what kind of dog he had, and the second man pulled out a cassette recorder and played him a tape of his dog barking. It is unusual to see any kind of vehicle other than a pickup truck at a hunt. Occasionally, your eye wanders along a row of pickups and is brought to a halt when, through the windshield of one, you see a woman reading or listening to the radio or holding a child.

The dog show takes place in the afternoon, the hunt in the evening. A dog that excels at one event is not likely to be any good at the other. Show dogs walk a runway and pose while their owners prod their bellies to make them assume a more picturesque stance. The hunt follows dinner. In groups of four, the dogs are driven by their owners to territories that have been assigned them. The first to strike the track earns the highest number of points.

The main danger to a still in the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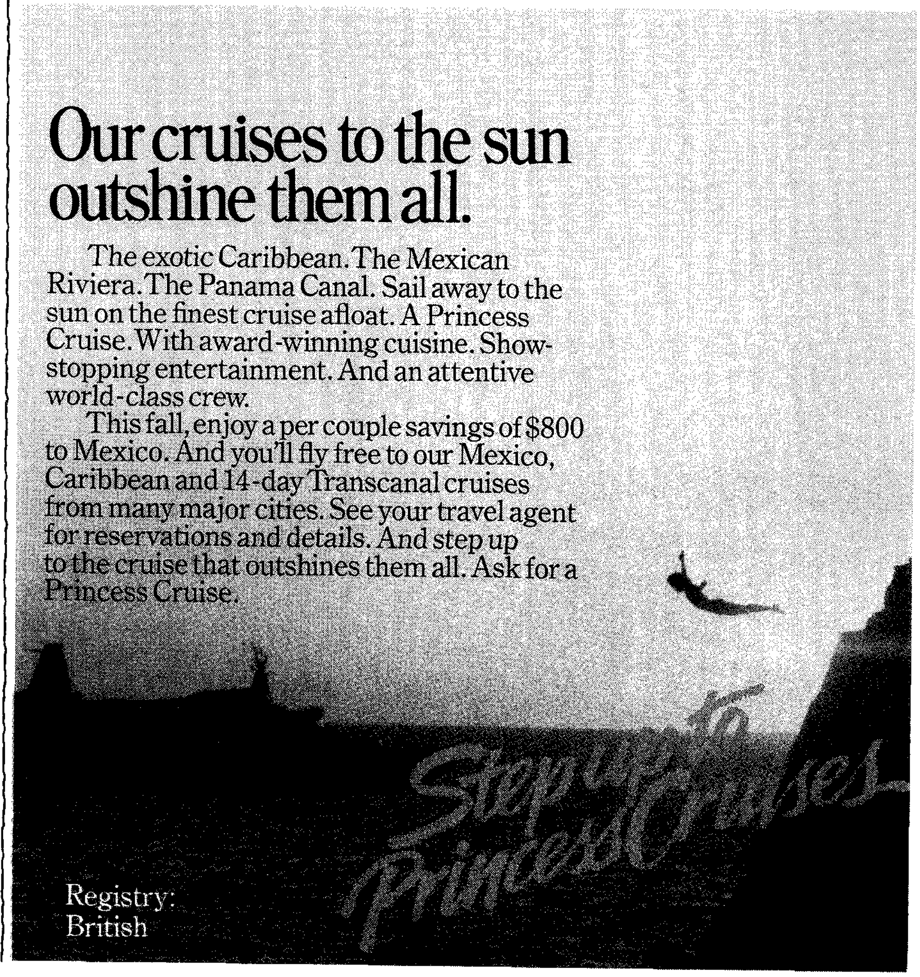
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backwoods is a hunter coming upon it. Following the calls of his dogs one night, Garland found five stills. I once went with him to a trial held forty miles from Scotland Neck. He overheard a man say that he had been hunting near a place called Sandy Cross and asked, “Where near Sandy Cross?,” and the man threw up his arms and said, “I ain't seen no stills, Garland.” If a trial is in Garland's territory or nearby, he likes to meet the hunters returning in the early morning and listen to their conversations for mention of a still.

Garland hunts in a pair of heavyweight, triple-stitched, double-reinforced, copper-riveted, snagproof, wind-resistant brown duck overalls, bought some years ago at a hunting-supply store and now worked thin at the knee. He wears a cap and an extra-large flannel shirt, heavy socks, a pair of hip boots, and a brown duck coat with a game pouch in the back. He carries a rifle and, attached by a cord to a six-volt battery at his waist, a small, expensive rechargeable spotlight, like a miner's lamp. Once dressed, he is visibly excited.

Coon season in North Carolina runs from late October through February, and Garland hunts on as many nights as he can. Sometimes he is home by midnight and sometimes by five in the morning—it depends on how far afield the dogs go to tree. He prefers having company when he hunts, but he will also hunt alone. He likes to reach the heart of the swamp and lie down on his back and watch the stars.

I went hunting with him the first time on a November night. Just before that, I had talked to Joseph Kopka, a federal agent in Washington and a close friend of Garland's from the years when he worked liquor under Zetts out of Rocky Mount. Kopka had gone hunting once with Garland, and he asked me if I had, and I said no but Garland planned to take me, and he said, “Well, let me tell you, he's going to get you out in the swamp chasing those dogs and trail you through briars, and lead you over stumps, and drop you down on the other side into water and muck and mud, and have you fall all over saplings, and get stuck with thorns and wet up to your neck, and then he's going to turn around and grin at you and say, ‘Aren't we having us a *time!*’ ”

Garland told me that Joe had by chance been on an especially rigorous hunt, and that he felt bad about it. “That was a rough hunt,” he said. “We went to a place where there were a lot of stumps and sharp dropoffs, and you go up over the top and come down and you're half up your legs in water, and it was something terrible in this world, and I didn't really want to go in there, but the coon went in, and the dogs went after the coon, and we had to go, too.”

I had a gentleman's hunt, and didn't even really get wet. Colleen made us a big dinner of steaks and black-eyed peas and tomatoes and corn, and then, while we undressed and changed in the front room, played the piano in the parlor. When we finished, she came in and said, “That's so you'd know where I was.”

Garland chose Bigfoot, a five-year-old, and Spike, a yearling, to hunt with the older dog, for experience. He opened the door to the dog box in the bed of his pickup and pointed inside, and Bigfoot jumped in first and Spike immediately after, and we left the others behind, howling. We hunted first in Beech Swamp. Garland loosed the dogs in a peanut field, and they ran—two dark, sprinting forms—for the trees. After they disappeared from

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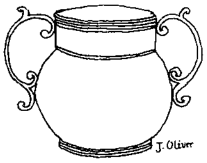
sight, we heard their paws slapping the field and then lost the sound of them altogether. It was a cool night, with a clear sky full of stars and a shade of a moon. The woods in the dark looked solitary and strange, like blue hills, and the fields like the surface of a lake.

We walked down the crop rows toward the woods. The peanuts had been harvested several days before, and those left behind by the combine lay spread on the dirt. Garland shelled some, and said that at the age of seventeen he had apprenticed at a welding school in Newport News, and there, with a boy from West Virginia, had had one of the biggest arguments of his life. "His position was that peanuts grew on trees, and I said they grew underground. He said if they grew underground they'd be so gritty you couldn't eat them. We fought all up and down the top of a big old pile of scrap iron. That boy was *tough*."



Soon we could hear the dogs circling back in the swamp—running over dry leaves, splashing through water. We heard Spike bark. Garland said, "I hope he's got a coon." He listened intently, and when Bigfoot paid no attention he decided that Spike was simply overstimulated. Every few minutes, Garland snapped on his light and swept the treetops for a coon that might have heard the truck and somehow eluded the dogs. Spike kept up a steady call. Garland heard him out, listening for changes in cadence or rhythm or urgency, but none arrived, and finally he yelled, "Hush, now, you ain't found a coon!" Bigfoot had hardly made a sound, and Garland said that for the time being, at least, he wasn't likely to. "He's a semi-silent," he said. "There's also a silent and an open. A dog that's an open barks as soon as he strikes the track. He'll run you farther, because the coon hears him and flees. A silent can sneak right up on him."

Because Garland felt that Spike was distracting Bigfoot, he went in after him and hauled him back to the truck. We stood at the edge of the field then, listening to Bigfoot tramping down brush at a lope in the swamp. An advantage of a talky dog like Spike is that you always know where he is. A quiet dog can slip away from you and sometimes get so far off that you can't even hear him when he trees. Garland decided he had left Bigfoot long enough. He called for him, got no response, and let Spike go to see if he could bring him back. While we waited, he said that the most coon dogs he had ever had was nineteen, and that he had reached that number as a boy by collecting strays and raising puppies. He fed them corn bread his mother made for them until the day she rebelled and went out and counted them up and said he'd have to get rid of them. He walked out to the neighbors' farms and gave each of them two or three dogs and said, "This thing's going to die down in a few weeks, and when it does you let them loose and they'll wander home."

Spike had by now come to rest. Following his call, we found Bigfoot staring into the branches of a persimmon tree. Garland scanned them top to bottom with his light and decided that it was a tree where a coon had been. He took hold of Bigfoot's collar. "I got some good leashes," he said, "but a policeman's got one, colored fellow's got another, I lost one, and another's tied up with a dog in the yard."

We got back to the truck without Spike. Garland leaned against it and called, "*Hey*-yuh! *Hey*-yuh! Spike!" He started the truck and drove it a few yards down the field to get Spike's attention. He blew the horn. When Spike finally appeared, Garland loaded him up and said, "I'm going down that further pea patch beyond the creek." We left the state road by a farmhouse and drove into a field.

"What we're doing tonight is spot hunting," he said. "Going from place to place, field to field. When you go real coon hunting, you just loose the dogs in the swamp and stay with them half the night." Garland parked, and freed the dogs, and they started bawling immediately, disappeared into the woods, and announced that they had treed. Garland stormed into the woods. Vines trailed after him and snapped. Ferns collapsed. Saplings bent before him, sprang back up, and shivered in his wake. We went down a short slope and crossed a creek and came to soft ground. Garland shone his light ahead and found Bigfoot standing with his front paws on the trunk of a gum. Garland was skeptical. He said, "That's a mighty shabby-looking tree, Bigfoot."

He circled the tree, shining his light in the branches and squalling to imitate an angry coon. Coons turn their heads at a good imitation, and the hunters find their shiny, coppery eyes

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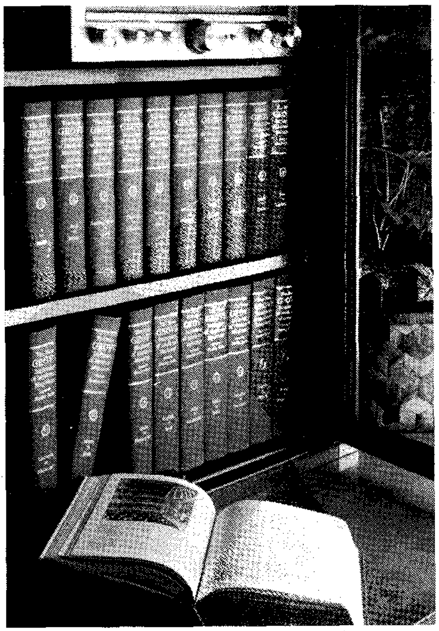

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with the light. Garland pointed out the coon among the upper branches. "Now you've seen a coon up a tree," he said. "I've been to a tree one time and seen a bear up there like that." He shot the coon and let the dogs collect it and savor the scent. Then he wrestled it from them and stuffed it into his game pouch. We left the woods by his compass, and as soon as we reached the field Bigfoot had another, and we turned around and went back in. This coon was invisible among the uppermost branches of a cypress. Garland circled the tree three times, working his light among the branches, and then gave him up.

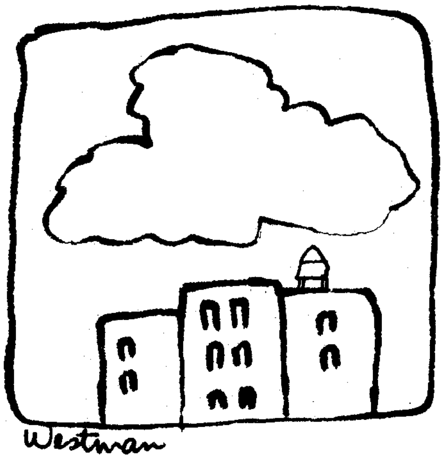
We drove to another field. The dew had fallen, and the dogs, racing back and forth in the wet grass, made a sound like a flock of birds flying low overhead. They led us eventually to a coon up an oak in the middle of the swamp. Garland had the light, and I had to keep my eyes on his feet to see the trail ahead. Because I was wearing shoes and needed hip boots, Garland carried me on his back across a stream of slow-running water to a patch of ground beneath the tree. The dogs splashed up to their chests in the water and bent their heads to drink. It was several minutes before the coon would turn his head. I shone the light, and Garland found him sitting in the fork of the tree. On the way back to the truck, he said that he was going to stop off the next day and deliver the coons to a black friend, who made extra money on the pelts.

GARLAND: "My daddy's people came from Pitt County, around Greenville, North Carolina, south of Oak City, where I was raised, and about forty miles from Scotland Neck. They were farmers, and they had the usual crops—tobacco, soybeans, peanuts, cotton, and corn. My daddy himself had several small farms, around two hundred acres apiece, but it wasn't his land. He paid solid rent—which means that he gave a flat fee for the farm and kept the yield. He also did custom work, picking peanuts at harvest, and during the season he did a little trucking—hauling fertilizer in two-hundred-pound bags from the railroad boxcars to the various farmers for so much a ton. Me and my eldest brother, Frank, often did it for him—carried the bags on our backs and stacked them five high in the farmer's barn. My daddy had a ton-and-a-half flat-body GMC truck, and with it we could haul two tons, although we did put five tons in it one time to make less trips—just boys trying to unload it fast, taking a chance. There weren't any restrictions on the roads then, because they were dirt, but mostly we kept the weight down, because in the spring the ground was soft and slick as grease and you could get stuck mighty bad with a heavy load. I have three brothers, but the one next to me is dead, and two sisters, one of whom died in infancy. My sister is in Tarboro, about fifteen miles west of Oak City, and my two brothers are in Oak City.

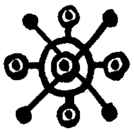
"As a boy, I hunted coon, fished in the creeks, and, come the last of September, when the weather began to turn, set steel traps for fur in the swamps. I had about five dozen traps, and I'd lay them out over three or four miles, and I remembered what creek and what log every single one of them was at. I used to have the best memory your eyes ever fell on—I *still* remember bootleggers' phone numbers; I even recall their license plates—and out in the swamps is where I learned to use it. What I'd catch was mink, muskrat, raccoon, and otter—mostly mink. I'd take them to buyers in Tarboro, Greenville, and Williamston—wherever I got the best price—and they'd ship them up north.

"Another thing I'd do for a pastime was ride a horse. I had my own horse. He was a big black horse with a blaze face, and his name was Bob. The fertilizer companies put out teams to the farmers during the year, and if they couldn't pay for them by the fall the company would bring them in for a sale. Trapping furs and hauling fertilizer and stacking peanuts at harvest, I had saved up fifty dollars cash money. The man from the fertilizer company said he'd take fifty-one, and I borrowed a dollar from a man standing next to me who knew my daddy. I was so proud. The horse looked like a coat hanger, though I really didn't see it at the time. He was so poor he'd have to go twice through a place to make a shadow. He was tall, though, and he held his head way high, and in his eyes he looked real clear and sharp. I felt in my heart that he was a sturdy animal, but when I got him back to the farm my daddy said, 'What have you drug home this skeleton for me to feed!' But I grazed him, and in a short while Bob picked up, and I cleaned him up, and he still held his head high, and he could natural-born run. When that horse went out of town, his tail stretched straight out and his mane was flying. I wish I had some films of him made back then.

"My daddy said that if Bob could pull plows or wagons—that is, if he could *work*—he could stay. I started right away to train him so he could kneel down and lay down, and rear up on his hind legs and go maybe twenty or thirty feet before he would fall. That was a thing they loved in town. It scared them. In fact, it got so if I saw a man in a movie do something on a horse I'd have to try it on Bob. He became a great workhorse, too. He hauled timber, he pulled plows, he pulled a cart, he pulled a wagon, and my daddy grew real proud of him. We got to using him a lot as a snake horse. A snake horse is one that you hook up to a log and he drags it to the truck. Tell you a funny thing that happened with Bob. I squirrel-hunted with him—that horse would do anything—and one time I laid the shotgun down between his ears and used his head as a sight. You know, I didn't have any better sense, and when the gun went off he threw me one way and the gun went another. I had Bob about five or six years, and then he ate some moldy peanut hay.



"When I was a boy, I wouldn't say I was strong, but I could handle my own end of things. As I got a little older, about eighteen, W. E. Early, the local policeman, asked me to help him out. One night when I was about twenty, Mr. Early caught three guys—thieves is what they were—breaking into a store, and they jumped him, and as a result he became disabled, and as a result I became the town policeman. When I started, they had about five sawmills just outside town. Oak City was plush timber country then—pine, gum, oak, cypress, sycamore—and in those days they cut the forest with portable sawmills, what are called ground mills. They'd move them right into the tract of timber and then carry the green wood to market for lumber. The guys that worked them were the backwash of Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, Virginia. You know what I mean—not convicts, exactly, but they'd been here and there, and they probably couldn't work anyplace else. They'd come to the sawmills and stay six months and then just drift away, and when they came into my small town on weekends and got liquored up to fight and saw only one policeman they just thought they could run him down. You see, I was under-equipped. I didn't have a radio or a car. I'd sit up in a tree at night, and I could see the whole town, and what I couldn't see I could hear. If it came to it, I would have to jump in front of a speeding automobile with a two-by-four in my hand, and the driver had to stop or run me over, one. What I did have was just an old Owl's Head pistol. An Owl's Head pistol has an owl's picture on the handle, and if you refer to a man in this country as having an Owl's Head pistol what you mean is that he's got a pistol ain't worth a damn. Well, I didn't just have a worthless gun, I actually had an Owl's Head pistol. Besides that, all I had was my wit and my strength to survive by. I'd step in the door of some rowdy joint where I had a complaint and shout, 'Ain't no rootin' and tootin', won't be no cuttin' and shootin'.' And if that didn't bring order I'd shoot out the light and duck under the counter and let them settle it among themselves.



"Another thing I had to protect me was a reputation as a conjurer. In that country, there are people who believe in miraculous cures and spells and signs and omens and magic, and many of them felt that I was a conjure doctor, and nothing I could do would persuade them I wasn't. Conjure doctors sell roots and herb mixtures and dusts and powders and various other blame concoctions that they claim will ward off evil and keep witches out of the house. Sorcerers is what people think they are, really. They say they can take dirt from a man's shoe track and stop it up tight in a bottle and drop it in a stream of running water, and it will drive the man crazy—the running water won't ever let him rest. They'll take a portion of lye or some flour—any kind of white powder, actually—and with it make an 'X' before a man's doorstep, and he won't cross it for fear of death. To make a man leave his house, bag and baggage, they'll stick a frog through its back with a nail, put it in the bottom of an old coffeepot, and place it by his door; or noose a doll baby, write the man's name on it, drive a nail between its shoulders, and hang it in the wind from his porch. (I saw that pulled on a bootlegger one time. I got accused of it, but I didn't do it. A deputy sheriff did. I was *talking* about it, but I didn't mean for him to put it into effect.) Conjure doctors are also called root doctors, because they sell Adam-and-Eve roots, which they collect from ditch banks and bottle up in little vials. Puttyroot is what they are. A practicing conjure doctor is said to be working some roots, and his customer, or his victim—if he knows about it—will say, 'The doctor is working some roots on me.' Different kinds of Adam-and-Eve roots accomplish different things, but basically there are love roots and hate roots. One time, I caught a bootlegger who had just bought some roots against revenuers and was keeping them at his still and was seriously cast down when they failed to work. I told him that there had been a simple mistake—the roots had worked, the doctor had just given him the wrong kind. 'He gave you the kind that gets you time in the penitentiary,' I said.

"Now, I have heard people tell me that they thought that if I put cat hairs on a man's doorstep he would come to grief, or if I got hold of a piece of his clothing I could hex it and bring him to harm. How it all started, I used to do sleight-of-hand tricks. I had one where I took four nickels and put them under a jar and when you turned the jar over they came out four dimes, and another where I'd pull money from behind a man's ears. Well, people in Oak City would wonder, with all I had done, why I hadn't been killed, and when they saw me do this they concluded I'd made a pact with the Devil. I know, because I sent an informer along one time with a man who was suspicious of me and was seeking a conjure doctor on it. Alice Wiggins was the name of the conjure doctor. She had fiery-looking eyes, and her hair stood straight up, and she batted one eye at a time, and she looked just as wild as a bear to me. The informer took the man to her house, and the man said, 'I understand there's a man in this town putting down stuff for me to walk on and blister the soles of my feet,' and she said, 'Have you got any idea of who it

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is?’ And he said, ‘Yeah, it’s that policeman,’ meaning me, and she said, ‘Well, I was going to tell you that.’ She said, ‘He’s got everybody’s number in town. He knows the score, and, not only that, he knows it before the game is played.’ She said, ‘He went into a graveyard one dark night, when it was thunder and lightning, and had a pot of boiling water, and put a black cat in it, and boiled off all the flesh and hair until they went to the bottom, and then took out the one bone that stayed floating on top, and that was the black-cat bone, and to be sure it was the right one he went home and looked in the mirror at midnight and sawed it back and forth across his teeth, and it made a sound so shrill it broke the glass. And when the mirror broke,’ she said, ‘he was sold out. He got the power of the Devil and the Lord with him both, and nothing you or I can do to stop him. You can’t shoot him, or burn him up in a house, either. He can read your mind like it’s you thinking, and he can snap his fingers and pick your money out of your pockets.’ Well, I went to a man’s house with a warrant not long after that, and he said, ‘Lord have mercy, Mr. Bunting, please don’t take my money. I know you can snap your fingers and take people’s money, but, please, I need my money.’ I said, ‘Well, now, have I ever done anything to you? Don’t you know me for an honest man?’ And I told him I couldn’t get his money, but he didn’t agree. These are the kinds of things people were saying, and they believed it, and I couldn’t disabuse them from it. Country people, you know. They put a lot of junk on me. Many times, though, it’s what kept me alive. These people all thought I was something supernatural, and when I went into a damn joint to get them they felt they were got and there was nothing they could do about it. I told the man that took over after me in Oak City never to go to any place alone, and he said, ‘Oh, you just think there ain’t anybody as tough and as smart as you.’ I explained it didn’t really have anything to do with my physical strength or ability, just what these people thought, but he wouldn’t listen, and the first time he went in some place by himself they nearly turned his lights out. After that, I quit it with the magic tricks, but I never really shook the reputation. People continued to consult me.

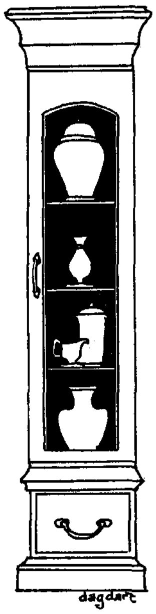
“A lawyer told me one time he had some clients and the witches were riding them to death. ‘They’ve been trying their best to get me to find out how to get rid of them,’ he said. ‘Can you help?’ I said, ‘Yeah, I know exactly what keeps witches out of the house. All in the world you got to do is paint one windowsill blue. You can paint all if you want to, but you only have to paint one.’ Next time I saw him, he said it had worked fine, and they’ve been resting well since.

“So that was Oak City. All my best memories are in that town.”

IN Oak City: “Here’s what was my daddy’s land, planted the same way now. This was called the Worsley Farm. Yonder was woods. My trap lines started in that swamp across the field. That was a pretty swamp in those days. It hadn’t been logged or nothing.

“This used to be as pretty a grove as you have ever seen—about fifteen oaks and a sandy yard and a big two-story house with lightwood sills. There used to be a pecan grove beyond it. We lived there for about three years, and then the wiring caught fire, and after it burned down we moved across the street. Old Bob was housed in that barn, and there was a pasture next to it.

“The boy that lived in this house borrowed a suit from me one time. It was the first suit I ever had—a tropical-wool worsted with padded shoulders. I got it mail order and he borrowed it and I never had the chance to put it on. He was courting a schoolteacher, and he went off and burned a cigarette hole in it. It broke my heart, because I had it patched up but it was never the same.”



The woods crowd the fields in Oak City. The land is flat, and the streets are laid out on a grid. On Commerce Street, in the center of town, are the premises, now empty, of Bunting’s Dry Cleaners, which Garland started in 1949, while he was a policeman, and had just got off the ground when he was drafted. Elsewhere in Oak City, when I last visited Garland, were the Worsley-Bunting Milling Company, Bunting’s Appliance Service, Bunting’s Grocery, and Bunting’s Tractor and Used Cars, all belonging to relatives. Another highlight: a small, single-story house by the railroad tracks, with a porch, and trees in the yard.

“I was born in this house,” Garland said. “April 23, 1926. The trees have grown up since.

“Mr. Early, the policeman I took over from, lived in this house one time, and that’s a cotton gin, only it’s not working anymore.

“I lived in this yellow piece of house with the porch when I was three. It was new then, and it’s where I started school from. I helped to build some barns in the back when I was a boy, but I don’t see any of them now. Whew! Smell that hogpen.

“I’ve raided all these houses in times gone by. I got a man lived in this house for a killing. What the man who died had done was buy some watermelon for a woman the other man was going with. The killer stalked him around town, and when he went down by the railroad tracks he shot him in a rage.

“This old, shabby hut used to be a joint called the Greasy Spoon. That’s the first place I ever saw people do the boogie-woogie.

“Here’s where my oldest brother, Frank, lives. He could build a radio before he was out of high school. That house trailer in the yard is where he keeps his TVs. He works as a supervisor on the highway, but he makes more money with his TV-repair business.

“We had a circus come to town when I was a boy and set up a tent in that field, directly where that brick house is now, and they brought lions and tigers and horses and monkeys, and they offered to pay somebody fifty dollars, which was all *kinds* of money in those days, to hold down this bear they had for five minutes—which, of course, couldn’t be done. An Alabama black bear is what they called her. She went about five hundred and fifty. Well, this great big, tall, robust fellow in town, Zeke Robinson—he was a laborer sometimes, but mostly a logging hand—decided he’d challenge the bear. He’d never seen the bear—nobody had until that night—and I think he thought it was some little old hog bear, like they have around here.

“The circus built a platform in the tent about two feet off the ground and maybe twelve by twelve, with seats all around it. Zeke’s standing on the platform, and they bring in the bear, and the moment he sees it I can tell he’s scared from his wits, but what he says is 'Bring on that bear! I'm ready for her!' And rears back and pounds his chest and tries to stare down the bear. There were three guys holding the bear by a chain, and she gave the chain a slap with her paw and flipped them over like they were doll babies. Two more guys rushed up and grabbed the chain, and she did the same thing and sent them flying, too. They got her up on the platform. She was muzzled, and blowing and pawing—she seemed to be the nervous type of bear—and she knew from past experience what was going on, and as soon as she hit the platform she made a dive for Zeke and slammed him down so hard that the whole platform just *rattled*, and was on top of him and had him in a headlock and was about to smother him, and Zeke couldn't budge the bear. He just about got his head free one time and started shouting, 'You better come get your bear. I might hurt her!' Well, as soon as they heard that, some men from the circus rushed up and tried to get the bear off him—they could see Zeke's predicament—but they couldn't move her. Meanwhile, Zeke's wife went running to Mr. Early, shouting, 'You're the police—*do* something!' What she wanted was for Mr. Early to shoot the bear, but he didn't want any part of the bear. The bear had Zeke locked up and he was shouting and people were laughing so hard they were falling over backward, and nobody could do anything until somebody got hold of the bear's ear and pinched it real hard, and she let go. Zeke made it to his feet and got out his knife and started chasing the bear. What he wanted to do was cut her, and Mr. Early had to arrest him for trying to assault the bear."

Garland drove along the edge of a tobacco field near town. The tobacco had been recently picked, and what was left was the rows of stalks and the shoots growing out of them. We passed the house of the friend who had borrowed the suit, and a thought struck Garland, and he said, "I want you to meet some of the boys I come up with." We turned down the driveway of a brick ranch house built in the middle of a field. Ahead, nine men in dark suits stood around some pickup trucks. "Looks like they're funeralizing," Garland said. Ray Turner was the name of the man who owned the house, and it was his wife's mother who had died. He leaned in the window. Garland said he was sorry to hear the news, and wanted to leave, but Turner said he was thankful she had lived a long and active life, and wouldn't let him. Garland said he was showing me around and wanted to introduce me to some of his old friends, and Turner asked if Garland had told me about Bob. "He often used to ride Bob bareback," he said. "With Garland, it was a Howdy and a Hi-yo Silver. Bob was a wild horse, and Garland was just as wild as he was. He didn't come from out West, but he did all the things the Western boys *claimed* to do. He was a real cool cat and a Hot-Rod Harry, and he knew every tree and holler from here to the river." Turner leaned back and shook his head. "He's got friends all over this country," he went on. "Whatever he tells you, you can add something to it, because that rascal is too modest."

Turner's remarks made Garland shy, and while he listened he tried with both hands to work a plastic coffee cup between the seat and the hump of the drive shaft. Turner's son and brother-in-law came over, and Turner introduced them proudly to Garland. Mrs. Turner came out of the house, drying her hands on an apron, and said she was happy to see him. Turner told me that as a friend of Garland's if I ever came through Oak City and needed a place to stay I could rely on him. He looked at Garland again and said, "Garland made the old feel young and the poor feel rich. He didn't know shoes hardly, but his feet were so tough a briar wouldn't stick in them. And I mean he stayed in the woods. Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett, they knew a *little*."

This was all Garland could stand. He raised his eyes, we all shook hands, and he said, "All right, brother, I think it's time we left."

When he spoke up again, it was to say, "I think what I'm going to do now is carry you out and show you the swamp."

On the way, we stopped for gas at a crossroads filling station. An older man named James Ayers, who was the mayor of Oak City when Garland was its police force, was putting gas in a small red truck. He was pleased to see Garland.

"I'm ashamed to say what I paid him," Ayers told me. "What was it, Garland? Forty dollars a week? No? A *month*? Forty dollars a month for policing the town Saturday afternoons and nights, and anyone could call him in between. We didn't have any money then—no federal money, zero, the

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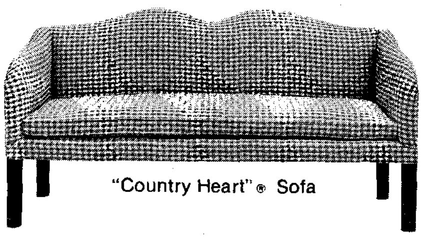

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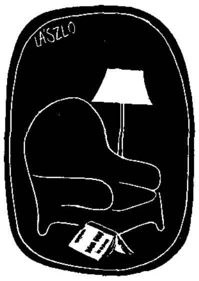
whole time I was mayor. We took care of public works, and what was left over we paid Garland. What I remember is as a boy he always used to go down to the millpond in the swamp and swim."

"I'm taking him down to the millpond now," Garland said.

What light there was in the swamp came through the canopy of trees and fell to the ground in shafts. Shadows rippled across Garland's back as he walked. We followed the turning bank of a creek. Garland said that it flowed into the Roanoke River, and that north of Oak City it was called Ward's Swamp, but people in Oak City called it Conoho Creek. He said that he would set his traps, sometimes covered with leaves, sometimes baited with fish heads, in hollow logs and shallow water up and down the creek. A place he would leave a trap was anywhere he found a track. He said a raccoon leaves a clear print in the mud of the bank, but a mink, because his legs are short and his stomach brushes against the ground, leaves a smear, like the trail of a snake.



He said that he had found stills in swamps, but never in this one. He said that people in Oak City never thought highly of a bootlegger—although in some places they are heroes—and that was probably one thing that helped turn him against liquor. He said that he had let a lot of dogs loose after coons in this swamp and that it was home to him, and that he wasn't bragging, or complaining, or trying to sell me anything, either. He said that as a boy he learned to tell the difference between the calls of the roosters on opposite sides of the swamp. The one on the west had a keener crow, and if he was lost at night he would stop and listen, and march out to that rooster hollering midnights.

We passed a grove of hollies. Garland said that people from Oak City would come out and harvest the branches for sale at Christmas. He led me through stands of ferns and around the rims of kettle-shaped depressions, which he said filled up with rain in winter. We crossed over or walked around a number of fallen trees and branches. Garland said that the last time he was in the swamp it had been possible to walk in his Sunday shoes. Since then, logging had removed a number of trees and left piles of brush. People called them laps, because the treetops lap down over one another in the piles.

The air was cool and damp and smelled of mud. Little specks of things floated through the shafts of light. There were flies. Garland put up a covey of quail, and we watched them scatter. A fish stirred the surface of a pool. Garland said the swamp was full of fish—crappies, bluegills, redeyes, redfins, jackfish, and bream. He said that it was something from the cypress trees that stained the water the color of cola. (In fact, it is tannic acid.) He said that the millpond was all that he and his friends had ever known of swimming—they didn't know any river or ocean. Before they could swim in the millpond, they had to pound the water with branches and sticks and the palms of their hands to beat the snakes off it. He said that the snakes were cottonmouths—so named because of their cotton-white mouths. They are also called water moccasins, and are irascible and poisonous. When he and his friends arrived to swim, they would see the cottonmouths sliding around on top of the water, with their tongues licking out, and after they had stirred up the water they would occasionally see the snakes lounging against the bank, but generally the snakes didn't like a lot of noise and would disappear. He said that in a straw field you could smell a snake. You couldn't pinpoint him, but you knew you were both in the same neighborhood. A rattlesnake smells like a bear. A copperhead smells like a cucumber or a watermelon, and sometimes it will put you in mind of new-mown hay. He said that you couldn't smell a cottonmouth while he was in the water, but if he left it you could.

We arrived then at a bluff overlooking still water in the heart of the swamp. Vines looped themselves above us and hung from the trees. Garland stood beside the smooth, muddy bank on the base of an upended oak. He extended his hand briefly, then withdrew it, as if he were pushing from him something on a table.

"Here's the millpond," he said quietly. And, turning to face me, "Ain't that a pretty black water?"

A PHOTOGRAPH in Garland's possession shows pinewoods and, among the trees, row after row of pine vats. Because of the foreshortening of the camera's lens, the vats appear to stretch all the way to the vanishing point. Each is approximately four feet square and three feet deep. They are set next to one another with not much clearance between rows, and what they amount to is a small, shallow pond, a marsh, a swamp, a lagoon of mash. The still, one of the largest that Garland has ever found, was discovered in 1962, in remote woods in Nash County. Nash is next to Halifax. Garland calls it Mash County. Over the years, it has been noted for its apple brandy, which is prized and expensive and counterfeit. In western North Carolina, apple brandy is distilled from a mash of pulverized apples, called pomace. Nash County bootleggers simply flavor their whiskey with apple cores. According to Garland, the result is practically a duplicate of real brandy, and, dishonestly sold as real brandy, is worth three times as much as plain whiskey.

Garland has found stills in a tobacco-ordering pit (the place on a farm where they wet down tobacco to make it limp enough to pack), buried under a hogpen with hogs on top, in cow barns, in chicken houses, concealed among rows of corn in the middle of a field, so far back in a swamp that he had to take a boat to reach it, in forests, in attics, in basements, and in the back of a trailer truck moving down the highway. One bootlegger set up a still in the living room of a ranch house, and laid down plywood on the floors and as high as the windows in each of the five bedrooms and turned them into vats. He parked a boat in the front yard and tied up a pony and put up a swing set, and paid a woman to sit on the swings all day with her little girl. The woman turned out to be a prostitute and the girl her illegitimate daughter. "Your mind can't concoct *nothing* that they haven't already thought of to use," Garland says.

The still I saw was in Hertford County, northeast of Halifax, in woods near Boykins, Virginia. It took forty minutes to drive there from Garland's. It was a small still, with one barrel of mash—fifty gallons of mash, which would make five gallons of liquor. You really can't get much smaller. A smaller still is a chemistry set.

Because the still was in Hertford County, I met Calvin Pearce, until recently the A.B.C. officer there, and because I met Calvin I met Earl Outland, from Northampton County, an agent Calvin often worked with; both are now retired. Northampton borders

Halifax. Garland called in deep summer, during a wave of intense heat, and said he was working on a still with two other agents and if I wanted to come see it I could. The next evening, I was sitting at the table in the kitchen of the farmhouse with Garland and Zetts, who was on his way to Maine. He was stopping overnight to leave at the farmhouse a television set he had bought for twenty-five dollars and to have work done in town on his car.

The light faded on the fields. Zetts dealt a hand of solitaire. Garland said he had spent the day in Nash County rounding up a man he had caught several times for selling liquor on Sunday mornings. "The sheriff in Nash County had all kinds of complaints about people raising hell around their churches and keeping the farm labor drunk," he said. "So I found the guy Sunday morning at his store—he has a general store—and made three buys. At nine-fifty, I drove up in my truck and bought a six-pack, and at ten-thirty I went back and pretended to be just a little affected by it and bought another six-pack and a fifth of wine."

Zetts wound up his game and went outside and, with a pocketknife, cut a blossom from a gardenia bush that grew in view of the kitchen window. He came in and put it in a thermos cup and filled the cup with water, and placed the flower in the center of the table. We ate fried chicken and then a banana cake that Colleen had made. Garland said that for the past three days he and the other agents had been checking the still once or twice a day, and that that wasn't the way he liked to do it, but it wasn't his territory, so he was keeping quiet. How much time he puts in on a still depends on the size, but he prefers to camp out on stills. "I don't spot-check," he said. "I take my sleeping bag and *lay* on them." He said that sometimes he had stayed so long in the woods on a still that afterward he felt uncomfortable in his own bed. When that happens, he collects his sleeping bag and unrolls it beside the hedges in his back yard. "I long ago reached the conclusion that I was unusual," he said.

Garland left after dinner, saying that he was tired, and adding that we should depart for the still the next morning around nine. He and the other agents thought that it might run then, but they were by no means sure.

Garland had Mr. Whitehead's permission for me to stay at the farmhouse. Zetts and I saw him off from the porch and stood a moment watching the fireflies signalling over the fields and the road, and Garland's taillights finding the horizon. We went back in and set up a fan in the kitchen, and Zetts played another game of solitaire, and then we got ready for bed. While I brushed my teeth, Zetts towered beside me and said, "One time, there was a bootlegger named Ernest, who had a big brick house with a barn behind, where he stored mash boxes and coils and barrels and cookers and other still materials, and for a time Garland and I were checking the barn regularly, because it was obvious to us, with what he had on hand, that he was going to put up a big steam plant somewhere, and we wanted to follow the equipment and find out where he was laying it down. Well, this one day we went, it was just before light. We'd worked all night in the area, and had then stashed the car nearby Ernest's and taken off through the woods in the dark, and when we got to the yard behind his house there was a real heavy frost covering the grass. We left a trail on it, but we figured the sun would come out and erase it. Ernest had a barbed-wire fence around his yard—what it was meant to look like was a mule ring, except ordinarily you would never make a mule ring from barbed wire—and he had electrified it, but instead of wiring it for twelve volts, which would be normal, he had spliced into the house current at a hundred and ten. If a mule ever did hit it, he wouldn't hit it again; mules are a lot smarter than people think. It was obvious, anyway, that Ernest didn't mean it for a mule; he just really wanted to catch us out there, and he was mean. I went ahead of Garland, and when I came to the fence and saw an insulator on the post and realized it was electrified, I slid under it on my back, so I could watch it, and when I did I gave Garland an Irish whisper. I didn't want to say it too loud, because we were right behind Ernest's house, and that son of a bitch would shoot you. I knew damn well he had a gun by the side of his bed—he had a gun with him everywhere he went—and over all he threatened to kill me more than once. So I whispered, 'For God's sakes, Garland, be careful, it's live,' and went on my way.

"But he didn't hear me. I *guess* he didn't hear me, because halfway across the pasture, crawling on my hands and knees, I heard a strange noise, like a

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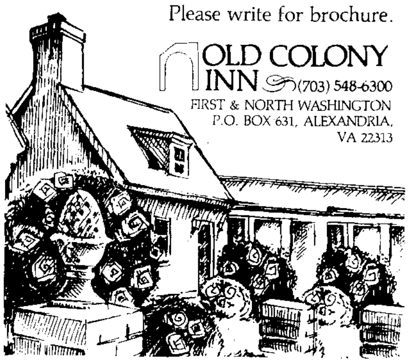

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mournful moan, and when I looked back at Garland fire was coming out of his forehead, and maybe science will disprove this but each of his fingers had a lightning bolt shooting out of it. Real fire. I had never seen anything like that. He was really lit up like a lamp in the dark, and his mouth was open but nothing was coming out of it. He didn't want to holler, for fear he'd wake up the bootlegger."

THE next morning, Zetts and I had breakfast in town, and then I took him to the mechanic's to pick up his car, and he left. I went over to Garland's, and we took the newer of his trucks to drive to Earl Outland's. In Scotland Neck, the crêpe myrtle was in bloom. Outside town, a haze covered the skyline of the woods and the fields, and filled the notch the road cut through the woods in the distance. Woods follow the road much of the way to Earl's house. If you look at woods from the window of a moving car, the trees in front seem to pass more quickly than the ones behind, which makes the woods appear to revolve.

Earl lives in Rich Square, sixteen miles northeast of Scotland Neck. He and his wife share a foursquare red-trimmed white house set among fields by the side of Route 561. In an aluminum outbuilding behind the house, Earl has a workshop, where he carries on a sideline business in mechanical repair: fans, chain saws, lawnmowers, tractors—whatever comes his way. Mostly lawnmowers. On the cleared land beyond it, he farms. He is now sixty-five and was a revenuer for seventeen years. Before that, he was in sales and service with a propane-gas company, and, before that, a member of the sheriff's department. He has skeptical, slightly crossed eyes, and a round, deadpan face full of lines. His voice is scratchy, and his accent is languid. "Garland" he pronounces "Gah-lun." He is hardworking but not especially ambitious. He can fly an airplane; he says he never really wanted to know how to do this, but in the early seventies he rented planes so often to look for stills that the pilot at the airport tired of taking him and said he would have to learn to fly himself.

When we arrived, Earl was sitting on a folding chair in the shade of the overhang of his workshop roof. Five lawnmowers encircled him. Beside him was a table made from a tree stump, and on the table were a coffee mug and a pipe and a pouch of tobacco. A small, dusty, short-legged dog barked at Garland's truck. Earl shouted, "Hallelujah, brother!" The greeting was ironic. Earl is a Quaker, but lapsed. "I'm next thing to a heathen," he says.

Earl offered us coffee and went across the lawn to the house to make it. Garland set up two chairs, and we looked at the splendid sight of Earl's garden: rows of Silver Queen corn, butter beans climbing on strings, carrots, spinach, okra, cantaloupes, watermelon, sweet potatoes, and pumpkins. Beside the garden stood a row of peach trees, another of cherry trees, and a grape arbor. Earl brought the coffee and, referring to the garden, said, "None of it's high as last year on account of no rain."

Garland said, "We get some rain and you'll see this whole country just *shout*."

Earl pointed to the fields, which were planted in corn, and said they amounted to seventy-six acres and had been his until recently, when he sold all but three. "It took me twenty-five years to pay for this farm," he said. "And then I turned around and sold it."

"Well, how long have you lived around here?" Garland asked.

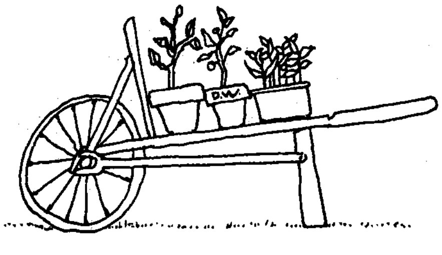
"I built this little old house in 1956," Earl said.

"What I mean is, where were you raised at?"

"Next door."

Earl had brought from the house a newspaper clipping about a big still he had captured the week before. The story ran across four columns on the front page of the *Daily Herald*, the paper in Roanoke Rapids, with a picture showing Earl leaning against the still. When I finished reading the story, Earl said he had something to show me in the workshop. From a corner he brought out a sign he uses as a prop in delivering talks about liquor. The sign, lettered in red and black, and based on statistics from 1968 to 1976, said:

1. In the last eight years 403 stills destroyed in Northampton County. Mash destroyed—320,000 gallons = 64,000 gallons non-tax-paid whiskey. At $10 per gallon, $640,000 that was not spent on non-tax-paid whiskey.
2. 40,000 gallons of non-tax-paid whiskey destroyed from distilleries and bootleggers. 40,000 gallons of non-tax-paid whiskey at $10 per gallon = $400,000 that was not spent by the public on non-tax-paid whiskey.
3. The total of $640,000 and $400,000 = $1,040,000. This amount represents money spent by the public for tax-paid whiskey in the place of non-tax-paid whiskey.



Earl climbed a stepladder and, from a high shelf, brought down a five-gallon jug, like the one in an office water cooler. It was stopped with a rag and held about two inches of whiskey as clear as drinking water—evidence he had seized at a still and was holding for trial. "I caught this about thirty miles from here, up near Garysburg," he said. "There were two men at the still and they were making decent whiskey, not excellent but decent, which you almost never find—no lead to it, and using pure water and steaming it slow. They had six hundred gallons of mash, and they'd only cooked off about twenty."

Upending the jug, Earl wet the rag and handed it to me. "I haven't had a drop of liquor in my stomach for thirty-nine years," he said. "But if I was a drinking man I'd just as soon drink that as taxpayers' whiskey. Well, I would, Garland, so quit staring at me like that. Tax-paid whiskey these days, there ain't nothing in it much but chemicals."

Earl poured a finger of the whiskey into a hydrometer, which registered its proof at between ninety-nine and a hundred—almost precisely half alcohol. He said it was a year old, and offered me a taste. I had a touch and nothing happened, and then another and nothing happened, and then took a full swallow. It was smooth on my tongue and raw going down, and a person who knows brand whiskey better than I might have been able to tell the difference, but I really couldn't.

What Garland had planned was to pick up Calvin Pearce and then visit the still, but since Calvin double-jobbed mornings delivering the mail we couldn't get him until he was through with his route. Instead, we sat in the shade outside Earl's workshop. Earl lit his pipe and tossed away the match; a circle of matches lay in the dirt around his chair. Birds skipped along the corrugated-aluminum roof and flew in and out of the corn.

"Earl can fix anything in the world on a lawnmower or a tractor," Garland said, "and he can make anything he wants—a washing machine, a damn furnace, a bicycle, what have you."

"I appreciate your saying that, Garland. You're building me up."

"If I had his ability, I'd be independent."

"Well . . ."

"And he's got *sense*."

"I don't know what sense I got."

"A man that has sense has money."

"I ain't got any money."

"You got a sturdy house and three acres of land. The house I'm in is about to fall down."

"Well, Garland, I'm going to talk disrespectful to you for a minute—I know you know I don't mean it that way. But you're the kind of man who would pay three thousand dollars for a coon dog."

"Well, I'm not saying I'll pay it, but I'll take it."

When Earl decided it was time to leave, he went to the house and came back with a varnished oak rod the length of a cane. A few inches of tape wrapped at one end made a grip. He calls this his snake stick, and he uses it mainly to clear briars from his path. When Garland saw it, he said that the other evening in the dark he stepped on a nest of copperheads and one of them wrapped itself around his leg and he did the Watusi dance all over the woods until he had shaken it off.

We climbed into the truck, and Garland put it in gear, and Earl said, "Wait a minute, I forgot my tourist glasses," and went back in the house and appeared again wearing sunglasses. We drove north on 561 with the windows open and had to raise our voices to be heard above the wind.

Earl asked Garland if he had enough gas.

"Yeah, I was up in Nash County Tuesday and got some," Garland said.

"But today's Tuesday," Earl said.

"No, it isn't. It's Wednesday."

"Well, I'm lost," Earl said. "I'm just as lost as I can be."

We passed fields, woods, houses, now and then a brick church.

Garland said, "I *like* my truck, Earl."

Earl said, "It rides good, Garland."

CALVIN PEARCE lives in Murfreesboro, fifteen minutes from Earl, in a long brick ranch house with a showcase lawn. When we arrived, he was standing in his driveway, by the garage, arranging tomatoes on a card table to ripen in the sun. Calvin is in his late fifties. He has black hair with gray in it, a rich voice, a welcoming manner, and the kind of handsome, square-jawed, sly-looking face that is at home under the visor of a baseball cap.

Garland convinced the two others that we should eat before leaving to visit the still, so we took Calvin's work car and drove toward town, but at a stoplight Calvin and Earl decided that it was too early, and too hot, and that it was a bad idea to go into the woods on a full stomach.

"I didn't have nothing but three bitty eggs and some salty ham for breakfast," Garland said. "And damn if they ain't gone already."

Neither Calvin nor Earl gave him any sympathy, because a few days before, after a visit to the still, they had stopped for lunch at an all-you-can-eat buffet and Garland had embarrassed them. "You eat like that today and I'm going to get another table," Earl said.

Garland's eating habits are intemperate. When he was a young man, he said, his breakfast ordinarily consisted of "a setting of eggs and a dose of ham." A setting is fifteen eggs. Sometimes he plans meals in his head. Once when we were together, his face had an abstracted look, and I asked him what he was thinking about. "I got my mind on a pork chop and some damn butter beans," he said. He claims to need an extravagant number of calories to fuel his activity. "If I can't eat, I can't *go*," he says. A person sitting down to dinner with him and viewing the spread of food on the table has the impression that two or three more people are expected.

While Garland's tastes are wide-ranging, he has an aversion to spinach ("It's too slick. It ain't nothing but slick, and it's too slick for me"), oysters ("You can't chew him. You might chew *at* him, but you can't chew *him*"), and lobsters. "I like a trout and I like a butterfish, but I can't abide a lobster," he says. "Lon Dean is the first I knew to eat them. That's the most I remember of Lon Dean, that lobster eating. He'd start beating on that thing, and the juice would be flying, and I'd be sitting next to him, and I always had on my best suit of clothes. I never even saw a lobster until I was twenty-three. I was in the service, and we were docked in Staten Island, ready to go abroad, and the captain told me, 'You get a few boys and go ashore and have some fun. I'm not going to let everyone go, but I know you'll come back.' So I got some

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friends, and we went to a restaurant, and I made a trip into the bathroom, and while I was out they ordered me a lobster. Well, when I saw it coming toward me on the plate laying up there with all them legs and those big claws sticking out, I stood up and said to the waitress, 'Don't you put that curious object near me.' I didn't know *what* it was. I thought maybe it was a damn jumbo crayfish, but I really had no idea. And she started saying, 'Well, I reckon I better call the law,' and I said, 'Don't call the law, but don't you serve me that thing, either.' Sooner or later, she figured out I was a country boy and I was telling the truth. I said, 'I tell you what, you give me that thing and I'll take it to my home town and scare every person in it.' "

Nowadays, Garland suffers from a blood-sugar problem, which forces him to push his chair back from the table sooner than he'd like to. He calls this trouble sugarbetes, as in "If I didn't have the sugarbetes, I could wade right through that cake there."

We returned to Calvin's house and transferred to Garland's truck. Since the cab had room only for three, Calvin gave me a lawn chair to set up in the bed. While I did, he and Earl skirmished for the window. Calvin and Earl specialize in baiting each other, like an old married couple. Calvin held the door for Earl, but Earl stepped behind him. Calvin said, "Earl, don't be messing around behind my back; just get in there." I sat facing the tailgate, my back against the cab and my feet braced on the dog box. As we started, I heard Calvin say, "Earl, get your hands down. Lord Almighty."

Out of Murfreesboro, the roads narrowed. We crossed the Meherrin River, then drove by a Baptist church standing beside a peanut field, and turned north. When Garland brought the truck to a stop at an intersection, I heard Calvin say, "Earl, don't you light that pipe," and then the sound of what I took to be Earl's pipe striking the dashboard after Calvin had knocked it from his mouth, and then I heard Earl say, "Calvin Pearce, *damn*, you're a sorry soul."

After about a mile, we turned onto a dirt road and travelled across a plowed field, putting up birds and raising dust, and when we reached a secluded corner, by some tall woods, Garland parked. He and Calvin and Earl took cans of insect repellent and sprayed their necks and shoulders and arms and ankles and trouser cuffs. I thought they were spraying against mosquitoes and decided to wait and see how bad they were. As it turned out, I didn't notice any.

The interior of the woods was still and damp, and noticeably better than the fields. Calvin struck a deer trail and followed it, parting branches in his path. Earl whacked his snake stick at briars and vines. The others must have rebuked Garland for talking, because he said indignantly, "I ain't talking to you. *Y'all* doing the talking," and dropped back beside me. We walked half a mile, stopping now and then for Calvin to sight a landmark.

Garland said, "You reckon you can find your way back to the truck, Calvin?"

Calvin said, "One way or another."

Calvin was leading us by the sun, but because the sky was overcast and the sun's position uncertain he slipped up on his bearings and brought us out unexpectedly into an open field. So as not to leave a footprint in it, we walked Indian file through the grass along its edge, and at the end of it reëntered the woods. Garland said, "We're getting rural now."

In the next half mile, we crossed three dry creekbeds, came to an overgrown logging road and took it, and stopped briefly when Earl grabbed a bush and said, "If it wasn't for no rain this would be blueberries." Beside the path we found a deer antler and a glass jug. Earl got down on one knee and took the top off the jug and smelled it and decided it had nothing to do with liquor. Then we arrived at a second field and walked along its edge, and again turned back into the woods. Garland said, "God *damn* Almighty, a devil's walking stick. You ever seen one of them? That's it right there, that bush with the thorns on the handle. I done grabbed it." We followed a road covered with pine needles, and stopped when we came to a path leading off to the left. Across the head of it lay a roll of rusted fence wire. Calvin pointed at it and said, "That's a dead giveaway as far as we're concerned," and I realized we were at the still path.

Garland turned to me and said, "Walk light as you can, now."

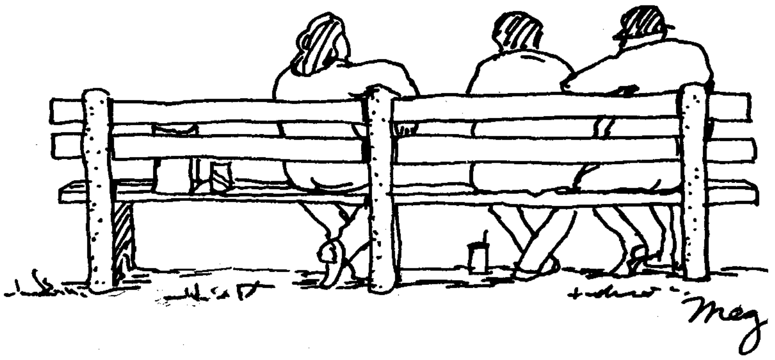
Thirty yards down the path, the black oval top of an oil drum came in view through the leaves. The three of them crouched. Earl sniffed the air. There was no scent of smoke or of mash being cooked, and no sound or apparent movement. Calvin watched for several minutes, and then stood up and walked toward the still. Earl jigged him in the seat of his pants with his snake stick, and Calvin said, "God *damn* you, Earl."

The still site was small and secluded and completely enclosed by the woods. A boiler made from a steel drum lay on its side across two cinder blocks, with a pit underneath it. In the pit were the remains of the fire left from the previous run, and two fifty-pound sugar bags laid for the next. Three oak barrels stood in a row for the cooker, the doubler, and the cooler. Calvin said the barrels were charred inside and had come from a legal distillery, probably in Virginia, where they would have been used to age a single run and then put up for sale.

I asked if the charred oak made better liquor, and Earl said, "You will get bootleggers will color their product and show it around and tell people, 'Look here, gentlemen, what I got—some charred-oak whiskey. Taste of it. Smell of it. See what you can do with it.' But unless you're aging your liquor in one, which this boy surely won't do, it doesn't make a bit of difference."

Earl remarked on the fact that all the connections were made with lead and soldered. Garland pulled a length of spiralled copper from the cooling barrel and said, "He's got a pretty worm, though." Calvin told me that before working the copper to shape bootleggers packed it with sand; that way, it wouldn't crimp.

Near where the path entered the still site, the bootlegger had sunk a well shaft and installed a pump head. Beside it were a wheel-



barrow, an old shovel, a small pile of kindling, a bottle of kerosene to feed the fire, and a small pile, a foot high and several feet around, of spent mash.

A second oil drum, covered with burlap, and with a board to keep the burlap in place, held the mash. Calvin pulled the burlap back. The mash was the color of shellac. Bits of grain floated through it, and a tiny fly twitched on its surface. Calvin ran a finger through it and brought it to his mouth. "That don't taste sweet to me, Garland," he said. "Tastes about like it did the other day."

Garland tasted it and agreed.

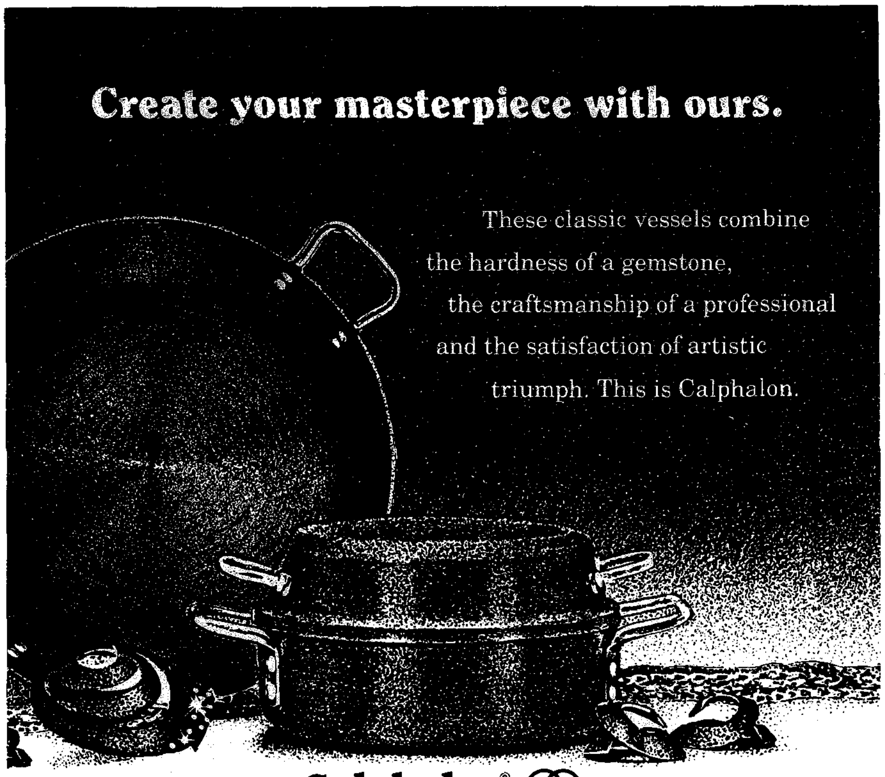
Earl tried it and said, "Only has about twenty-five pounds of sugar in it."

Calvin replaced the burlap. The three of them looked around and decided that since there were no kerosene lanterns or flashlights or candles the man must be a daytime operator, and there was no point in coming back that evening. The mash needed more than twenty-four hours, so we would skip the next day, which was Thursday, and come back Friday morning.

It turned out that what Garland and Calvin and Earl had sprayed against earlier that day was not mosquitoes. Thursday morning, I was petting one of Garland's dogs in the back yard and my ankle started to itch, so I scratched it. Immediately, the itch expanded to include the entire shin and calf. I raised my pant leg and saw a swarm of pinhead-size red dots around my ankle, and raised the cuff higher and saw more, and grew alarmed and said, "What the *hell* is that?" The dog started barking.

Garland said they were chiggers—also called redbugs. I had the heaviest concentration around my ankles and shins and knees, but I also had them on my stomach and chest and, especially, around my right shoulder and armpit. In the softer flesh above the waist, they raised welts like spider bites. Garland said it was one of the worst cases he had ever seen, but that one time, years ago, before bug sprays, he had laid his sleeping bag down in the woods while watching a still and got up with a worse one.

That afternoon, I mowed Garland's lawn, to help him catch up on his chores, while he watered his garden. Colleen made us a meal of beef stew, fresh cucumbers, tomatoes, corn, string beans, and corn bread. When I left, Garland gave me a first-aid spray to take away some of the itch. He wanted me to take his pistol, too, be-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cause he said I wasn't safe at night alone in the farmhouse. He said anything could happen. I didn't take it, but when I got there, instead of leaving the doors open for ventilation, I locked them both.

THE next morning, by a tobacco field on my way into town, I passed a dog trying to lift a road kill from the pavement. The asphalt was so hot that he could touch only two paws to it at a time. It looked as if he were dancing. I had fish roe and eggs for breakfast at the Idle Hour, on Main Street, and then I went to Garland's, and we left to get Earl. Garland was optimistic, because it was Friday. "I always catch them on Friday," he said. "Friday's payday, and bootleggers don't like to carry liquor to nobody if they haven't got money."

Earl was repairing a chain saw. I petted his dog and a cloud rose from her. "Sevin," Earl said. "Garden dust. Kills parasites."

When Earl finished working on the saw, he went into the house for his snake stick and his tourist glasses and came back and said, "Reckon we ought to drive my car? Throw some fishing poles in it?"

"I'd rather drive my truck," Garland said. "People aren't scared of a truck the way they are a car. A twelve-year-old boy hanging around the road, if he sees a strange car he'll know everything about it—I mean make, model, and serial number. If he sees a truck, though, he won't think nothing of it."

We drove to Calvin's with the windows open and the warm air washing over us. Earl said, "The sun's coming out fixing to petrify this country." Garland told Earl I was chigger-bit, and I showed him my shins and he winced. We drove by a graveyard with red and yellow flowers on some of the graves, then a crossroads grocery, then a long, low red chicken house with a tin roof and water sprayers dousing the roof to keep it cool. It was ninety-six degrees. Two tractors worked a peanut field. A black man walked by the side of the road in red pants and a yellow shirt, his back spotted with circles of sweat. A doe grazed in a bean field, and another crossed the road before us, flying her white tail like a flag and bounding into the bush. Earl said she was headed for the swamp after water on so hot a day. He extended his hands above the dashboard and touched his thumbs together and splayed his fingers like a fan. "You can point your fingers," he said. "We've found a still."

Calvin had just finished his mail route when we arrived, around ten-thirty. It was late to be checking the still, but they figured that if the man had gone into the woods at first light he would just be winding up when we got there.

Garland said, "Damn if I ain't ready to eat now," and Earl just stared at him. Calvin gave me a baseball cap in a camouflage pattern to wear in the woods. He had hurt his knee and was walking with a limp. Garland said, "Calvin, if they ain't in there today, do you want to tear it up?"

Earl said, "It's better than walking in there another time."

"I'll get my axe," Calvin said. "I hate to mess up the edge on my axe like that, though. Garland, you got an axe?"

"I don't. But you can grind it back up."

Since they figured that this would be the final trip and that it didn't make any difference who saw us, we drove Calvin's car, which was unmarked but known. Along the way, Garland asked Calvin about an informer Calvin was trying to get in touch with over another liquor case. Calvin said the man seemed to have disappeared. "I've been to his house twice," he said. "His family's there, but they say he hasn't been home in three days. Somebody may have killed him someplace."

"Maybe not," Garland said.

Out in the country, opposite a church with a graveyard beside it, Calvin made a turn onto a road that ran through a sand-and-gravel pit. We would come at the still from the side opposite the one we had used the other day, and at one point would pass within view of some houses, but we could park closer to the site, so the walk would be shorter.

Water had collected in small ponds in the declivities where sand had been excavated. From the surface of one a great blue heron began its long, awkward, almost horizontal rise into the air.

Garland wondered aloud why the mash hadn't soured in the heat. Calvin said that in his experience Hertford County bootleggers used no yeast when they slopped back; they simply added more meal and sugar and water and relied on the yeast already active in the mash and whatever fell into it from the air. The mixture took longer to turn but didn't spoil as quickly.

Because of his knee, Calvin planned to let us off near the still path and wait nearby in the woods while we walked in.

Garland said, "Calvin, how many do you reckon there'll be?"

"Two."

"How old?"

"About fifty."

"You reckon they can run?"

"I 'spect they can pick 'em up and put 'em down."

We reached the still path through a field of tall corn. Garland stood over the wire at the head of the path. "Somebody's moved that wire," he said. "I know they have." He led us toward the still, with Earl behind him. Earl sniffed the air.

"You smell smoke?" Garland asked.

"No. Do you?"

Garland shook his head.

The sugar bags were still in place under the boiler. "That wheelbarrow's where it was," Garland said. "But that's fresh wood been carried in." Garland stirred the mash with his finger. "It ain't cleared up yet," he said.

Earl looked at it and said, "It's clear as it'll ever get."

Without saying anything about it, they agreed not to tear it up, and to come back the next day.

At the car, Garland said, "Calvin, go straight to that restaurant."

Earl said he would like to have a piece of flounder for lunch. Garland said he wouldn't eat it, and Calvin said, "You don't eat no flounder?"

"No, sir. I don't eat nothing with both eyes on the same side of the head."

"Well, that's a good fish," Calvin said.

"I know it's a good fish, but I don't like it," he said. "Looks to me like you're eating *half* a fish."

Out the window, huge irrigation systems threw shiny arcs of water over the fields. Hawks circled overhead in

the heat. A pickup truck approached.

I didn't pay any attention to the pickup truck, but when it had passed, Calvin said that the man at the wheel owned the still.

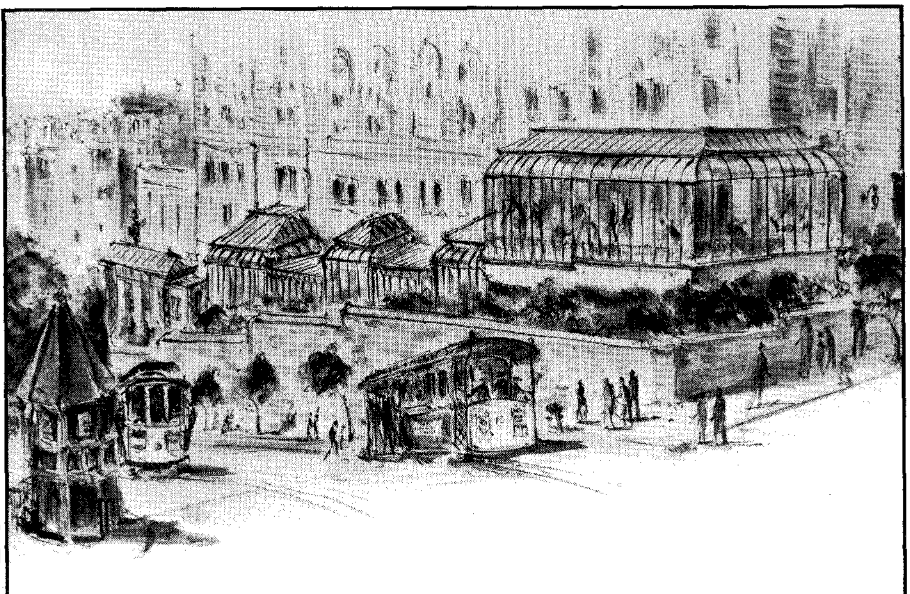
AT lunch, Calvin said, "Bootleggers always want to know 'Who turned me up? I'd give anything in the world, Captain, to know who turned me up.' I always just look at them and say, 'Well, now, ain't you got some strong competition?' And the bootlegger thinks about it, and thinks about it, and thinks about it, and the suspicion just preys on his mind, and he comes to a conclusion and says, 'I'll fix that son of a bitch,' and ends up turning some other man in." He sipped his iced tea. "It's not hard to sink a well shaft so far off in the woods that no one can find it," he said. "What's hard is keeping it a secret. This man was turned in by his daughter's boyfriend."

When Earl and Garland and Calvin began working this still, none of them had expected to be sitting on the same barrel of mash a week later. Calvin had made plans to have company Friday night, so we took the rest of Friday off. I went to the drugstore in Scotland Neck to see if they had any remedies for chigger bites. The druggist told me to apply red nail polish to each bite and let it stay on for three days, but said that at the moment he was sold out of it.

ON Saturday morning in Scotland Neck, I saw a black woman walking along Main Street, past the bank, with a black umbrella over her head to keep the sun off. The fields shimmered in the heat. Calvin had to deliver the mail. Garland and I picked Earl up around eight. He said, "Is it going to rain or just be hazy?" Without Calvin, we made our way to the still through Woodland, Potecasi, Milwaukee, Conway, Pendleton, and Severn. In Potecasi, Earl pointed at a field with a tobacco barn in it and said, "This is Potecasi now. Part of it. We'll be in downtown Potecasi in a minute. This is uptown Potecasi." We reached the gravel pit by eight-thirty. Earl said, "If they went in there at five o'clock trying to get the cool of the morning, we're going to be late."

"I know," Garland said. "But we might have some mother luck and run up on them carrying the liquor out. I *have* done that."

Garland drove along a sand road skirting the gravel pit. When he came



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to an intersection with a road that connected in a quarter mile to the still path, he braked and leaned out the window and examined the roadbed. "Somebody's gone in here on some damn old slick tires," he said. Some distance from the path, and still in the truck, he and Earl began to talk in whispers.

"Should we drive in there just like we're fishing?" Earl asked, and Garland said, "I reckon so."

Garland left the truck in the cover of trees a few hundred yards from the path. We walked single file in the shade along the edge of a field, and when we had to cross the road to reach the woods Garland erased our tracks with a branch. He and Earl took small steps on the path. They almost tiptoed.

There was no scent of smoke or steaming mash. "He ain't cooking nothing yet," Earl said.

"Hush, now," Garland said. "The wind's blowing the other way."

A dog barked in the distance. A breeze from our backs stirred the leaves. Garland stood up and walked forward.

Nothing at the site appeared disturbed, but when Garland lifted the board and the burlap off the mash barrel a dark inch-high line ringing the interior showed that the mash had recently risen and then receded. "He's been in here and stirred it," Garland said.

Earl said to me, "We have over the years tried to predict down the line when they'll run, but it's rare that you come within a day."

"That's why we sleep out on them," Garland said.

"On a big still, you can set your clock," Earl said. "But a small outfit like this, when you get to where you can outguess them you're getting smart. And I've never seen anybody *that* smart." He drew the burlap over the top of the barrel and placed the board over it. "The hell of it is, they don't know what they're going to do themselves," he went on. "He *may* have planned to be here this morning, and he may have got drunk last night and said, 'I'll get to it tomorrow,' and then it gets too hot and he says, 'I'll wait till Sunday.' You get to where you're answering your own questions."

One way or another, the bootlegger was likely to put in an appearance that day, either to run the still or to add sugar to the mash to keep it from souring. Garland and Earl decided to pick Calvin up when he finished his route and come back.

GARLAND parked the truck in the woods by the edge of a cornfield. We crossed a steep, shoulder-high ditch into another field and walked down the rows of corn, which grew above our heads and made a slinky sound as we passed among them. At the entrance to the path, Garland found a candy wrapper that hadn't been there before, but there was no sign of tire tracks on the road or of footprints on the path. Calvin, in the lead, put a finger in the air to stop us to find out if we could hear the still working, and then led us to the site. A box turtle was feeding at the pile of spent mash.

No one could really figure out why it hadn't run. All the reasons—that there was a market for it Saturday night, the ripeness of the mash, the fact that it had been stirred, the fresh firewood—seemed to say that it had to run that afternoon or early evening. Calvin tasted the mash, then looked into the cooling barrel, which was empty. He put his hands in his pockets and stared into the woods, and then he said, "I believe that if I was going to run it I'd do it late at night or early in the morning, when it's not so hot. Sunday morning is ideal."

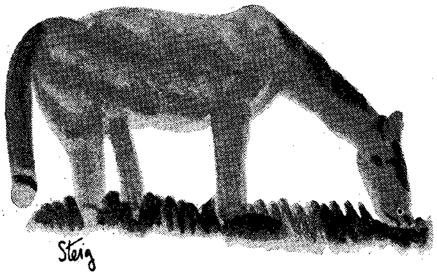
"I've got *many* a one on Sunday morning," Garland said.

"It's going to take him about four hours to run it," Calvin said. "He's got to fill the cooling barrel, and he's got to half fill the steamer barrel, and he's got to build a fire. Then it'll take a couple or three hours to run the mash."

"It's not a sign at all of him running after dark," Earl said. "Not a bit. No candles, flashlight, or kerosene."

Garland agreed. For my benefit, Calvin said, "Normally, if it was cooler weather, we'd take some ponchos and lay down on the ground to wait. Too damn hot now. It's the type of weather where you just hate to work a still."

They decided to leave, and return late in the afternoon. We went to Calvin's and stood around in the driveway and talked about taking his boat out on the river, but Earl didn't want to. Garland disappeared into the garage and came out a bit later and said, "Calvin, how about giving me this drink box? You don't need two." In addition to the drink box, Calvin gave him some tires. We went inside and sat at the counter in the kitchen and talked with Mrs. Pearce, who is British and met Calvin during the early nineteen-fifties, when he was stationed in England with the Army. The curtains were pulled against the heat, and that gave the room a stillness unrelated to any particular time of day. We drank pitchers of ice water and listened to Mrs. Pearce describe England. We accompanied Calvin while he delivered paychecks to the A.B.C. stores in Murfreesboro, Ahoskie, and Winton. We stopped at a shopping mall and had ice cream. We filled the back seat of Calvin's car with cantaloupes and watermelons bought from two men selling them from the beds of pickup trucks parked by the side of the road.



When we returned, the still was unattended. Calvin tested the mash and said, "It's right on the verge, Garland." They decided to stake out the still path. We went and took up a position on a road between two fields with a patch of woods around them. From there we had a clear view of the entrance. Calvin knew the direction the man would appear from, and if we heard his truck or saw it raising dust on the far side of the field we would have plenty of time to find cover.

Earl wrestled a sapling to the ground and sat on the curve near its base, his back to us. Garland and Calvin stood. I took off my shirt and fanned myself. The heat rankled. Earl grew restless. He routed with his stick in the leaves. He said loudly, "He may figure Sunday morning's a safe time. No farmers around and everyone else to church." I went to sit by the base of a tree, but Calvin said I'd get up with redbugs; they were in the leaves. By and by, Earl stood up and announced that he was going to the truck. "We'll give it another half hour," Calvin told him. I took Earl's seat. In low tones, Calvin and Garland discussed stills they had captured, and tried to figure out what the story was on this one. Calvin said that he had known the owner for years, and that he was part of an old bootlegging family. "In fact, I have blown up two of their stills in one day," he said. They agreed that a big bootlegger with a large investment and schedules to meet was always easier to catch than a small one, who wasn't going to lose much if he sensed you were around and didn't show up at the still at all.

Half an hour passed, and Garland and Calvin decided there wasn't enough time for him to get in and get his work done and be out by dark. We heard the peremptory rap of the point of Earl's snake stick on the body of the truck. Calvin said, "Will you listen to him, Garland." When we'd crossed the field and turned the corner into the brush where the truck was hidden, we saw Earl standing on the roof of the cab. He wanted to know what had taken us so long.

THE next morning at five, Garland and I drove into town with the windows open and smelled the corn tassels, which we couldn't see in the dark. I bought an egg-and-sausage biscuit and coffee at a drive-in. The street lights were on, and a black man was sweeping the sidewalk on Main Street.

Somewhere between Scotland Neck and Rich Square, it grew light, became a blue, hazy morning. Two swallows leaving the field beside us came together briefly before our windshield, then paired off like bridesmaids. Earl wasn't awake when we arrived. Alice, his dog, met us in the yard, and Garland squalled to make her bark. "Don't you know she'll get him up," he said. In a few moments, Earl appeared in his drawers and said he had expected us at seven. "Seven at Calvin's," Garland said. Earl went in and got dressed and came out and climbed wearily into the truck. "I feel like I forgot something," he said. "But I don't know what it is."

Garland said he had already eaten three of his cantaloupes.

Earl said, "You did!"

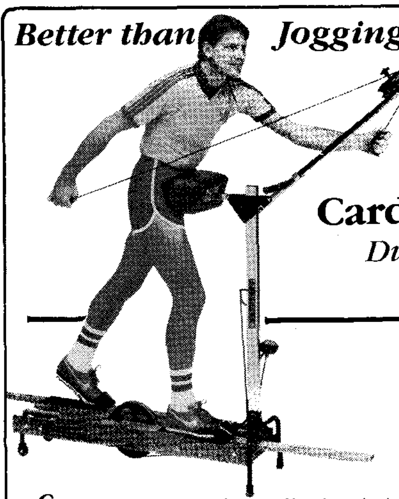
Garland said, "Hell, me and my wife ate two of them when I come in last night, and a watermelon. I mean right down to the *rind*."

"Garland, there's something wrong in your family."

"Well, I know that."

Calvin was waiting for us in his driveway. "You want to take my car?" he said. "We can go in the back way, and if he ain't there this morning we'll tear it up."

As we drove, Calvin said he thought it had been so dry lately that the man's pump had probably played



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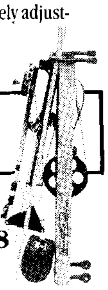

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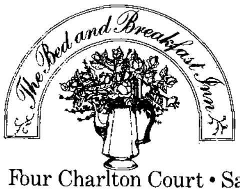

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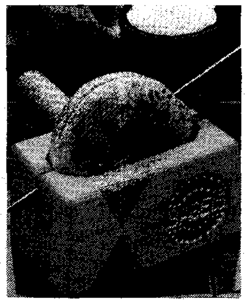

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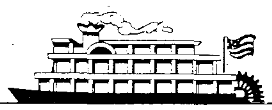

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out, and that might explain why he hadn't run the still. Earl said that didn't make sense, because he had stirred the mash Saturday. Earl was feeling contrary. Calvin said stirring the mash sometimes made it last longer, and he might have done it in the hope of rain. Even so, Earl said, he had brought in more wood.

"He'll *have* to run it this morning," Garland said.

"Not if he added sugar," Earl said.

Calvin let us out in the field close to the path. He gave Garland a radio to call him, and went to wait out of sight with the car. There were fresh deer tracks in the field.

We visited the still. Garland and Earl checked the mash and decided that it had probably been started on Friday of the week before. We went back up the path and waited in the woods by the entrance. I was startled by the shriek of a huge woodpecker. "People in this country call that a good-God bird," Garland said. "It's so loud they say, 'Good God Almighty, *listen!*' " We heard a rooster in the distance, and, in a few moments, a succession of gunshots. "They sure do a lot of shooting around here," Garland said. "That used to be a signal. Anybody see an A.B.C. car on the road, they'd fire off a shotgun a couple or three times and every damn bootlegger in the neighborhood would know we were there."

Earl paced. He whacked at briars with his stick. He made no attempt to conceal the volume of his voice. He made Garland tense. Earl said he was hungry and tired. He sat down on a stump and dug in the dirt with his stick, and then he stood up abruptly and said, "Let's wrap this thing up."

Garland wanted to stay and catch the man. He picked up his radio and said, "Well, let me see what Calvin thinks."

Calvin said, "Might as well go ahead and chop it."

While we were waiting for Calvin to arrive with the axe, Earl said, "What did we do wrong to make him not come in here?"

"He'll be in here sometime today," Garland said.

Calvin brought the car to the head of the path and we walked to the still, for the first time not at least half of the way in a crouch. Garland said, "Calvin, it does my soul good to walk down a little path like this. It's a therapy to me." Calvin carried the axe over his shoulder. "I don't care anyway if we catch him," Garland went on. "I already got ten arrests for July. Liquor sellers."

Calvin said he wondered what had held the operation up.

Garland said, "Calvin, I feel like the water problem."

Calvin spilled the kerosene, then cut holes in the boiler, the cooker, the doubler, and the cooler. Garland lifted the copper worm from the cooler. Earl tipped the mash barrel and said, "Look out, Calvin." The mash flooded toward Calvin over the leaves, and some of the bedding ran out. It smelled sour in the air.

Calvin looked at it and said, "He's got cornmeal and rye both in there." He splintered the cast-iron pump with a tap from the blunt side of the axe, broke some glass jars, and dropped a piece of glass down the pump shaft. We all heard it hit water, but it didn't sound like much.

TEN minutes later, at the intersection of two sand roads a quarter of a mile from the path, we met the bootlegger driving his pickup. He passed through the intersection ahead of us without looking our way. Calvin blew his horn and yelled for him to stop.

He was an older black man, tall and big-boned, wearing blue work clothes, and he sat hunched in the seat staring out the windshield at the blaze of the fields.

Calvin, beside him at the window, said, "Emlen, is that your still?"

The man said nothing.

Calvin looked away. Earl stood at the opposite window, peering for evidence on the floor of the cab. Garland, at the car, watched a hawk turning slow circles above us. Calvin put his hand on the back of his neck and rubbed it. Dropping his hand, he drew a breath. The bootlegger had yet to look at him.

"Pretty little still," Calvin said.

Nothing.

Earl looked at Calvin and shrugged. Calvin squinted at the sun's reflection on the dust-powdered hood of the truck. He walked beside the bed, running his hand across the top of the railing, then along the tailgate, and over the railing opposite, leaving a smudge in the dust. He stood next to Earl. Behind them, the fields looked watery in the heat. In the bed was a tree branch—nothing else.

Calvin returned to the window. "Why don't you come a little sooner?" he asked.

The bootlegger slouched in his seat,

a child's gesture. A smile formed on his lips and he grew kittenish. He said, "You know I ain't able to run a still, Mr. Pearce, eat up as I am with the arthuritis."

He had no sugar bags with him, or jugs or jars, or anything else to tie him to the still, so he was a free man. The three of them stood in the road and watched him drive away, trailing dust that rose and drifted over the fields.

MONDAY morning, I turned off the hot-water heater and locked up the farmhouse. I drove into town and bought gas for my car. Mr. Whitehead pulled in as I was leaving, and I had a chance to thank him. I went to Garland's, and Colleen served us a breakfast of orange juice, milk, coffee, toast, pork chops, applesauce, home-fried potatoes, and eggs. After we finished, I had a little time left before I had to start for my plane. Colleen sat at the piano. From memory, she played "Moon River," "Sunrise," "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken," "Beautiful Garden of Prayer," and "When They Ring the Golden Bells," which is a favorite of Garland's. I asked her if she knew "Faith of Our Fathers," and she sight-read it from a Baptist hymnal. Except for that one, on which she took two repeats—the first time because she felt she hadn't played it well initially, and the second because I said how much I liked it—she played the pieces one time through, and at the end of each we had to urge her to play another. She sat at the keyboard with her back to us and, I felt certain, pretended that she was alone, to overcome nerves. In the small room, dark with the blinds pulled, the hymns resonated.

When she finished, we said goodbye. Garland walked me out to my car. He said what he always said when I left, which was that if I got in trouble anywhere between Scotland Neck and the Raleigh airport, or anywhere at all, for that matter, I should give him a call. He asked if I had seen what I wanted to, and I told him I had. We shook hands. There was a moment of awkwardness, which he broke then by saying, "A purpose accomplished is sweet to the soul."

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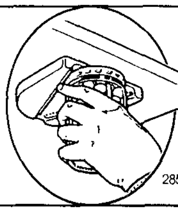

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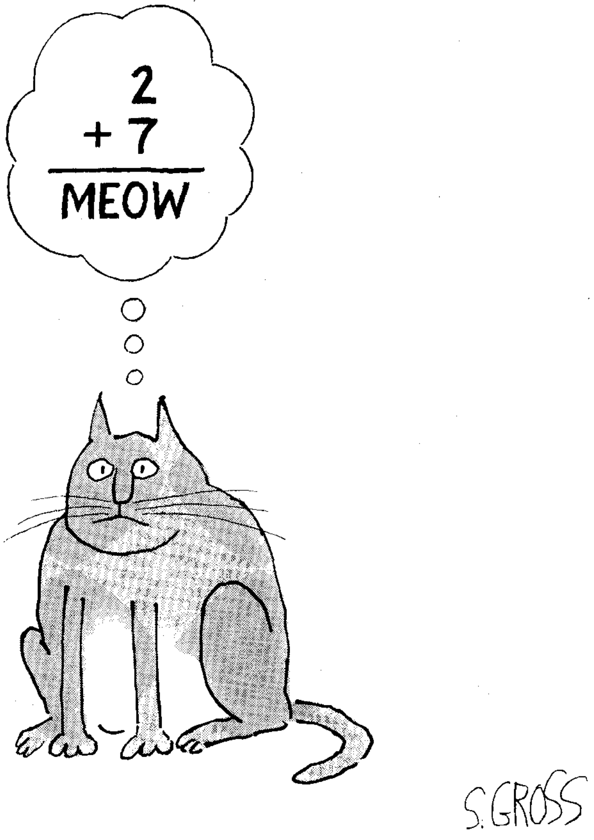
THE ART WORLD

We Are One

THE work of the English artists Gilbert and George is oppressive, but it is also fascinating and original. At their recent Guggenheim show, I was struck by how many different feelings are encompassed in their work. The artists, who call themselves "living sculpture," do everything together so as to make a work of art out of their partnership. Their work consists of a stream of documents of that partnership—most done with photographs, which they call "photo-pieces." Do I love their art? No, there is a cold, thin, wacky, stilted quality to it; you feel you are witnessing a bloodless and bizarre self-parody of English manners. Yet Gilbert and George cast a spell. Here are two men who have, in a way, turned themselves into windup toys, and it is simultaneously sad and amusing, repellent, frightening, and moving to see how they have done it. And it isn't only as a life story that they are engaging. Their often large photo-pieces, which are a cross between political posters, enormous movie stills, and stained glass, have a formal presence all their own. In a satisfying way, the photo-pieces are tinny, inartistic, inexpensive-looking objects; they are like artworks made for people in a workers' colony—artworks meant to remind the drones about what is "good" and what is "bad." But Gilbert and George are more naïve and more complex than real propagandists, and that is what makes their pictures so creepy. Think of Big Brother as his own Minister of Propaganda—a thwarted, would-be painter-poet who designed all the art in his empire—and you will have a sense of what Gilbert and George create.



CATS ARE NOT AS INTELLIGENT AS YOU THINK.

Gilbert and George are like characters Alice might have encountered in Wonderland. They dress in the same style of worsted suit—they generally button all three buttons—and always wear ties (but not the same pattern). According to Brenda Richardson, the curator of the show—it began in Baltimore—and the author of its catalogue, they wear worn versions of the same clothes when they work in the studio. Their last names aren't in the biography they have included in the catalogue. This biography—it is as stylized as everything they do—is merely a listing of the art schools they went to. It stops in 1967, when, in their mid-twenties, they met and formed the team Gilbert and George. Since then, there has been only a single biography. Gilbert, who was born in the Italian Dolomites, has straight dark hair and has become stocky over the years; he is softly, shyly handsome, a bit reminiscent of Michael Palin. George, who is taller, has straight fair hair and wears glasses; he has become bald down the middle, and sometimes has a stern, disapproving, Philip Larkinish look. From accounts of their talk—and from the tone of their short writings, which they used to mail out to people associated with the arts—they have unusually courteous, old-fashioned manners. They sound and appear a bit like butlers. They aim, they say, to be "well-behaved." They live together and create every aspect of their artwork together, without any outside help.

Originally, they gave performances. In 1971, they performed at the Sonnabend Gallery in New York. Wearing matching suits, and with their heads and hands painted bronze, they stood on a platform for hours at a stretch, moving back and forth like robots on slow speed, mouthing the words to an old vaudeville song, "Underneath the Arches," which was played on a tape recorder beneath the platform. Five years later, they performed for the second and last time in New York. In that work, called "The Red Sculpture," their hands and heads (including their hair and necks) were painted a startling red. In the early years of their collaboration, they also made large drawings of themselves in different places—such as parks—and booklets, too, which described, sometimes in verse, what "they" (the boys, our friends) were up to now. Gradually, they began to use photographs. They took photos of themselves, the rooms they were in, and the sites in London that they moved through, then assembled the photos in units of four, say, or sixteen, to form multi-panelled pictures. Every work they do has, usually placed in the lower right-hand corner of the image, a title, a date, and their signed names. In their early work, this information appears along with the royal arms—which makes it seem as if their products came from Harrods, or from a tasteful, reliable old firm. Usually, the pieces are signed "Gilbert" first, then "George;" the handwriting is almost identical. Occasionally, a work is signed "George" first. They create such a controlled, Tweedledum-and-Tweedledee sense of things that when George's name comes first a viewer becomes a touch nervous.

They live at 12 Fournier Street, in a working-class part of London. Originally, their studio was in the street-level floor of the house; eventually they bought the house. At first, it was empty, and they used the emptiness in some of their early photo-pieces. In works called "Dead Boards" and "Dusty Corners," we see them standing in the bare rooms, looking this way or that. Alongside the photographs of them there might be photographs of the walls or corners of the place. Gradually, they filled it with antiques, primarily English furniture and pottery of the late nineteenth century. They have stocked the house as methodically and industriously as they do everything; their house, now bursting with stuff, is a piece in itself. (There is a documentary photo of one of the rooms in the catalogue.)

Gilbert and George raise an immediate question in the viewer's mind. Are they for real, or is their act an elaborate joke? Are they, as they say they are, artists-moralists who want to document the conditions of modern life? The Guggenheim show made me believe that they are contemporary versions of preacher-painters of long ago—men who regularly had visions, then illustrated them. Brenda Richardson believes that Gilbert and George's work forms a "scripture," and, in a surprising and believable way, they make their viewers into parishioners; they say to us, "Look at what is happening to our world! This is what it is really like out there." They have what one thinks of as a pastor's way of being concerned with life's ugliness for a congregation's benefit—not for his own.

There is a very English quality to their intendedly simple sermons. They are like modern incarnations of Ruskin or William Morris. Gilbert and George's works are like modern Hogarths, too—like his series of paintings for "Marriage à la Mode" or "The Rake's Progress," where we see the stages of a dissolute life or a virtuous life. In photo-pieces from the seventies, Gilbert and George show themselves drinking, surrounded by bottles and glasses, sprawled on the floor in a stupor. Are they documenting their own actual bouts with alcohol—or pretending to have been drunks? Somehow it doesn't matter. We don't really want to know. We like not knowing for sure. And it is charming to see them grow and change their ways, in other works from the period. We see them in martial-arts positions; they learn from the Orient. They become tough, fierce; their faces and bodies imply that they have the reckless, willing-to-be-puppets-for-truth quality of members of the Red Guard.

They show themselves, in other seventies pieces, in conjunction with bums, alcoholics passed out on the pavement, graffiti. Some of the graffiti are "Queer," "Communism," "Poof," "Are you angry or are you boring?" And we see them standing there, or see their faces, placed alongside shots of graffiti, of smashed windows, of the dreary, anonymous new buildings on the London skyline. Gilbert and George seem to be taking it all in. Their seventies photo-pieces, which are in black and white, with some images dyed dark red, resemble the photo assemblages you'd see in the lobby of a hotel playing host to a meeting of the World Council of this or that concerned group. But with Gilbert and George in these pieces there is a tingle. Looking at these serious chaps absorbing the modern world's coldness and ugliness, we slip into a naïve, wide-eyed spirit ourselves.

Beginning in 1980, their work becomes literally colorful, technically more complex—and weirder, more daring, less likable. Their pictures are more and more about sex, and we are increasingly aware of Gilbert and George as individuals. They aren't good boys anymore; they have become, in effect, dirty old men. Their images are smirky, crazy, unbelievable. They make large areas bright yellow, green, blue, red, or orange, and mix the colored areas in with blown-up black-and-white photos of people and things. They also make Calder-like images of masks, primitive animals, insignia. There's an uninhibited, childish, voodoo spirit inhabiting this work. You look at the photographed or drawn penises, the tongues, the bound boys, the faces that become sunflowers, the homoerotic military statues, the calla lilies that nuzzle together, the titles—"Rose Hole," "Naked Love," "Lickers," "Youth Faith," "Living with Madness"—and Gilbert and George floating through it all, and you aren't sure what's going on. Are Gilbert and George happy, liberated, spontaneous at last—or are they still living through the troubles of modern life for our benefit? Is their moment with boys similar to their moment with alcohol? Will they pass through it? Is it merely an abstract problem they have set up for the sake of their art? One feels that

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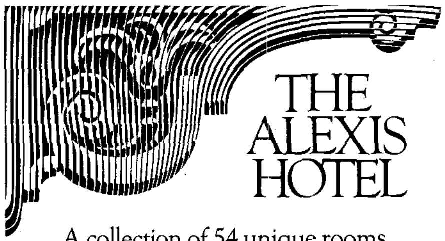
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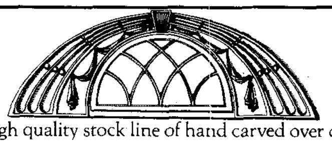
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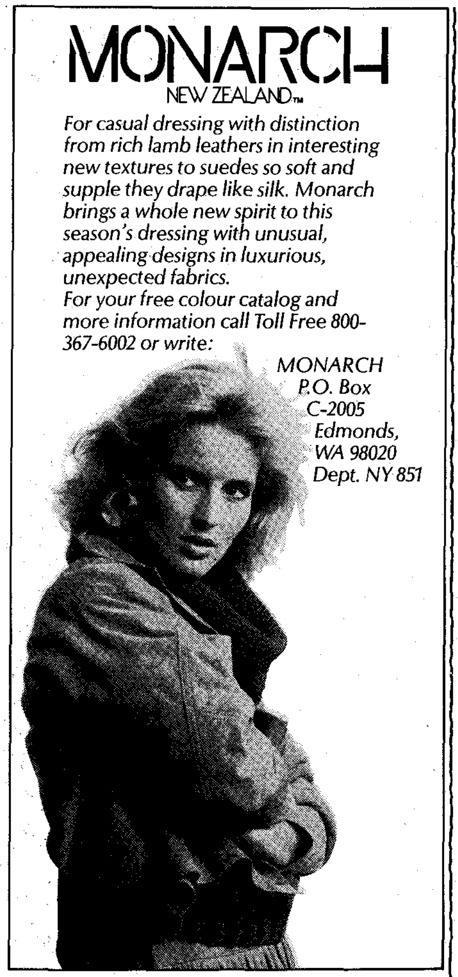
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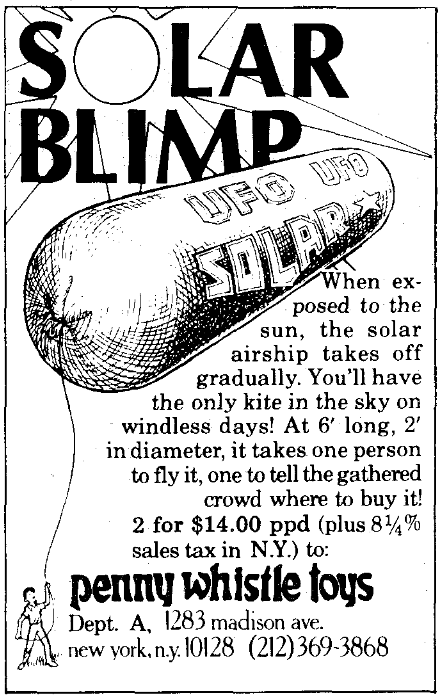
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they are part of this homosexual world—that there is no choice in the matter for them. And this makes us think differently about their earlier work—makes us think that they have always been less conscious, more driven. It is as though, joined in a relationship that is closer than most marriages, they are freer to act on their impulses than most artists. Having each other, they don't have to think about what the real audience out there will think of them. They can experience anything and turn it into art. Living in a world where they never have to test their ideas, though, they run the risk of premature artistic senility.

Their work of the past five years is art on a borderline. (We turn back to the work of the seventies with relief.) The recent work is in terrible taste, and we are embarrassed for Gilbert and George. They are courageously, comically, and sadly unlike the boys and young men whom they call "patriots," "saints," "angels," "heroes of contemporary life." There is little charm or voluptuous sexual poetry to these images. Some of the young men are genuine bruisers—skinheads—and, in a few instances, hustlers perhaps. But most of these "saints" are just tough (and not so tough) street kids. They are the opposite of the sleepy-eyed dreamboats of male fashion ads. And Gilbert and George, as self-created characters, are aging fellows in suits, vulnerable worshippers.

Yet some of these stiff, awkward, berserk, and juvenile tableaux have the power of Munch's tableaux of sexual relations—his panoramic images of sexual partnering. Gilbert and George's photo-pieces aren't as beautiful as Munch's paintings; but Gilbert and George are wonderfully unfussy in the way they bring together enlarged black-and-white photos with dyed photos and with large areas of a single bright color. They often arrange the elements of the compositions in the symmetrical, neatly balanced way that children, when they believe they're thinking like adults, arrange food on a plate. The clunky complexity of the compositions is funny, and more pleasing than you can explain.

At their best, Gilbert and George are strange and novel poets of city life. Taken together, their images describe the poetry of a gray midwinter (or midsummer) afternoon, when it will rain, when you will see no beauty in the local park, when your high point will be an encounter with someone who will yell obscenities at you. Many of the photo-pieces are magically atmospheric; they get places and moods just right, as in "Black Church Face," where the face of a young black boy—he's looking straight out at us—takes up the lower half of the picture and above him is the interior of a cathedral. The image of the black boy and the cathedral interior—both are in black and white—clicks in a subliminal way. You feel you can read anything into this picture. It seems to be about how that black face has inherited that white man's building, how institutions decay and are inherited by new people and evolve into new things. Gilbert and George's locale is London, but an American can believe that they have also captured Detroit, St. Louis, Cleveland, Philadelphia. They seem to present the soul of all the once bustling, now stone-cold and uninviting downtowns. When they include images of military statues from the First World War period and earlier—sexy, dopey, virile statues of noble warriors—they are on target, too. Gilbert and George's bright, pow-pow images seem to speak for guys with no future who idle away their days with visions of vengeful, enemy-annihilating, boot-stomping male power.

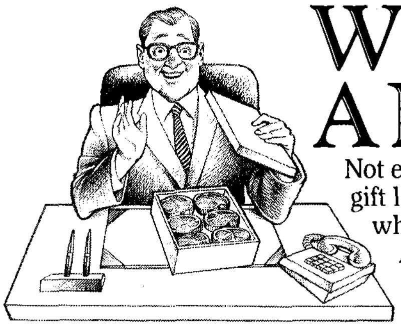
Gilbert and George are among the most complex and satisfying European artists of the past fifteen years. They are in a class with Joseph Beuys, who, like them, is a performance artist and a maker of objects. The similarities between Gilbert and George and Beuys are amazing. The English artists and the West German sculptor-performer-shaman make it clear that they have little or no personal life outside their art. They are guided by a belief that they are teachers, that their pieces demonstrate moral lessons. Beuys and Gilbert and George are of different generations. Beuys is now in his sixties, the English artists are in their forties, but they all came to maturity in the nineteen-sixties or early seventies, and their material is the same: impoverished European life after the Second World War. They say, in effect, that the only important subject for a European artist is the fact that Europe no longer counts. One feels that, on some level, they spurn the pleasures of life, and have set themselves on their art-making treadmills because they believe these are the most truthful ways to express the end-of-the-line quality of European culture.

Beuys and Gilbert and George are like Old Testament prophets wandering in the godless cities. One wonders whether they aren't, in part, addressing their sermons to America—and whether they aren't needling America. Whether they don't think of themselves as the consciences of the Western world. They are like self-appointed middlemen between the Third World and their American audience. Certainly there seems to be a core of indignation and of self-importance in their art—a de Gaullish sort of wounded superiority—that is not present in the work of American artists of the seventies.

It's fascinating how, though Gilbert and George are so buttoned-up and old-fashioned as persons, their art has always been so hip and of-the-moment. With their performances, they were among the most interesting Conceptual artists of the early seventies. With their recent photo-pieces, they are still producing England's most daring new art. In the way that they base their art on photography but aren't, somehow, photographers, and in the way that a lot of their art is about sex, they're in step with artists who are ten and fifteen years younger than they are. Ultimately, though, they are little masters; their work is too harsh and static to be great. Whether consciously or not, they present a prisoner's world. Formally and emotionally, they show a world behind bars. They have always made their photo-pieces (and drawings) out of small separate units, meant to be joined together on the wall, with the lines showing, and the black lines produce a prisonlike effect. We feel that the images are trapped, held in place, seen under a magnifying lens. The light in their work is glaring or hazy; it is the light that comes through the grated, dirty overhead windows of great old railway stations or through stained glass. Not ethereal, heavenly stained glass but dreary, Victorian stained glass. Gilbert and George don't take us beyond the imprisoned world they present.

Still, they have created a piece of living poetry. It is as though they were living out England's sense of herself as a country that stopped happening long ago. They are English schoolboys taken to an ultimate level. Their work is a kind of swan song for Great Britain. The surprising and good thing is that theirs is a swan song without self-pity or remorse.

—Sanford Schwartz



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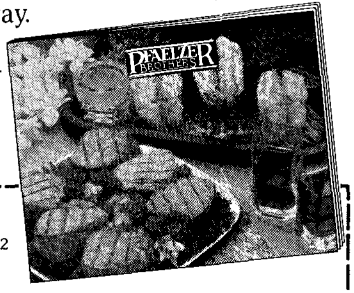

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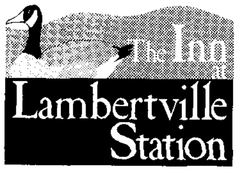

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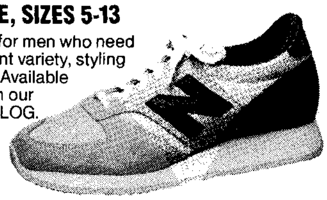

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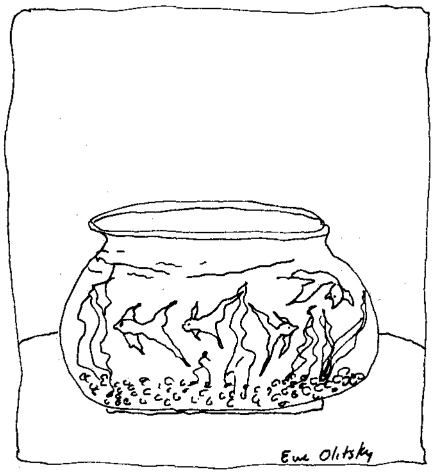
AROUND CITY HALL

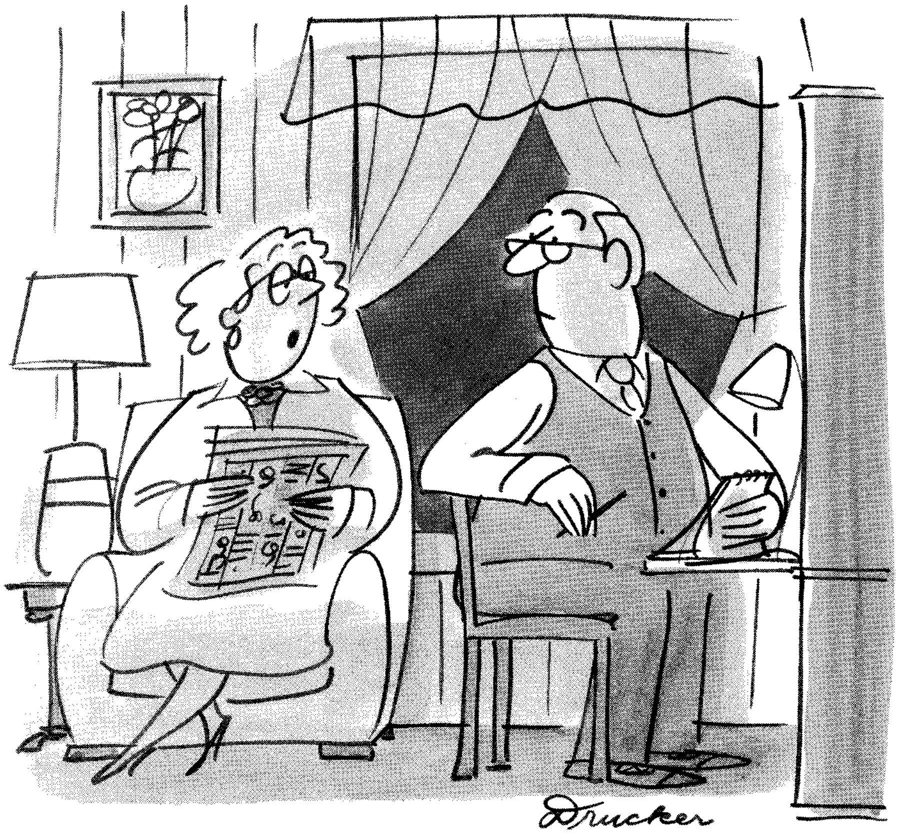
CHALLENGES

ALTHOUGH they often make speeches on the importance of old-time values and the good old days, people who are actively involved in politics tend not to be retrospective sorts. The constant need to gain every possible present-day advantage over potential rivals leaves little time for politicians to reflect on how rapidly political lives can change or on how different their own lives were only a few years earlier. During the first days of this month, Jimmy Carter, along with his wife, Rosalynn, and fifty members of a group called Habitat for Humanity, whose headquarters are in Americus, Georgia, was in town, and worked as a journeyman carpenter, installing stairs and window frames and overseeing other workers in a six-story tenement at 742 East Sixth Street, which is between Avenues C and D. Habitat for Humanity was established a dozen years ago to help people who have no suitable place to live build or rebuild structures that they can then move into. The Carters and the other visitors worked side by side here with would-be occupants, who hope to have 742 in good enough shape so that they can move into its nineteen family-sized units by early next winter. It was the second summer in a row that the Carters and their friends from Habitat came to work on East Sixth Street, so they knew the neighborhood, which has a bombed-out look. There are many rubble-filled lots and abandoned buildings with gaping holes for windows, or windows that have been tinned over in the hope of preventing further vandalism. A couple of years ago, the city administration spent a chunk of some federal funds not to fix up buildings so that people could live in them but to decorate the tinned-over windows with decals of curtains and flowerpots, which gave travellers from Westchester and Connecticut a more cheerful vista from their commuter trains. This resort to the kind of measures that are historically associated with Potemkin's ruse to persuade Catherine the Great that her subjects were better off than was actually the case was greeted with derision here and has been a popular reference in the campaign comments of the opponents of Mayor Edward Koch, who is running this year for a third term. The Koch administration isn't dealing in decals these days; in any event, they wouldn't fool anyone on the lower East Side. A few steps from 742 is a large area where tenements have been torn down to make room for a low-income housing project that the city hopes to start building soon. About a dozen homeless people, announcing that they cannot wait, are living in tents they've pitched on the lots, and threaten to block construction unless they are promised apartments in public housing.

After a twenty-six-hour bus ride from Georgia, the Carters and their friends settled into quarters in a church dormitory west of Times Square and every morning jogged or made their way by public transportation down to East Sixth Street. "You only have to walk from here to the nearest subway early in the morning to see literally hundreds of people sleeping on the sidewalk . . . in the richest city in the richest nation on earth," Carter commented one day. During their previous visit, not a single New York politician demonstrated any interest in Carter or what he was up to by stopping by 742 to see him. In any case, he had not expected a visit from his fellow-Democrat Mayor Koch, who endorsed him for reëlection but also described him as "one of the worst Presidents we ever had" and compared him to Millard Fillmore. This year, Carter did have a political visitor: Governor Mario Cuomo, who ran Carter's reëlection campaign in this state. Carter once commented that Cuomo's victory in the gubernatorial race was "the happiest moment of my life since I was elected President." The Governor's visit to 742 lasted about an hour and a half, during which he and Carter discussed a possible VISTA-type program that would encourage young people in this state to engage in public service on similar projects. When a reporter asked Cuomo whether he had come to consult Carter about running for the Presidency in 1988, Cuomo said, "No, no, no, no, *no!*" Carter obliged him by suggesting that the reëlection race for the governorship would come first. The former President had one other political visitor—Cyrus Vance, his former Secretary of State, who resigned after opposing the ill-fated hostage-rescue effort in Iran. Vance came with his wife, and brought a bouquet of flowers for Mrs. Carter, who happily wiped the sawdust off her hands to receive it. During Vance's visit, there was inevitably some discussion of the proper handling of foreign crises. (Sticking to his story that his sole concern is with state matters, Cuomo had said, "The only foreign policy I'm interested in is with New Jersey.") Later, at 742, as the young workers from the neighborhood watched Carter, in sneakers, dungarees, checkered shirt, and a red baseball cap, deftly wielding his hammer, it must have been hard for them to imagine that he was someone whose brilliant playing of the political game had been rewarded with the ultimate national prize, and that only five years ago he had been the most powerful man in the world.



IT was only three years ago, during his campaign for the governorship, that New York's mayor, who was born the same year as Carter, was openly referring to his own national ambitions. ("If I say I have no national aspirations, people will say, 'He's being coy,' " Koch told a radio interviewer in the spring of 1982.) Such prospects, which may have been delusory in any case, vanished after he lost the Democratic nomination for the governorship to Cuomo. Ever since, he has had to watch from City Hall as the man who defeated him has kept saying that he has no national aspirations, and is accused of being coy. Koch has said many times that he will never again run for any office other than the one he now holds. "It's clear that my kind of government and my kind of personality, while apparently well received in New York City, is not well received out of New York City," he told a Brooklyn reporter last month. Some here think it is frustration over his political realm having been permanently reduced to this city's five boroughs which explains his "*L'État, c'est moi*" approach to this year's municipal election. Although he has often said that he plans to be mayor "forever," and his campaign has been in full swing since at least the beginning of the year, he did not formally announce his candidacy for a third term until July 9th, two days before the Board of Elections deadline for submitting the petitions necessary to get a candidate's name on the ballot—a maneuver that prevented his opponents from taking advantage of certain equal-time provisions on radio and television. In the mayoral race, ten thousand valid petition signatures are required. Traditionally, candidates try to submit at least three times this number, because of various Board of Elections regulations, which are both intricate and arcane, but which any player in local politics knows he must be familiar with, and which have been upheld by the state's highest court. Violating these rules—not putting the right number in the precise column, for example—can invalidate hundreds of signatures. On petition day, July 11th, in a bravura display, Koch filed 159,694 signatures, all presumably gathered in the previous two days.



"There's so much talk these days about this kind of guilt and that kind of guilt. Isn't anybody just plain ashamed anymore?"

• •

By the day Koch announced, he had raised five million dollars for his campaign, which was ten times the funds raised by one of his two major challengers, City Council President Carol Bellamy, who, if elected, would be the city's first woman mayor, and fifty times the total contributed to Manhattan Assemblyman Herman (Denny) Farrell, who would be the first black mayor. Both Farrell and Miss Bellamy had announced in February. By his July 9th announcement day, Koch had sent out a million pieces of mail urging New Yorkers to support him, had opened ten campaign headquarters, and was running a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of television commercials every week. His strategy for dealing with his opponents had been to pretend that they were not there. Asked to comment on some criticism of his administration by the City Council President, his routine response was "I do not comment on anything said by Carol Bellamy." When he did have something to say ("Sometimes I can't restrain myself," he explained to reporters), his terminology had run to such words as "malicious," "outrageous," and "vile." "Does that boggle your mind?" he asked reporters. "Well, if you knew her, it wouldn't." Sometimes he had seemed to be encouraging the impression that there would be no 1985 election. When he made a speech to the Uptown Chamber of Commerce in Harlem and it was explained to him that all the contenders in the mayoral race were being invited, seriatim, he had said, "I am not in a contest with anyone." Koch announced in June that there was no law requiring him to debate his opponents at all, and that he intended to appear in just one television debate. "If they can't get anyone to pay attention to them, why should I help them?" he asked.

Politics is not only among the least contemplative of professions but among the least generous. The view that in deciding what is a right move there is an obligation to try, at least briefly, to imagine yourself in some other person's place—particularly if you know from sad experience what that place is like—seems to have little appeal in this arena, even among those who pride themselves on their own personal grace. When Hugh Carey was New York's governor, Cuomo, then lieutenant governor, often complained that Carey treated him in a dismissive way, rarely consulting him. When Alfred DelBello—whom Koch, and not Cuomo, had supported in the primary—became lieutenant governor in the Cuomo administration, he, too, complained on occasion that he got insufficient respect. Last year, he resigned and took a job in private industry. New York now has no lieutenant governor, and, as Cuomo has said, "should I drop dead on the basketball court tomorrow" the new governor would be the majority leader of the State Senate—Warren Anderson, a Republican. As for the present mayor of New York, if he has painful memories of what it was like to be a mayoral candidate considered to have almost no chance of success it is not reflected in his attitude toward his 1985 challengers, whose cause is being widely treated as hopeless: an ABC/*Daily News* poll this month showed the Mayor with sixty-seven per cent of the vote—forty-eight points ahead of Miss Bellamy and sixty-one points ahead of Farrell—though the fact that two-thirds of those polled were not registered Democrats and thus couldn't vote in the primary cast some doubt on its precision.

Most New Yorkers, having adjusted to the flamboyant performer who is now the cynosure at City Hall, also

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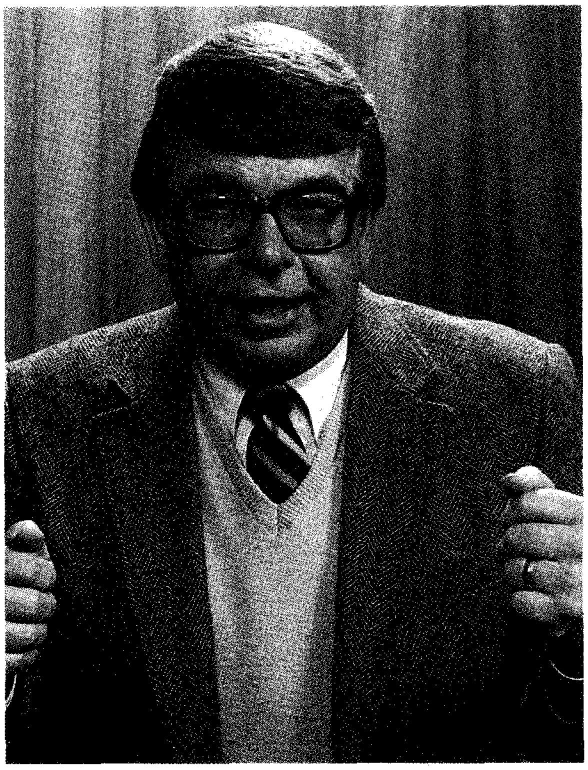

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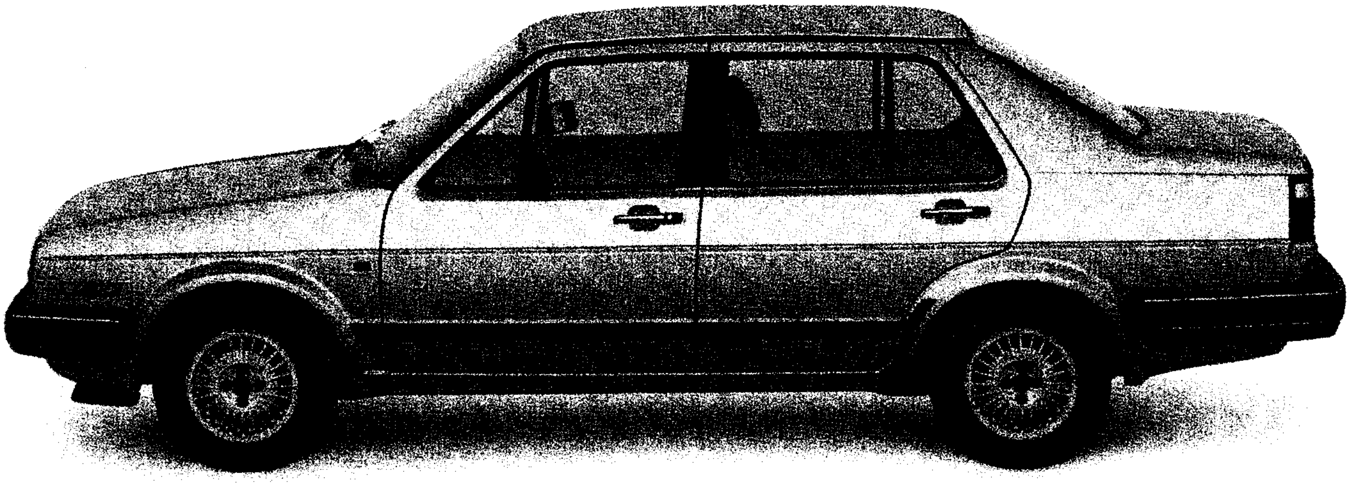

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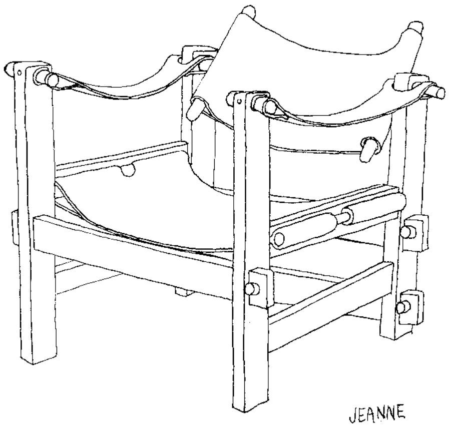
seem to have little memory of what Koch was generally thought to be like at the beginning of the summer eight years ago, when he was one of seven candidates, including the incumbent, Abraham Beame, running for mayor in the Democratic primary. Most of the candidates, with the exception of Joel Harnett, the former head of the local City Club, were better known than Koch. Besides Beame, they included Cuomo; Bella Abzug; Herman Badillo, the first Puerto Rican member of Congress and a big hero in the Hispanic community; and Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, who was then the only black member of the city's powerful legislative body, the Board of Estimate, and, as it turned out, was the last black to sit on the board. Koch was then in his ninth year as one of New York State's thirty-nine members of the House of Representatives, where he had been anything but a cynosure. His main assignment was the House Appropriations Committee, on which he ranked twenty-seventh. He had made a brief try at running for mayor in 1973, eventually quitting for lack of support, which gave him a reputation as a loser. In mid-1982, when he heard that Badillo and Mrs. Abzug had endorsed Cuomo for the governorship he dismissed the news with the comment "All losers." Back in 1977, he was thought of as a colorless, reasonably competent member of the ultraliberal wing of the Democratic Party, most celebrated—if he was celebrated at all—for his rather touching availability. He could be counted on at any hour of the day or night to make public appearances, appear on panels, or fill out reporters' stories with comments on any subject—anything that would bring him to public attention. Unfortunately, other New York politicians, regarded as livelier and more quotable sorts, were usually called on and got their pictures in the papers instead; several of them later speculated that this had something to do with their rarely being invited to City Hall after Koch moved in. In the first days after his victory in the 1977 mayoral race, at a meeting attended by Democratic leaders, Bella Abzug said there was consolation in knowing that after Koch took office there would be absolutely no charisma at City Hall—"charisma" being a term that many local Democrats believed former Mayor John Lindsay had given a bad name to. "Do I look like a superstar?" asked Koch that same week. At the beginning of that campaign, late in May, a poll on the seven candidates' chances of being elected mayor showed Koch ranking sixth in the field of seven. On petition day that year, he was able to muster up only twenty-three thousand signatures—the least of any of the seven. If Beame had challenged his petitions—as Beame, by some accounts, considered doing—Koch might well have been out of the race before it started. He remained in contention, however, and was therefore eligible to participate in that year's mayoral debates. These were so numerous that when Harnett was asked how many there had been he said wearily, "Seven hundred and sixty-nine." They gave Koch his big opportunity to become better known. On nearly every occasion, he urged a return to the death penalty in the state. That he favored it was news to most of his constituents in his liberal Manhattan congressional district, but it was a popular stand in the city at large in the summer of 1977, when the Son of Sam was running loose—and was also particularly helpful to his cause, since Cuomo strongly opposed it. If Beame, the incumbent mayor, had stood on his rights and announced that he would appear in just one debate, Koch would surely have had many fewer opportunities to get across the messages about himself that helped him win the primary. Even so—as is also widely forgotten—that was a very close race. Although Koch came in first, he was only one point ahead of Cuomo, who was a single point ahead of Beame. Without the 1977 debates, there is a good chance that someone else might be running for reëlection this year at City Hall.

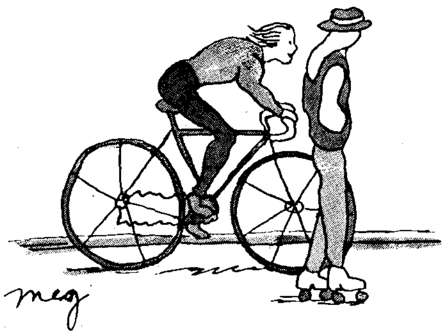
QUITE a few New Yorkers who are trying to keep an earnest eye on this year's local elections would add an amendment—approximately, "But this is ridiculous"—to Bismarck's 1863 pronouncement that politics is not an exact science. A couple of weeks ago, Koch, in sorrowful tones, denounced as totally undemocratic Carol Bellamy's successful challenging of the validity of the signatures on Farrell's nominating petitions, which knocked Farrell at least temporarily off the September 10th primary ballot. When it was suggested to the Mayor that he himself had challenged an opponent's petitions in the past, he told City Hall reporters, "Assume that I did it. Assume that I was as bad as she is. Should you replace me with someone who is as bad as I am?" In the race for the council presidency, which opened up this year with Miss Bellamy's decision to run for mayor, the candidates include two white millionaires and three relatively unaffluent Hispanics. Last month, one of these three, Bronx State Senator Israel Ruiz, noting that there would be a better chance of a Hispanic's being elected if there was only one of them in the race, made a proposal that is also not a good bet to make the political how-to books. He suggested that the three Hispanics cut the cards, with the high-card holder to go on the ballot. The only previous attention that Ruiz had attracted resulted from his radio campaign commercials, which said, "Senator Ruiz didn't get where he is by kissing babies or anything else." His card-cutting proposal went nowhere. The response of one of the other Hispanics in the race, Manhattan Assemblyman Angelo Del Toro, was "New York City is not a banana republic."



On an afternoon early this month, two of the candidates for the top job in America's largest city, which has an annual budget of over twenty billion dollars, staged separate flip-flop shows. Apparently jealous of the Mayor's heavy agenda of photo opportunities, complete with props, the forty-three-year-old Miss Bellamy, who wears a lot of bright-colored blouses these days and has had her hair cut in a more becoming style than she used to have, appeared in front of City Hall with a large weathervane. She accused the Mayor of constantly reversing himself on important issues and shamelessly "pointing himself in whatever direction the political winds are blowing." With a finger twirling the vane, she read from a sheaf of papers that detailed, she said, fifteen instances in which the Mayor had dramatically reversed his position on controversial issues—often during this election year. For example, she said, he had long opposed disinvestment of city pension funds in corporations doing business in South Africa, and now supports it. ("Flip-flop!" she cried.) He now urges that civilians be put on the board that handles civilian complaints about police brutality—a move he long opposed. ("Flip-flop!") And after a bill limiting food venders in midtown, which he got the City Council to pass this summer, proved to have some negative political fallout he vetoed his own bill. ("When are the flip-flops going to stop?" she asked.)

At a later press conference inside City Hall, the Mayor deflected the attack by cheerfully admitting that he had changed his mind on each of these fifteen issues. "If you don't change your mind, based on evidence that comes to your attention, then you are a lunkhead," he said. He thereupon cited several instances in which, he said, the City Council President, too, had changed her mind: on, for example, the stationing of a Navy Surface Action Group in Staten Island, which she now opposes ("Flip-flop!" shouted the Mayor), and on the building of incinerators in a Brooklyn neighborhood, which she also now opposes, although she had supported the citywide incinerator program in general. For a finale, he described how she had first said she would vote against the city's 1978 budget and had then voted for it. To demonstrate this, he acted out for reporters a scene in his office in which she told him she would vote against the budget unless a twelve-million-dollar package for the municipal unions was included, a message that was interrupted by a phone call from Comptroller Harrison Goldin—whom she had counted on to vote in the negative with her—saying he was voting the other way. At the press conference, the Mayor, holding a telephone, played all three parts, to much laughter from his staff. He told reporters that at the news of Goldin's decision, "so help me God," Miss Bellamy had broken into angry tears. There have been seven city budgets since then on which various officials have said they would vote one way and have then voted another, possibly on the basis of evidence that came to their attention. It was hard to understand why the Mayor harked back to this instance—especially since it is dealt with at length in "Mayor," his best-selling political memoir, in which there are so many scenes of people being reduced to tears in his presence that someone has suggested as an appropriate subtitle "Have You Made Somebody Cry Today?" However, Koch-watchers have long noted that his apparent impetuosity often conceals a deliberate motive. Possibly, he had wanted to make the point that Miss Bellamy, if elected Mayor, would be overgenerous to the unions, some of whom are supporting her. Or possibly his point was that women are too emotional to have the responsibility of high office. Miss Bellamy, who has heard the story many times, has always denied that she was publicly tearful over the 1978 budget, and several people who were in the room support her version. However, some of her staff members are urging her to suggest to the Mayor that shedding tears is not necessarily shameful, and to remind him that when he lost his first political race, in a campaign for the state assembly in 1962, he himself cried, and also said, "I'll never run again. Politics is a filthy business." (Flip-flop!)

THE great flip-flop show took place two weeks after what came to be known as Zulu-Watusi Day at City Hall. On July 16th, the *Post*, having had slipped to it the galleys of the book "I, Koch," written by three former City Hall reporters, which describes itself as "a decidedly unauthorized biography" of the city's mayor, published some tasty excerpts from it. They included an account by Jack Newfield, the *Village Voice* reporter, of a discussion he had had with Koch, before he became mayor, about California Representative Ronald Dellums, who is black, and who, unlike Koch, supported the idea of a homeland for the Palestinians. According to Newfield, Koch several times referred to Dellums as "the Watusi from Berkeley." In addition, David Schneiderman, now the *Voice's* editor and publisher, reported in the book that he had heard Koch describe Dellums as "this Zulu warrior." At a press conference the day the excerpts were published, Koch had his answer ready. "It happens you can't compliment someone more than you would if you refer to them as a Zulu warrior," he told reporters. The Zulus, he said, were known for their "extraordinary bravery," and had defeated the English—a favorable credential in a city where there are still many Irish-Americans. The Watusis were "kings in their own lands." The reference was natural, Koch explained, since Dellums "is just a prince . . . he dominates a room. He's very tall, he's very handsome, he has a very special carriage to his walk." As he went on to treat reporters to some lessons in African history ("I happen to be an aficionado on the subject," he explained, although, seeing photocopies of two books on Africa on his press secretary's desk, some listeners thought he might have had a bit of city-funded help with his expertise), his insistence that the terms "Watusi" and "Zulu warrior" for a black member of Congress were actually terms of respect, even endearment, was delivered with a straight face and without a trace of irony—but then, in politics irony is often what loses on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.



The City Hall effort to portray the apparent ethnic slur as a boost worked quite nicely. A week later, the *Times* gave space on its front page to Koch's racing uptown with squadrons of officials and commissioners to help the New Orleans chef Paul Prudhomme cut through red tape imposed on him by Koch's own Health Department; the Mayor's explanation of his Zulu-warrior comments had been relegated to the paper's "Day-by-Day" column. Farrell did take immediate offense, saying, "I'm sorry that Ed Koch, being one who attacked a major candidate for President for a descriptive phrase, should have sunk to the same level himself"—a reference to the Mayor's response to the Reverend Jesse Jackson's use of the words "Hymie" and "Hymietown," which Koch suggested last year should disqualify him for the Presidency, and even from being permitted to address the Democratic National Convention. Local black newspapers ran editorials noting the contrasting reaction in the two cases. A couple of weeks after the story broke, Juan Williams, of the Washington *Post*, wrote a long column in which he said that "few would suggest that Jackson not be held accountable for his remarks" but that Koch, too, in an election year "should be haunted and harassed for every awful racist word revealed in his attack on Dellums." So far, this hasn't happened. Responding to Williams' article, two Jewish leaders commended the Mayor in the Washington *Post* for having called Dellums to explain that the terms had been used out of admiration. Possibly if Jesse Jackson had found someone named Hymie to whom he could explain that the word had been meant as a big compliment, Jackson would have had a far easier time of it in last year's Presidential election.

FARRELL—who is also very tall and who has a nice carriage but who has not been described by the Mayor as a Zulu warrior—came up with just 19,386 signatures on the day nominating petitions were due. This seemed remarkably meagre, since in February a group called the Coalition for a Just New York had designated Farrell as the candidate of the minorities in a city of seven million people, at least forty-five per cent of whom are blacks and Hispanics. Even mayoral candidates of local fringe groups of the far left and far right came up with more names apiece than Farrell did—a statistic encouraging the impression that the nominee of the coalition, who had done very little campaigning, was not taking the race very seriously. In his political future, he will have to deal with the widespread suspicion that he was in the primary race partly to oblige the Mayor by splitting the anti-Koch vote—a view that was not dispelled by the Mayor's attack on Miss Bellamy for having challenged Farrell's petitions. Eventually, so many of Farrell's signatures were ruled invalid by the Board of Elections that his total was reduced to 9,683, and, unless the courts ruled otherwise, he would be off the ballot. This development may have stirred memories for the city's visiting ex-President, if Jimmy Carter happened to read about it on his way down to East Sixth Street. In 1976, when Carter was struggling to get on this state's Presidential-primary ballot, he became so incensed at the election-law regulations that he called them "a horrible example of gross political bossism." However, Farrell could hardly echo that complaint, since, as chairman of the Manhattan Democratic Committee, long known as Tammany Hall, he is a political boss himself.

Later the same week, to prove that this kind of thing could happen to anybody, Koch was knocked off the Liberal Party ballot for insufficient valid signatures. Carol Bellamy's Liberal Party signatures resisted a challenge by Koch representatives, so even if she loses the September primary she will apparently be on the November ballot on the Liberal line—the very outcome that the Mayor, doing a bit of undemocratic petition-challenging himself, had been trying to prevent. By the rules of the Board of Elections, Liberal Party nominees have to come up with only twelve hundred and fifty-six signatures, or five per cent of the Liberal enrollment, which would certainly appear to be small challenge for the powerful Mayor. However, in 1982, Koch had described the Liberals—who have supported Cuomo over the years—as "slime," which apparently some Liberal Party members still had in mind when they declined to help him run on their line. In November, the Mayor will also face a Republican candidate and a Right-to-Life candidate. Still, he has a vast lead, and he is said to have promised his political handlers that he will make every effort to mind his tongue in the next weeks. From time to time, people at City Hall try to interpret the Koch persona from the signs that have stood on his desk. In his first years, the message was "IF YOU SAY IT CAN'T BE DONE, YOU'RE RIGHT—YOU CAN'T DO IT." In reality, quite a few of the city's problems, such as the fact that forty per cent of the children here are said to live below the poverty line and that the numbers of the homeless requiring shelter from the city have tripled since Koch took office, have proved to be intractable. After he lost the gubernatorial primary, the first sign was replaced by "BE NOT AFRAID"—a line, the Mayor explained, from a hymn played at police funerals. Early in this election year, there was another change. On this spring's opening day at Yankee Stadium, Koch had lunch in George Steinbrenner's office, and some of those in the room thought they saw him casting a covetous eye on the sign on the Yankee owner's desk which says "LEAD, FOLLOW, OR GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY." So far, however, the Mayor has stayed with the third sign he chose for his City Hall desk, whose benign and hopeful message is "THE BEST IS YET TO BE."

—ANDY LOGAN

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Another difference between greyhounds and thoroughbreds: In dog racing there are no jockeys.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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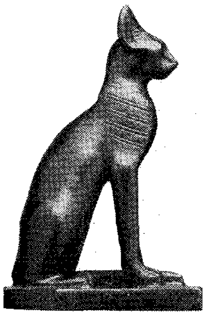

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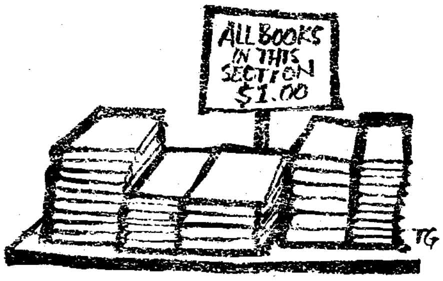
Birth of a Nation

IN their origin and in much of their suicidal unfolding, both World Wars were European civil wars. Historians continue to argue their complex and manifold causes. But, unquestionably, certain of the main motives for catastrophe lay in the seismic shock, in the dislocations of ancient dispersions and balances of power, brought on by the creation (out of violence) of a united Germany and a united Italy. We forget how modern, how in many senses artificial both creations were. Bismarck's use of military victories and diplomatic intrigue to impose Prussian dominion in 1871 on the patchwork quilt of German principalities, free cities, and regional confederations was a brutal masterpiece of realpolitik. The unification of Italy under the aegis of Piedmont and the royal House of Savoy, some ten years earlier, resulted from a chain of military good luck (Garibaldi's), political maneuvers in a mafioso style, financial peculation, and sheer accident. In neither case was the process one of compelling logic. Today, Italy remains in many decisive regards an uneasy hybrid of profoundly diverse, mutually distrustful or uncomprehending regions. What is called the Italian language is largely a medium of convenience. Regional speech, many of whose particularities and reciprocal unintelligibilities go far beyond matters of dialect (the language spoken in Bergamo has its own grammar and dictionary; Neapolitan is all but impenetrable to a Florentine), continues to prevail. Whatever its international causes, the current division of Germany—the great distances of spirit and manner which divide the Rhineland from Pomerania, the Baltic stretches from Bavaria—corresponds to perennial antagonisms, to perennial scissions in religious, cultural, and political history.

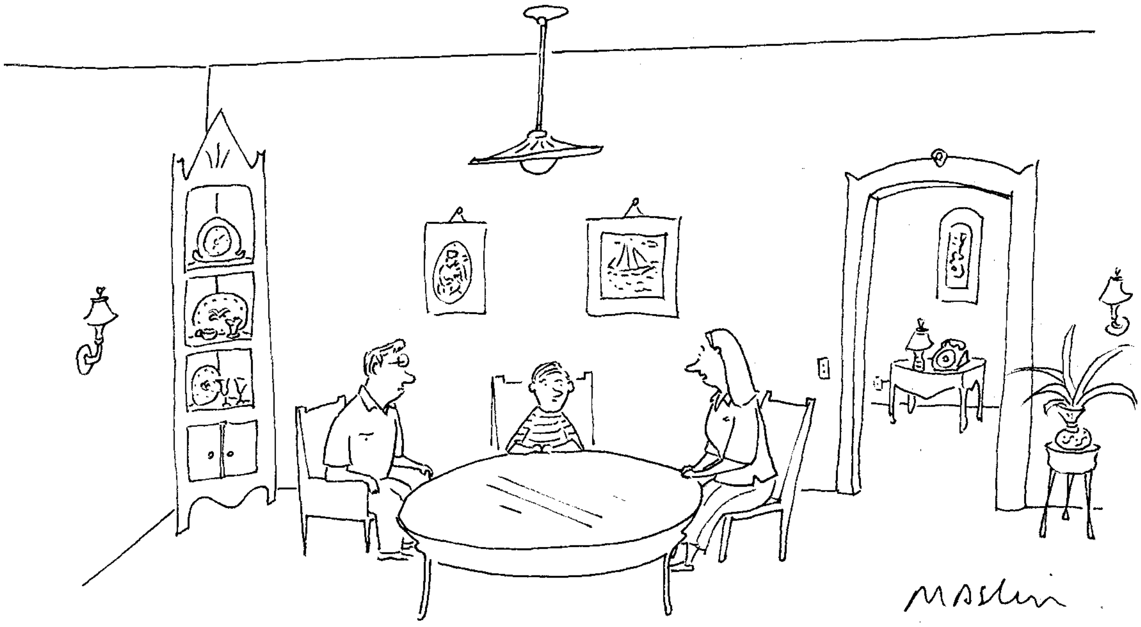
Yet it was precisely the belated, partially contrived quality of national unification which released turbulent pressures and opened seismic fault lines in the fabric of Continental Europe. The nationalism of the Italian risorgimento and of the Prussian officer caste was inevitably allied to modern means of technology, to modern mercantile-colonial claims and expectations. There was too little space, too little time left for that ripening of national sentiment, that slow-breathing, organic process of centralization, which had given to the history of Britain and, to a more fragile degree, that of France their stability, their adult irony and self-consideration. The Italy of King Victor Emmanuel II, the German Reich proclaimed at Versailles after Bismarck's defeat of France were raw to the touch. They had burst late upon the world market and the race for cheap raw material from overseas. Albeit often cynical and opportunistic, the equilibrium negotiated at the Congress of Vienna, after the close of the Napoleonic Wars, had given to the Continent an unmatched peace and prosperity, a Pax Britannica that underwrote a bourgeois Eden. This system of poise and counterpoise proved unable to contain German muscle and Italian fantasies. It failed either to harness constructively or to placate the new chauvinism. The gate-crashers took over. What Talleyrand and Metternich had often compared to a literal concert of nations, to a ball danced by established, self-controlled partners, collapsed into Armageddon.

Such an outcome would not have altogether surprised the political architect of Italian nationhood. Camille de Cavour, the subject of Denis Mack Smith's biography "Cavour" (Knopf; $18.95), was nothing if not disenchanted. Indeed, it is the main purpose of Mr. Mack Smith's study to demonstrate that Cavour's commitment to unification was fitful, skeptical, and tardy. A Tory utilitarian at heart, a supreme tactician and social pragmatist in sensibility, Cavour detested visionary schemes and rhetorical programs of the sort that both inflamed and bedevilled Italian history. His personal knowledge of Italy outside Piedmont was scant. To the end of his life, Cavour was more fluent in French than in "central" Italian. Sicily, Naples, even Rome remained alien ground, notable only for their obscurantism and archaic turbulence. As late as 1858, the notion of a united Italy seemed to Cavour a more or less irresponsible daydream. Those who took it seriously were Mazzini and Garibaldi, those hateful troublemakers and self-appointed tribunes of the mob. It had been Cavour's lifelong political aim to eliminate both these populist hotheads from the Italian and European scene.



CAVOUR slid into world history in the last eighteen months of his life. The situation in early 1860 was one of almost farcical intricacy. Though loathed by many of his parliamentary colleagues in Turin, and though on bizarre, choleric terms with his sovereign, the vainglorious Victor Emmanuel, Cavour was in fact absolute master in Piedmont. His political aims, so far as one may attach so definite a word to an intermittent, private, and often self-contradictory vision, centered on the extension of Piedmontese power over Lombardy, the central Italian states, and, ultimately, the temporal fiefs of the Vatican. Such extension might best be achieved by embroiling the major European powers—notably France, Prussia, and Austria—in a general war. Once the martial dust had settled, once the Austrian Empire had been enfeebled by a carefully fomented revolt of its Slavic subjects, Piedmont would emerge not only as the predominant state in the Italian peninsula but as an international presence and power broker in its own right. Toward these grandiose ends, Cavour was prepared to use every instrument of diplomatic intrigue, domestic subversion, ideological betrayal (a concept he might well have regarded as puerile), and military bluff. Even Mr. Mack Smith's pellucid narrative sometimes loses its track in the fox's burrow of Cavour's maneuvers.

The key to fruitful upheaval lay with Napoleon III. In exchange for France's support against Austria—for France's agreement to Piedmont's aggrandizement—Cavour was ready to hand over not only Savoy, the very heartland of Turin's royal house, but Nice, a thoroughly Italian city, distasteful to Cavour as the homeland of Garibaldi. This arrangement had to be kept strictly secret. Cavour was uncertain whether he could make either Victor Emmanuel or the people of the relevant regions swallow it. Yet the



"*That was your father speaking. Now hear this—this is your* mother *speaking.*"

secret might be usefully leaked in a subtle process of denials and counter-denials. Rumors of Napoleonic intervention could conceivably nudge Vienna into peaceful concessions. (The restoration of Venice to Italian possession could wait.) Even more subtly, the mere intimation of French territorial gains might well tease Britain into a more pragmatic support of Cavour's designs. Victorian England exercised a constant spell over Cavour's political imagination. Had not Palmerston voiced the august wish that "Italy may a third time rise to the eminence in the civilized world which she occupied in the days of the Roman Emperors"? Other cards, too, could be made partly visible in Cavour's sleeve. Why not flirt obscurely with Prussia, so as to cultivate a potential counterweight to the energies and ambitions of one's French ally and patron? Why not whisper to Austria, the overt foe, that there were vital political and social issues on which Vienna and Turin really concurred, that war itself might be only an interlude in a vaster program of anti-republican, anti-socialist concord? And were there not ancient ties of mutual interest and sympathy between Piedmont and St. Petersburg, ties loosened only momentarily by Cavour's dispatch of a Piedmontese contingent to the Crimean War? That this pulsing spider's web of diplomacy should emanate from the brain of one statesman in a minor power and that Cavour's devices were backed by only the most ramshackle of military establishments (Victor Emmanuel's army was simultaneously comical and sinister) dizzies the mind. Close observers of Cavour hinted that at certain frenetic moments he himself did not know which thread he was ravelling.

The empires and monarchies of Europe were one thing. The Italian states, regions, factions, and religious sensibilities were quite another. Plebiscites to join Piedmont to Lombardy, plebiscites to inform the world of Nice's delight at being incorporated into Napoleonic France could be organized. Money, drink, and the outright use of fraudulent vote counts could be managed by such trusted emissaries as Baron Ricasoli, in Tuscany, and Dr. Farini, in Emilia. Sicily and Naples were the very devil. Send two Piedmontese police hit men to murder the victorious, hence intolerably dangerous Garibaldi, make certain that their apparent employer is the Bourbon regime in Naples—and what happens? Messrs. Griscelli and Totti not only were apprehended but confessed to Cavour's implication in their contract. In fact, they were also in the pay of Napoleon, of the Pope, and, quite possibly, of Garibaldi himself. Faced with such cheerful turpitude, even the most Machiavellian of plotters might well feel that he was going mad. (Cavour registered this precise sentiment.)

Cavour's basic dilemmas were hair-raising: as Mr. Mack Smith points out, "he was asking the rest of Italy to start revolutionary movements which were not to be too revolutionary, which were above all not social revolutions, and which should preferably involve only the *signori* or people of education and substance." Cavour strove to break the political-territorial power of the papacy while at the same time neither exacerbating the strongly Catholic sensibilities of Piedmont nor giving support to the anticlerical platform of Italian republicans and socialists. Only some measure of foreign intervention could bring to pass the defeat of Austrian and Vatican interests, but a peninsula unified by French armies or the British Navy would leave Piedmont and Cavour himself in a parasitic, frustrated position. That an Italian nation emerged within less than two years, that it accepted Rome for its capital and Victor Emmanuel, of the House of Savoy, for its monarch is one of the unlikeliest episodes in modern history. It was Cavour, the parliamentary fiddler and agronomist from Turin, who used, outmaneuvered, betrayed, and yet kept within conciliatory reach not only such formidable figures as Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Napoleon III but also Pope Pius IX, the King, the King's bitterly hostile mistress (Cavour had earlier sought to libel and discredit the lady), and the great majority of his colleagues. Queen Victoria might well fulminate against the "piratical and filibustering proceedings" of the unscrupulous Count Cavour, but her lofty government was, more or less consciously, enmeshed in his purposes. In romantic retreat on his Isle of Goats, Garibaldi, whose charismatic heroism and military skills had actually liberated southern Italy, must have pondered the vagaries of political history, for the fruit now lay in the lap of his archenemy, Camille de Cavour.

MR. MACK SMITH narrates in authoritative detail the long political road that led to this apotheosis. Incisive sketches of Cavour's personal-

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ity enliven the documentary proceedings:

> No one ever denied that Cavour was immensely industrious, and he told an English acquaintance that no amount of work would ever cause him fatigue. Sometimes his day began at 5:00 a.m. or even earlier, when he would receive visitors in his dressing-gown and tasselled velvet nightcap. They might find him reading the London *Times* by candlelight and smoking a cheroot. Oddly for such a methodical person, his room was in complete disarray, full of books, newspapers and piles of letters, in such disorder that he could mislay documents altogether. By breakfast-time some of the most urgent business was finished, after which he would walk the short distance to the ministerial offices in Piazza Castello. Usually returning home for a quick lunch, he would then stroll under the porticos of Via Po, accessible to anyone who cared to accost him. The afternoon was for Cabinet meetings and Parliament; the evening for further private work. He also liked to attend the State theatre, where foreign diplomats all had their private boxes in which they expected to transact a substantial amount of official business.

The analyses of Cavour's complicated "liberal pragmatism" are illuminating. Unalterably an aristocrat, Cavour felt himself to be less liberal than the Americans but wholly committed to parliamentary rule (by a Parliament that, to be sure, he dominated). He saw, shrewdly, that the mass of his Italian contemporaries cared little for either liberalism or patriotism. Even in their "populist-radical" guise, these were the ideals of a small minority (the handful of Gideon-Garibaldi). It was Cavour's great achievement "to triumph over such unpromising facts and, despite national wars, civil wars, and violent conflict with the Church, to develop and extend constitutional practice." Cavour's view of taxation was symptomatic. Private property must remain wholly sacred and untouchable. It was in the nature of human reality that wealth and ease of life would remain with an élite of inheritance and of prudent energy. Nevertheless, the English concept of "legal charity" ought to be applied. Taxing the rich was a legitimate means of helping and of maintaining in a more or less pacified, loyal condition the more deprived members of society.

Usually calm, even lethargic in his outward manners, Cavour was susceptible to gusts of black rage. More than once, appalled courtiers heard Victor Emmanuel being screamed at by his Prime Minister. Victor Emmanuel told a Swiss visitor of an altercation during which Cavour had, in fury, started kicking the royal furniture and broken a clock. The intricate competitiveness of the relationship between King and Minister is illustrated by the fact that Cavour's permanent mistress from 1856 onward, the ballerina Bianca Ronzani, had been employed earlier in the same role by His Majesty. Sex, however, appears to have been for Cavour only a significant convenience. The vocation of politics was almost total.

This is a cold book on a cold man. It lacks the graphic vitality of Mr. Mack Smith's previous treatment of some of the same material—the sparkling study "Cavour and Garibaldi." Too often, Cavour's manipulations were of the ugliest, most opportunistic kind. Having plotted to incite revolt in the Duchy of Modena in the summer of 1856, Cavour backtracked and helped the ducal government arrest the very liberals who had crossed from Piedmont with his permission and support. Cavour's exploitation of Victor Emmanuel's wretched daughter for diplomatic-territorial purposes makes sinister reading. Mr. Mack Smith is unblinking in his scrutiny. He wholly instances and endorses Lord Acton's finding that Cavour's career was "a triumph of unscrupulous statesmanship." The man himself remains vaguely repellent.

So, of course, was Mussolini, the subject of Mr. Mack Smith's preceding book. There can be little question that Mr. Mack Smith is the most informed and readable historian of modern Italy in the English-speaking world. Even where they quarrel with his interpretations, Italians look to his work with respectful attention. It is his sense of things Italian, his estimate, perhaps subconscious, of the Italian style, that disconcerts. The fascination for Mr. Mack Smith is palpable. But so is the strain of fastidious distance, of cool distaste in the face of so un-English a scene. Cavour would have understood; in his Anglophile hours, he might even have concurred. It is this, paradoxically, that insures an elective affinity between biographer and subject and gives to the book its undoubted merit.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SWIMMING POOL SEASON, by Rose Tremain (Summit; $16.95). Miss Tremain is the author of a collection of stories, "The Colonel's Daughter," which won the

Dylan Thomas Award in England in 1984, and this is her fourth novel. It is a very fine one. She introduces us to an English builder of swimming pools gone bankrupt (the English summer is too short and chancy), who moves at the urging of his wife to France, to a village in the Dordogne, to try again in a gentler climate. She introduces us to their neighbors there—to a Polish woman whose French husband is in a madhouse, to the local doctor (who dreams of visiting Florida) and his lovely, sensual niece, to a valiant farm wife and her feeble husband and confused son, to an old man named Foch (and nicknamed the Marêchal), to a young German farm worker, to the lady of the local manor. The builder's wife is called back to England, to Oxford, to the deathbed of her once beautiful and domineering mother, and we meet that woman and her little circle. Miss Tremain savors people, real people, people of all ages and kinds, people willing and able to engage in living, and she sees them all clear and in the round, and she shows them to us in the fervor of love, in the pain of rejection, in the presence of death.

The International Garage Sale, by Stefan Kanfer (Norton; $13.95). A double-barreled comic novel—the humor is both gallows and stand-up—that is also a Mack Sennett thriller. Its instrument is one Alec Lessing, a foreign correspondent for "the Network," recalled to New York to cover the United Nations, here called the World Body, and its targets are television news, the United Nations, and New York City. There are moments that recall Nathanael West's "Day of the Locust": "The car . . . inched north between pedestrians, Con Edison repairmen, and construction sites. Fire engines shrieked and bellowed across town. At Fifty-seventh Street, picketers held up traffic while television cameras recorded their angry chants. At one corner, placards asked for donations to save the whales, but they were soon outshouted by women dressed as soldiers and men in organdy gowns. It was Transvestite Pride Day." A broadcast journalist is eulogized at his funeral as having given "new meaning to the word integrity." Alec's ten-year-old daughter says, "They're showing *Bambi* at the Thalia. Would you take me?" He says, "Would I? It's my favorite." She says, "Me too. That and *Death Wish*." The novel's title refers to the real business of the World Body—the secret sale of weapons systems. Mr. Kanfer cites Karl Marx: "History occurs twice—the first time as tragedy, the second as farce." Here the first time is long past.

Pen, Sword, Camisole: A Fable to Kindle a Hope, by Jorge Amado, translated from the Portuguese by Helen R. Lane (Godine; $15.95). In September, 1940, a poet dies in pro-Nazi Brazil. As a result, a war of words erupts as a colonel in Brazil's New State regime campaigns for the poet's seat in the Brazilian Academy of Letters, and his democratic foes, including four old flames of the poet, conspire to stop him. These anti-colonel allies find an anti-Nazi general and "third-rate pen-pusher" more than willing to be their candidate, and both sides proceed to count votes and to court the undecideds before the election in January. The story, or fable, that follows twists twice—once before and once after the election—bringing out the best and the worst, respectively, in the democrats and the military; but the verbose translation obscures any eloquence, as when it has the narrator declare that even among "the crème de la crème of society and multimillionaires, filthy-rich and frivolous, love can thrive and be eternal. That is magic owed to poets, who in matters concerning love work more miracles than saints enthroned on altars."

A Perfect Peace, by Amos Oz, translated from the Hebrew by Hillel Halkin (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $16.95). An earnest, turgid novel, set on a kibbutz in the mid-nineteen-sixties, that focusses on the gap between Israel's two (at the time) generations. The pioneers will never get used to "this odd place without rivers, without forests, without churchbells;" their children have never known anything else. A labored melodrama eventually develops; it features an idealistic young wanderer, who begs to be adopted by the kibbutz, and a disillusioned married would-be wanderer, whose father is either the kibbutz's eminent secretary or a hotel mogul in Florida. There is a promising scene, about two-thirds of the way on, that has a Bedouin in a café chatting in Hebrew with an Israeli counterman who has a Rumanian accent as a

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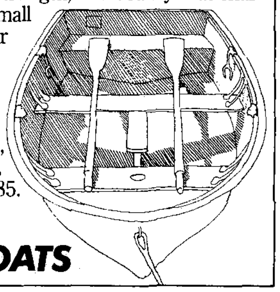

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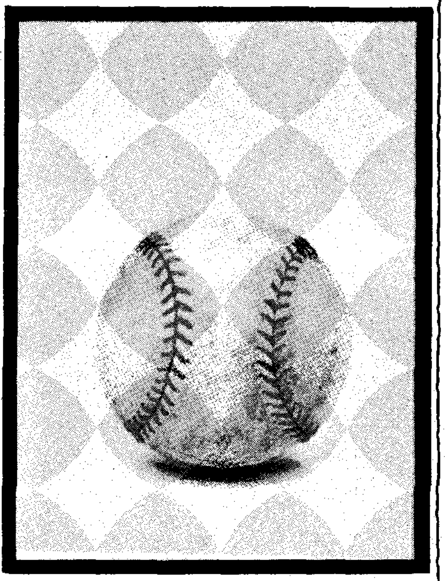
DREAMS



They're only minor-leaguers, but the Utica Blue Sox are good ball players. Professionals every one, even if the salary is only $500 a month. Even if the transportation is an old yellow school bus and the infield is a swamp. Even if they're at the bottom rung of the organized baseball ladder, the Blue Sox are *very* good. *Good Enough to Dream*.

Their dream is quintessentially American. It links the small boy in the sandlot with the bonus baby who's just smacked one out of the stadium. Call it a dream of glory if you will–hours of practice for a moment of poetry; a hard living but a touch of legend; part myth, part matter-of-fact, and all magic.

Roger Kahn knows the dream, and after you've read his wonderful account of the summer he spent as owner and president of the Blue Sox, you'll know it too. Even in the sticks, a winner is a winner, and although the Blue Sox are a minor-league team, *Good Enough to Dream* is a book in the same league as *The Boys of Summer*, Kahn's first grand slam.

But let's give the author the last word. After all, he's been around *real* baseball a lot longer than we have. "Nothing in my previous experience," he writes, "prepared me for the way a single season, lived from within rather than observed from without, takes possession of your spirit."

To which we can only add: Amen. And, of course: Play ball.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

DOUBLEDAY publishes Roger Kahn's *Good Enough to Dream*. It is available at all Doubleday Book Shops and other fine booksellers.

busload of American tourists chattering in Yiddish debouches, but little comes of it. Much of the text consists of causes and effects of the generation gap: internal monologues of quiet men and women, and excerpts from two older kibbutzniks' writings. One of them writes long letters that he dares not mail, and the other is up to the forty-eighth volume of his secret diary.

GENERAL

THE PRIDE AND THE FALL: IRAN 1974-1979, by Anthony Parsons (Cape; $15.95). Sir Anthony has written a pithy account of his service as the British Ambassador to Iran. He reflects on the reasons that foreigners were surprised by the Shah's fall and on whether the rebellion could have been averted. He believes that difficulties arose in 1976, when the Shah decided to liberalize his regime—to mitigate censorship and repression and to restore parliamentary democracy. Sir Anthony thought then that the timing was bad—Iran was suffering from an economic downturn—but he did not know that the Shah, having learned that he had cancer, was attempting to leave a modern set of political institutions to his son. The author found the Shah remote from his people, affable but suspicious, and, in the face of rebellion, often uncertain, but he does not speculate about how much of the Shah's vacillation was a result of his character and how much was a result of illness and medication. Sir Anthony says that he himself erred in assuming Iran would follow the Arab pattern, where rulers have maintained themselves as long as the armed forces were loyal; in Iran, he points out, the coalition that overthrew the Shah—clergy, bazaar merchants, and students and intellectuals—had repeatedly enforced its will on the sovereign in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. He thinks that the Shah's reforms had not sufficiently altered Iranian society to weaken the traditionalists, and that the Shah was not ruthless enough as a modernizer to extirpate them; he sees Khomeini's work as a successful counter-revolution that has restored Iran's eighteenth-century institutions.

ALL FALL DOWN: AMERICA'S TRAGIC ENCOUNTER WITH IRAN, by Gary Sick (Random House; $19.95). Mr. Sick, who now teaches international affairs at Columbia, was the principal White House aide for Iran on the staff of the National Security Council during the Carter Administration. His book is longer than Sir Anthony's, and it tells a good deal about American as well as Iranian politics. He answers some questions that Sir Anthony could not; for example, he denies allegations that the Carter Administration pressured the Shah to liberalize his regime. Mr. Sick's narrative extends to 1981, and tells us more about Khomeini: that he is reminiscent of Hitler in his use of the most modern techniques on behalf of retrograde policies, and in being a hater; that few of our policymakers imagined a religious zealot would plan to run a country; and that the seizure and detention of the American hostages were probably stage-managed by the Ayatollah as a means of destroying potential rivals for power.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

LITTLE DAVID, by Elliott Chaze (Scribners; $12.95). Mr. Chaze returns us once again to the Alabama town he calls Catherine, to the offices of the Catherine *Call*, and to the exhilarating activities of its city editor, Kiel St. James. St. James is here trying to kick the cigarette habit with Red Man chewing tobacco, but he is still struggling to satisfy the sexual appetite of his chief photographer, Crystal, and is still available when called upon to help Captain of Detectives Orson Boles (who, depending on the occasion, speaks redneck, Harvard, or Baptist preacher) solve a tricky homicide. There are, in fact, two killings. The first victim is a member of the city council, the second is the mayor, and both seem to have been slain by a stone thrown from a slingshot. The solution, it must be said, requires a certain amount of good-natured credulity on our part, but the real fun, as always before, is—what with Crystal's demands and Orson's chatter—in getting there.

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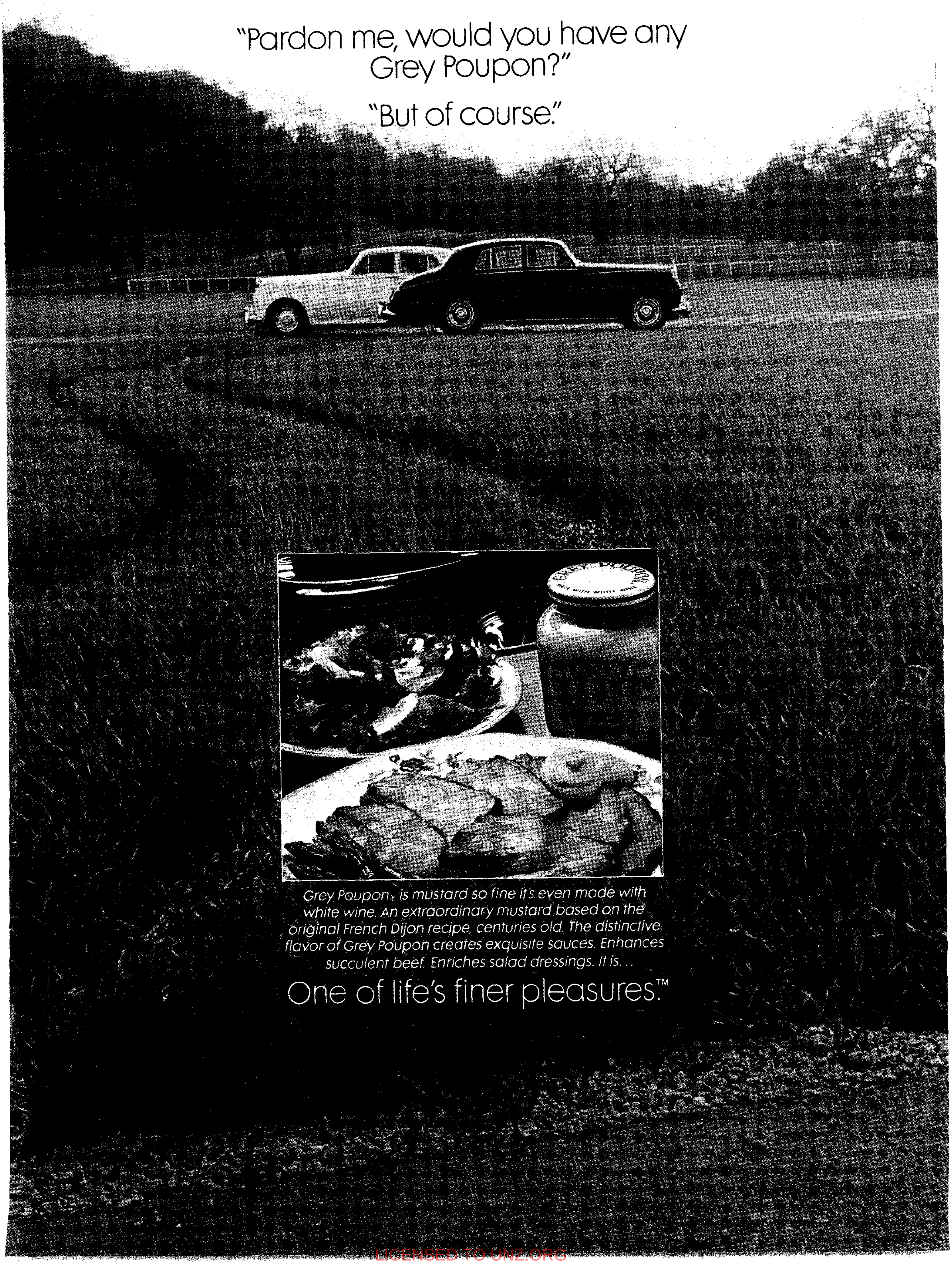
THE NEW ARMY

[*From the Daily Bulletin of the U.S. Army Engineer Center and Fort Belvoir, in Fort Belvoir, Va.*]

9. CHANGE IN ORGANIZATIONAL TITLE. Effective 1 Jul 85, the name of the Defense Property Disposal Office will be changed to: Defense Reutilization and Marketing Office.



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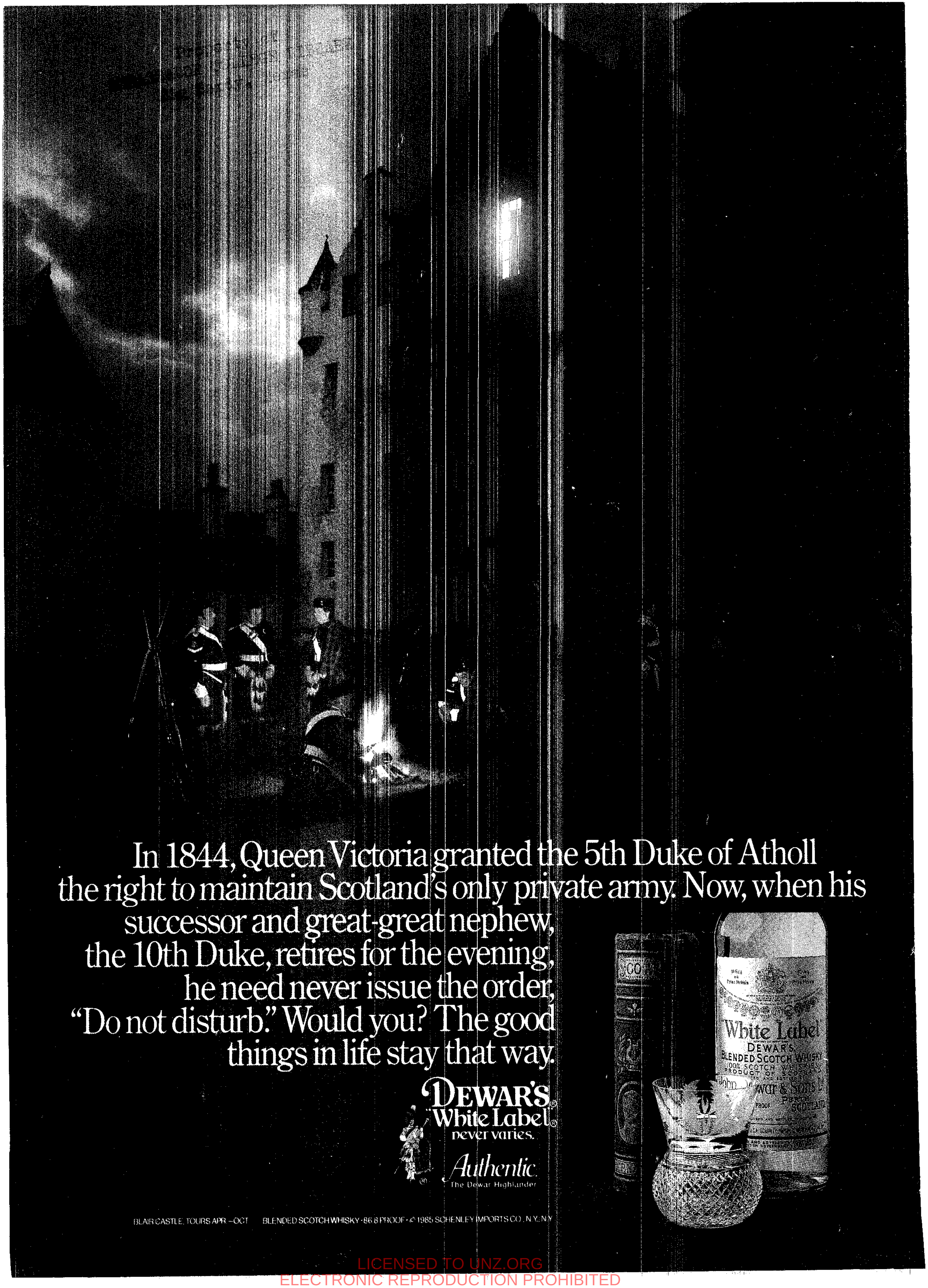
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